

School Edition



THE WORKS  
OF  
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON  
POET LAUREATE

*IN FOUR PARTS*

PART IV

London  
MACMILLAN AND CO  
1884

*Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Fiddlingburgh*

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# QUEEN MARY.

## A DRAMA



### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

QUEEN MARY

PHILIP, *King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain*

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

REGINALD POLE, *Cardinal and Papal Legate*

SIMON RENARD, *Spanish Ambassador*

LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES, *French Ambassador*

THOMAS CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH, *Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor after Gardiner*

EDWARD COURTENAY, *Earl of Devon*

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, *afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord High Admiral*

LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME      LORD PAGET      LORD PETRE

STEPHEN GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor*

EDMUND BONNER, *Bishop of London*      THOMAS THIRLBY, *Bishop of Ely*

SIR THOMAS WYATT

SIR THOMAS STAFFORD } *Insurrectionary Leaders*

SIR RALPH BAGENHALL      SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL

SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD      SIR WILLIAM CECIL

SIR THOMAS WHITE *Lord Mayor of London*

THE DUKE OF ALVA

THE COUNT DE FERIA } *attending on Philip*

PETER MARTYR      FATHER COLE

FATHER BOURNE

VILLA GARCIA      SOTO

CAPTAIN BRETT

ANTHONY KNYVETT } *Adherents of Wyatt*

PETERS, *Gentleman of Lord Howard*

ROGER, *Servant to Noailles*

WILLIAM, *Servant to Wyatt*

STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD *to the Princess Elizabeth*

OLD NOKES and NOKES

MARCHIONESS OF EVETER, *Mother of Countess*

LADY CLARENCE

LADY MAGDALEN DACRES } *Ladies in Waiting to the Queen*

ALICE

MAID OF HONOUR *to the Princess Elizabeth*

JOAN

TIB } *two Country Wives*

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, Two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, Gosselleis, Marshalmen, &c

### ACT I

#### SCENE I —ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED

CROWD      MARSHALMEN

*Marshalman* Stand back, keep a clear lane! When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now, wherefore draw back your heads and your

horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! Shout, knaves! Citizens Long live Queen Mary! First Citizen That's a hard word, legitimate, what does it mean? Second Citizen It means a bastard. Third Citizen Nay, it means true-born

*First Citizen* Why, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard?

*Second Citizen* No, it was the Lady Elizabeth

*Third Citizen* That was after, man, that was after

*First Citizen* Then which is the bastard?

*Second Citizen* Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council

*Third Citizen* Ay, the Parliament can make every true born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christmasses

*Old Nokes (dramily)* Who's a passing? King Edward or King Richard?

*Third Citizen* No, old Nokes

*Old Nokes* It's Harry!

*Third Citizen* It's Queen Mary

*Old Nokes* The blessed Mary's a passing!

[*Falls on his knees*]

*Nokes* Let father alone, my masters! he's past your questioning

*Third Citizen* Answer thou for him, then! thou'rt no such cockle! thyself, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh

*Nokes* Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard

*Third Citizen* But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fry'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels

*Nokes* I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it, but I and my old woman 'ud burn upon it, that would we

*Man shalman* What are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood I will

*First Citizen* He swears by the Rood. Whew!

*Second Citizen* Hark! the trumpets

[*The Procession passes, Mary and Elizabeth riding side by side, and disappears under the gate*]

*Citizens* Long live Queen Mary! down with all traitors! God save her Grace, and death to Northumberland!

[*Exeunt*]

#### MANENT TWO GENTLEMEN

*First Gentleman* By God's light a noble creature, right royal!

*Second Gentleman* She looks comelier than ordinary to day, but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal

*First Gentleman* I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at Wansterd with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following

*Second Gentleman* Ay, that was in her hour of joy, there will be plenty to sunder and unsister them again this Girdener fo. one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer

*First Gentleman* And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father, and furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy

*Second Gentleman* Well, sir, I look for happy times

*First Gentleman* There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know

*Second Gentleman* I suppose you touch upon the rumour that Charles, the master of the world, has offend'd her son Philip, the Pope and the Devil. I trust it is but a rumour

*First Gentleman* She is going now

to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Protestants, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

*Second Gentleman* Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

*First Gentleman* Ay, but he's too old.

*Second Gentleman* And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal, but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

*First Gentleman* O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his aching, and his breakage, if that were all will you not follow the procession?

*Second Gentleman* No, I have seen enough for this day.

*First Gentleman* Well, I shall follow, if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet.

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II

### A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE

*Cranmer* To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfurt, Zurich, Worms, Geneva, Basle—our Bishops from their sees

Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet, Bailow,

Bale, Scory, Coverdale, besides the Deans

Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—

Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more,

So they report I shall be left alone

No Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly

*Enter PETER MARTYR*

*Peter Martyr* Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, you name

IV.

Stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent

That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane  
*Cranmer* Stand first it may, but it was written last

Those that are now her Privy Council, sign'd

Before me nay, the Judges had pronounced

That our young Edward might bequeath the crown

Of England, putting by his father's will Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me The wan boy king, with his fast-fading eyes Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,

Damp with the sweat of death, and gripping mine,

Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield His Church of England to the Papal wolf And Mary, then I could no more—I sign'd

Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency, She cannot pass her traitor council by, To make me headless

*Peter Martyr* That might be forgiven I tell you, fly, my Lord You do not own The bodily presence in the Eucharist, Then wiser and perpetual sacrifice Your creed will be your death

*Cranmer* Step after step, Thro' many voices crying right and left, Have I climb'd back into the primal church,

And stand within the porch, and Christ with me.

My flight were such a scandal to the faith, The downfall of so many simple souls, I dare not leave my post

*Peter Martyr* But you divorced Queen Catharine and her father, hence, her hate

Will burn till you are burn'd

*Cranmer* I cannot help it The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me

'Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife' —'Tis written,

'They shall be childless' True, Mary was born,

But France would not accept her for a  
bude  
As being born from incest, and this  
wrought  
Upon the king, and child by child, you  
know,  
Were momentary sparkles out as quick  
Almost as kindled, and he brought his  
doubts

And fears to me Peter, I'll swear for him  
He *did* believe the bond incestuous  
But wherefore am I trenching on the  
time  
That should already have seen your steps  
a mile

From me and Lambeth? God be with  
you! Go

*Peter Martyr* Ah, but how fierce a  
letter you wrote against  
Their superstition when they slander'd  
you

For setting up a mass at Canterbury  
To please the Queen

*Cranmer* It was a wheedling monk  
Set up the mass

*Peter Martyr* I know it, my good  
Lord

But you so bubbled over with hot tams  
Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,  
She never will forgive you Fly, my  
Lord, fly!

*Cranmer* Note it, and God grant  
me power in!

*Peter Martyr* They have given me a  
safe conduct for all that  
I dare not stay I fear, I fear, I see you,  
Dear friend, for the last time, farewell,  
and fly

*Cranmer* Fly and farewell, and let  
me die the death

[*Exit* Peter Martyr]

*Enter* OLD SERVANT

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's  
Officers

Are here in force to take you to the Tower

*Cranmer* Ay, gentle friend, admit  
them I will go

I thank my God it is too late to fly

[*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III — ST PAUL'S CROSS

FATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit* A crowd  
MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, COURGE  
NAY The SIEUR DE NOAILLES and  
his man ROGLA *in front of the stage*  
*Hubbub*

*Noailles* Hast thou let fall those  
papers in the palace?

*Roger* Ay, sir

*Noailles* 'There will be no peace for  
Mary till Elizabeth lose her head'

*Roger* Ay, sir

*Noailles* And the other, 'Long live  
Elizabeth the Queen!'

*Roger* Ay, sir, she needs must tread  
upon them

*Noailles* Well

These beastly swine make such a grunting  
here,

I cannot catch what Father Bourne is  
saying

*Roger* Quiet a moment, my masters,  
hear what the shaveling has to say for  
himself

*Crowd* Hush—hear!

*Bourne* —and so this unhappy land,  
long divided in itself, and sever'd from  
the faith, will return into the one true fold,  
seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen  
hath—

*Crowd* No pope! no pope!

*Roger* (*to those about him, mimicking*  
*Bourne*) —hath sent for the holy legate  
of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal  
Pole, to give us all that holy absolution  
which—

*First Citizen* Old Bourne to the life!

*Second Citizen* Holy absolution! holy  
Inquisition!

*Third Citizen* Down with the Papist!  
[*Hubbub*]

*Bourne* —and now that your good  
bishop, Donner, who hath lain so long  
under bonds for the faith— [Hubbub]

*Noailles* Friend Roger, staid thou in  
among the crowd,

And get the swine to shout Elizabeth

Yon gray old Gospeller, sou as midwinter,  
Begin with him

*Roger (goes)* By the mass, old friend,  
we'll have no pope here while the Lady  
Elizabeth lives

*Gospeller* Art thou of the true faith,  
fellow, that swearest by the mass?

*Roger* Ay, that am I, new converted,  
but the old leaven sticks to my tongue  
yet

*First Citizen* He says right, by the  
mass we'll have no mass here

*Voices of the crowd* Perce! heu him,  
let his own words damn the Papist From  
thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him  
down!

*Bourne* —and since our Gracious  
Queen, let me call her our second Virgin  
Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true  
temple—

*First Citizen* Virgin Mary! we'll have  
no virgins here—we'll have the Lady  
Elizabeth!

[*Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled  
and sticks in the pulpit. The mob  
throng to the pulpit stairs*]

*Marchioness of Exeter* Son Courtenay,  
wilt thou see the holy father  
Murdered before thy face? up, son, and  
save him!

They love thee, and thou canst not come  
to harm

*Courtenay (in the pulpit)* Shame,  
shame, my masters! are you Eng-  
lish born,  
And set yourselves by hundreds against  
one?

*Crowd* A Courtenay! a Courtenay!

[*A train of Spanish servants crosses  
at the back of the stage*]

*Noailles* These birds of passage come  
before their time  
Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard  
there

*Roger* My masters, yonder's fatter  
game for you  
Than this old graping gargoyle look you  
there—

The Prince of Spain coming to wed our  
Queen!

After him, boys! and pelt him from the  
city

[*They seize stones and follow the  
Spaniards. Exeunt on the other  
side Marchioness of Exeter and  
Attendants*]

*Noailles (to Roger)* Stand from me  
If Elizabeth lose her head—

That makes for France  
And if her people, anger'd thereupon,  
Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—  
That makes for France

And if I breed confusion anyway—  
That makes for France

Good-day, my Lord of Devon,  
A bold heart yours to beard that raging  
mob!

*Courtenay* My mother said, Go up,  
and up I went

I knew they would not do me any wrong,  
For I am mighty popular with them,  
Noailles

*Noailles* You look'd a king

*Courtenay* Why not? I am  
king's blood

*Noailles* And in the whirl of change  
may come to be one

*Courtenay* Ah!

*Noailles* But does your gracious  
Queen entreat you kinglike?

*Courtenay* 'Fore God, I think she  
entreats me like an old

*Noailles* You Jull life in this  
maiden court,

I fear, my Lord?

*Courtenay* A life of nods and yawns

*Noailles* So you would honour my  
poor house to night,

We might enliven you Divers honest  
fellows,

The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from  
prison,

Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,  
Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more—  
we play

*Courtenay* At what?

*Noailles* The Game of Chess

*Courtenay* The Game of Chess!

I can play well, and I shall beat you  
there

*Noailles* Ay, but we play with Henry,  
King of France,  
And certain of his court  
His Highness makes his moves across the  
Channel,

We answer him with ours, and there are  
messengers  
That go between us

*Courtenay* Why, such a game, sir,  
were whole years a playing

*Noailles* Nay, not so long I trust  
That all depends

Upon the skill and swiftness of the players  
*Courtenay* The King is skilful at it ?

*Noailles* Very, my Lord

*Courtenay* And the stakes high ?

*Noailles* But not beyond your means

*Courtenay* Well, I'm the first of  
players I shall win

*Noailles* With our advice and in our  
company,

And so you well attend to the king's moves,  
I think you may

*Courtenay* When do you meet ?

*Noailles* To night

*Courtenay (aside)* I will be there, the  
fellow's at his tricks—

Deep—I shall fathom him (*Aloud*)

Good morning, *Noailles*

[*Exit Courtenay*]

*Noailles* Good day, my Lord Strange  
game of chess ! a King

That with her own pawns plays against a  
Queen,

Whose play is all to find herself a King  
Ay, but this fine blue blooded *Courtenay*  
seems

Too princely for a pawn Call him a  
Knight,

That, with an ass's, not a horse's head,  
Skips every way, from levity or from fear  
Well, we shall use him somehow, so that  
Gardiner

And Simon Renaid spy not out our game  
Too early Roger, thinkest thou that  
anyone

Suspected thee to be my man ?

*Roger* No<sup>t</sup> one, sir

*Noailles* No ! the disguise was perfect  
Let's away [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE IV

LONDON A ROOM IN THE PALACE

ELIZABETH *Enter* COURTENAY

*Courtenay* So yet am I,  
Unless my friends and mineois lie to me,  
A goodlier looking fellow than this Philip  
Pah !

The Queen is ill advised shall I turn  
traitor ?

They've almost talked me into it yet the  
word

Affrights me somewhat to be such a one  
As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it

Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your  
age,

And by your looks you are not worth the  
having,

Yet by your crown you are

[*Seeing Elizabeth*]

The Princess there ?

If I tied her and I—she's amorous

Have we not heard of her in Edward's  
time,

Her freaks and frolics with the late Lord  
Admiral ?

I do believe she'd yield I should be  
still

A party in the state, and then, who  
knows—

*Elizabeth* What are you musing on,  
my Lord of Devon ?

*Courtenay* Has not the Queen—

*Elizabeth* Done what, Sir ?

*Courtenay* —made you follow  
The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox ?—  
You,

The heir presumptive

*Elizabeth* Why do you ask ? you  
know it

*Courtenay* You needs must bear it  
hardly

*Elizabeth* No, indeed !

I am utterly submissive to the Queen

*Courtenay* Well, I was musing upon  
that, the Queen

Is both my foe and yours we should be  
friends

*Elizabeth* My Lord, the hatred of  
another to us  
Is no true bond of friendship

*Courtenay* Might it not  
Be the rough preface of some closer bond?

*Elizabeth* My Lord, you late were  
loosed from out the Tower,  
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,  
You spent your life, that broken, out  
you flutter  
Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now  
would settle  
Upon this flower, now that, but all things  
here

At court are known, you have solicited  
The Queen, and been rejected

*Courtenay* Flower, she!  
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh and  
sweet

As the first flower no bee has ever tried

*Elizabeth* Are you the bee to try me?  
why, but now

I called you butterfly

*Courtenay* You did me wrong,  
I love not to be called a butterfly

Why do you call me butterfly?

*Elizabeth* Why do you go so gay then?

*Courtenay* Velvet and gold  
This dress was made me as the Earl of  
Devon

To take my seat in, looks it not right  
royal?

*Elizabeth* So royal that the Queen  
forbad you wearing it

*Courtenay* I wear it then to spite her

*Elizabeth* My Lord, my Lord,  
I see you in the Tower again! Hei  
Majesty

Hears you affect the Prince—prelates  
kneel to you—

*Courtenay* I am the noblest blood in  
Europe, Madam,

A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin

*Elizabeth* She hears you make your  
boast that after all

She means to wed you Folly, my good  
Lord

*Courtenay* How folly? a great party  
in the state

Wills me to wed her

*Elizabeth* Failing her, my Lord,  
Doth not as great a party in the state  
Will you to wed me?

*Courtenay* Even so, fair lady

*Elizabeth* You know to flatter ladies

*Courtenay* Nay, I meant

True matters of the heart

*Elizabeth* My heart, my Lord,  
Is no great party in the state as yet

*Courtenay* Great, said you? nay, you  
shall be great I love you,

Lay my life in your hands Can you be  
close?

*Elizabeth* Can you, my Lord?

*Courtenay* Close as a miser's casket  
Listen

The King of France, Noailles the Am-  
bassador,

The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,  
Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some  
others,

Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall  
not be

If Mary will not hear us—well—conjec-  
ture—

Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,  
The people there so worship me—You

ear,  
You shall be Queen

*Elizabeth* You speak too low,  
my Lord,

I cannot hear you

*Courtenay* I'll repeat it

*Elizabeth* No!  
Stand further off, or you may lose your  
head

*Courtenay* I have a head to lose for  
your sweet sake

*Elizabeth* Have you, my Lord? Best  
keep it for your own

Nay, pout not, cousin

Not many friends are mine, except indeed

Among the many I believe you mine,

And so you may continue mine, farewell,  
And that at once

*Enter MARY, behind*

*Mary* Whispering—leagued together  
To bar me from my Philip

*Courtenay* Pray—consider—

*Elizabeth* (*seeing the Queen*) Well,  
that's a noble horse of yours, my  
Lord  
I trust that he will carry you well to day,  
And heal your headache  
*Courtenay* You are wild, what head  
ache?  
Heartache, perchance, not headache  
*Elizabeth* (*aside to Courtenay*) Are  
you blind?  
[*Courtenay sees the Queen and exit*  
*Exit Mary*

*Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD*

*Howard* Was that my Lord of Devon?  
do not you  
Be seen in corners with my Lord of  
Devon  
He hath fallen out of favour with the  
Queen  
She fears the Lords may side with you  
and him  
Against her marriage, therefore is he  
dangerous  
And if this Prince of fluff and feather  
come  
To woo you, niece, he is dangerous every-  
way  
*Elizabeth* Not very dangerous that  
way, my good uncle  
*Howard* But your own state is full  
of danger here  
The disaffected, heretics, reformers,  
Look to you as the one to crown their  
ends  
Mix not yourself with any plot I pray  
you,  
Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,  
Speak not thereof—no, not to your best  
friend,  
Lest you should be confounded with it  
Still—  
Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says,  
You know your Latin—quiet as a dead  
body  
What was my Lord of Devon telling you?  
*Elizabeth* Whether he told me any-  
thing or not,  
I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle  
Quiet as a dead body

*Howard* You do right well  
I do not care to know, but this I charge  
you,  
Tell Courtenay nothing The Lord  
Chancellor  
(I count it as a kind of virtue in him,  
He hath not many), as a mastiff dog  
May love a puppy cur for no more reason  
Than that the twain have been tied up  
together,  
Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow  
prisoners  
So many years in your accused Tower—  
Hath taken to this Courtenay Look to  
it, niece,  
He hath no fence when Gardiner ques-  
tions him,  
All oozes out, yet him—because they  
know him  
The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet  
(Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the  
people  
Claim as their natural leader—ay, some  
say,  
That you shall marry him, make him King  
belike  
*Elizabeth* Do they say so, good  
uncle?

*Howard* Ay, good niece  
You should be plain and open with me,  
niece  
You should not play upon me  
*Elizabeth* No, good uncle

*Enter GARDINER*

*Gardiner* The Queen would see you.  
Grace upon the moment  
*Elizabeth* Why, my lord Bishop?  
*Gardiner* I think she means to coun-  
sel your withdrawing  
To Ashridge, or some other country house  
*Elizabeth* Why, my lord Bishop?  
*Gardiner* I do but bring the message,  
know no more  
Your Grace will hear her reasons from  
herself  
*Elizabeth* 'Tis mine own wish fulfil'd  
before the word  
Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to  
cave



Permission of her Highness to retire  
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there  
*Gardiner* Madam, to have the wish  
before the word

Is man's good Fanny—and the Queen is  
yours

I left her with such jewels in her hand,  
Whereof 'tis like enough she means to  
make

A farewell present to your Grace

*Elizabeth* My Lord,

I have the jewel of a loyal heart

*Gardiner* I doubt it not, Madam,  
most loyal [*Bows low and exits*]

*Howard* See,

This comes of prying with my Lord of  
Devon

Well, well, you must obey, and I myself  
Believe it will be better for your welfare  
Your time will come

*Elizabeth* I think my time will come  
Uncle,

I am of sovereign nature, that I know,  
Not to be quell'd, and I have felt within  
me

Stirrings of some great doom when God's  
just hour

Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—his  
big baldness,

That nutable forelock which he rubs,  
His buzzard beak and deep incavined  
eyes

Half fright me

*Howard* You've a bold heart, keep  
it so

He cannot touch you save that you turn  
traitor,

And so take heed I pray you—you are one  
Who love that men should smile upon  
you, niece

They'd smile you into treason—some of  
them

*Elizabeth* I spy the rock beneath the  
smiling sca

But if this Philip, the proud Catholic  
prince,

And this bold priest, and she that hates  
me, seek

In that lone house, to practise on my life  
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

*Howard* They will not, niece  
Mine is the fleet and all the power at  
sea—

O! will be in a moment If they dared  
To hum you, I would blow this Philip  
and all

Your trouble to the dogstun and the devil

*Elizabeth* To the Pleiad, uncle, they  
have lost a sister

*Howard* But why say that? what have  
you done to lose her?

Come, come, I will go with you to the  
Queen [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE V

## A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY with PHILIP's miniature ALICE

*Mary* (*Viewing the miniature*) Most  
goodly, Kinglike and an Emperor's  
son,—

A king to be,—is he not noble, gull?

*Alice* Goodly enough, your Grace,  
and yet, methinks,

I have seen goodlier

*Mary* Ay, some waxen doll  
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike,  
All red and white, the fashion of our land  
But my good mother came (God rest her  
soul)

Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,  
And in my likings

*Alice* By your Grace's leave  
Your royal mother came of Spain, but  
took

To the English red and white Your  
royal father

(For so they say) was all pure hily and rose  
In his youth, and like a lady

*Mary* O, just God!  
Sweet mother, you had time and cause  
enough

To sicken of his lilies and his roses  
Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced,  
forlorn!

And then the King—that traitor past  
forgiveness,

The false archbishop frowning on him,  
murder

The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic  
 Ev'n as *she* is, but God hath sent me here  
 To take such order with all heretics  
 That it shall be, before I die, as tho'  
 My father and my brother had not lived  
 What wist thou saying of this Lady Jane,  
 Now in the Tower?

*Alice* Why, Madam, she was passing  
 Some chapel down in Essex, and with her  
 Lady Anne Whaiton, and the Lady Anne  
 Bow'd to the Pyx, but Lady Jane stood  
 up

Stiff as the very backbone of heresy  
 And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady  
 Anne,

To him within there who made Heaven  
 and Earth?

I cannot, and I dare not, tell you Grace  
 What Lady Jane replied

*Mary* But I will have it

*Alice* She said—pray pardon me, and  
 pity her—

She hath haiken'd evil counsel—ah! she  
 said,

The baker made him

*Mary* Monstrous! blasphemous!  
 She ought to burn Hence, thou (*Exit*

*Alice*) No—being traitor

Her head will fall shall it? she is but a  
 child

We do not kill the child for doing that  
 His father whipt him into doing—a head  
 So full of grace and beauty! would that  
 mine

Were half as gracious! O, my lord to be,  
 My love, for thy sake only

I am eleven years older than he is

But will he care for that?

No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,

But love me only then the bastard sprout,  
 My sister, is far fairer than myself

Will he be drawn to her?

No, being of the true faith with myself

Prget is for him—for to wed with Spain  
 Would treble England—Gardiner is

against him,

The Council, people, Parliament against  
 him,

But I will have him! My hard father  
 hated me,

My brother rather hated me than loved,  
 My sister cowers and hates me Holy  
 Virgin,

Plead with thy blessed Son, grant me my  
 prayer

Give me my Philip, and we two will lead  
 The living waters of the Faith again

Back thio' then widow'd channel here,  
 and watch

The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of  
 old,

To heaven, and kindled with the palms  
 of Christ!

*Enter USHER*

Who waits, sir?

*Usher* Madam, the Lord Chancellor

*Mary* Bid him come in (*Enter*

GARDINER) Good morning, my

good Lord [*Exit Usher*]

*Gardiner* That every morning of your  
 Majesty

May be most good, is every morning's  
 prayer

Of your most loyal subject, Stephen  
 Gardiner

*Mary* Come you to tell me this, my  
 Lord?

*Gardiner* And more

Your people have begun to learn you  
 worth

Your pious wish to pay King Edward's  
 debts,

Your lavish household curb'd, and the  
 remission

Of half that subsidy levied on the  
 people,

Make all tongues praise and all hearts  
 beat for you

I'd have you yet more loved the realm  
 is poor,

The exchequer at neap-tide ~~we~~ might  
 withdraw

Part of our garrison at Calais

*Mary* Calais!

Oui one point on the main, the gate of  
 France!

I am Queen of England, take mine eyes,  
 mine heart,

But do not lose me Calais

*Gardiner* Do not fear it  
Of that hereafter I say you Grace is  
loved  
That I may keep you thus, who am your  
friend  
And ever faithful counsellor, might I  
speak?

*Mary* I can forespeak your speaking  
Would I marry  
Prince Philip, if all England hate him?  
That is  
Your question, and I front it with another  
Is it England, or a party? Now, your  
answer

*Gardiner* My answer is, I wear be-  
neath my dress  
A shirt of mail my house hath been  
assaulted,  
And when I walk abroad, the populace,  
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,  
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and  
Philip,  
And when I sleep, a hundred men at  
arms

Guard my poor dreams for England  
Men would murder me,  
Because they think me favourer of this  
marriage

*Mary* And that were hard upon you,  
my Lord Chancellor

*Gardiner* But our young Earl of  
Devon—

*Mary* Earl of Devon?  
I fled him from the Tower, placed him  
at Court,  
I made him Earl of Devon, and—the  
fool—

He wicks his health and wealth on  
courtesans,  
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog

*Gardiner* More like a school boy that  
hath broken bounds,  
Sickening himself with sweets

*Mary* I will not hear of him  
Good, then, they will revolt but I am  
Tudor,  
And shall control them

*Gardiner* I will help you, Madam,  
Even to the utmost All the church is  
grateful

You have ousted the mock priest, re-  
pulpited  
The shepherd of St Peter, rused the  
rood again,  
And brought us back the mass I am all  
thanks  
To God and to you Grace yet I know  
well,

Your people, and I go with them so far,  
Will brook not Pope nor Spaniard here  
to play  
The tyrant, or in commonwealth or  
church

*Mary (showing the picture)* Is this the  
face of one who plays the tyrant?  
Peruse it, is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

*Gardiner* Madam, methinks a cold  
face and a haughty  
And when your Highness talks of Cour-  
tenay—  
Ay, true—a goodly one I would his  
life

Were half as goodly (*aside*)

*Mary* What is that you mutter?

*Gardiner* Oh, Madam, take it bluntly,  
marry Philip,  
And be stepmother of a score of sons!  
The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders,  
ha!

For Philip—

*Mary* You offend us, you may leave  
us

You see thro' wiping glasses

*Gardiner* If your Majesty—

*Mary* I have sworn upon the body  
and blood of Christ

I'll none but Philip

*Gardiner* Hath your Grace so sworn?

*Mary* Ay, Simon Renard knows it

*Gardiner* News to me!  
It then remains for your poor Gardiner,  
So you still cue to trust him somewhat  
less

Than Simon Renard, to compose the  
event

In some such form as lest my harm  
your Grace

*Mary* I'll have the scandal sounded  
to the mud

I know it a scandal

*Gardiner* All my hope is now  
It may be found a scandal

*Mary* You offend us

*Gardiner (aside)* These princes are  
like children, must be physick'd,  
The bitter in the sweet I have lost  
mine office,

It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a fool

[*Exit*]

*Enter USHER*

*Mary* Who waits?

*Usher* The Ambassador from France,  
your Grace

*Mary (sits down)* Bid him come in  
Good morning, Sir de Noailles -

[*Exit Usher*]

*Noailles (entering)* A happy morning  
to your Majesty

*Mary* And I should some time have  
a happy morning,  
I have had none yet What says the  
King your master?

*Noailles* Madam, my master hears  
with much alarm,  
That you may marry Philip, Prince of  
Spain—

Foreseeing, with white'st unwillingness,  
That if this Philip be the titular king  
Of England, and at war with him, your  
Grace

And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,  
Ay, tho' you long for peace, wherefore,  
my master,

If but to prove your Majesty's goodwill,  
Would fain have some flesh treaty drawn  
between you

*Mary* Why some flesh treaty? where-  
fore should I do it?

See, if we marry, we shall still maintain  
All former treaties with his Majesty  
Our royal word for that! and your good  
master,

Pity God he do not be the first to break  
them,

Must be content with that, and so, fare  
well

*Noailles (going, returns)* I would your  
answer had been other, Madam,  
For I foresee dark days

*Mary* And so do I, sir,  
You master works against me in the dark  
I do believe he help Northumberland

Against me

*Noailles* Nay, pure phantasy, your  
Grace

Why should he move against you?

*Mary* Will you hear why?

Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd  
My sister, and I will not,—after me

Is heir of England, and my royal father,  
To make the crown of Scotland one with

ours,  
Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's  
bride,

Ay, but your king stole her a babe from  
Scotland

In order to betroth her to your Dauphin  
See then

Mary of Scotland, married to your  
Dauphin,

Would make our England, France,  
Mary of England, joining hands with

Spain,  
Would be too strong for France

Yea, were there issue born to her, Spain  
and we,

One crown, might rule the world There  
lies your fear

That is your drift You play at hide and  
seek

Show me your faces!

*Noailles* Madam, I am amazed  
Ficinch, I must needs wish all good things  
for France

That must be pardon'd me, but I protest  
Your Grace's policy hath a further flight

Than mine into the future We but  
seek

Some settled ground for peace to stand  
upon

*Mary* Well, we will leave all this,  
sir, to our council

Have you seen Philip ever?

*Noailles* Only once

*Mary* Is this like Philip?

*Noailles* Ay, but nobler looking

*Mary* Hath he the large ability of  
the Emperor?

*Noailles* No, surely

*Mary* I can make allowance for thee,  
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king  
*Noailles* Make no allowance for the  
naked truth

He is every way a lesser man than Charles,  
Stone hard, ice cold—no dash of daring  
in him

*Mary* If cold, his life is pure

*Noailles* Why (*smiling*), no, indeed

*Mary* Sayst thou?

*Noailles* A very wanton life indeed  
(*smiling*)

*Mary* Your audience is concluded,  
sir [*Exit Noailles*]

You cannot

Learn a man's nature from his natural foe

*Enter USHER*

Who waits?

*Usher* The Ambassador of Spain,  
your Grace [*Exit*]

*Enter SIMON RENARD*

*Mary* (*rising to meet him*) Thou  
art ever welcome, Simon Renard  
Hast thou

Brought me the letter which thine  
Emperor promised

Long since, a formal offer of the hand  
Of Philip?

*Renard* Nay, your Grace, it hath not  
reached me

I know not wherefore—some mischance  
of flood,

And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or  
wave

And wind at their old battle he must  
have written

*Mary* But Philip never writes me  
one poor word,

Which in his absence had been all my  
wealth

Strange in a wooer!

*Renard* Yet I know the Prince,  
So your king parliament suffers him to  
land,

Yeans to set foot upon your island shore

*Mary* God change the pebble which  
his lingly foot

First presses into some more costly stone

Thou ever blinded eye I'll have one  
mark it

And bring it me I'll have it burnish'd  
firelike,

I'll set it round with gold, with pearl,  
with diamond

Let the great angel of the church come  
with him,

Stand on the deck and spread his wings  
for sail!

God hvy the waves and strow the storms  
at sea,

And here at land among the people! O  
Renard,

I am much beset, I am almost in despair  
Paget is ours Gridin's perchance is  
ours,

But for our heretic Parliament—

*Renard* O Madam,  
You fly your thoughts like kites My  
master, Charles,

Had you go softly with your heretics here,  
Until your throne had ceased to tremble  
Then

Spit them like larks for aught I care  
Besides,

When Henry broke the crucifix of your  
church

To pieces, there were many wolves among  
you

Who dragg'd the scatter'd lambs into their  
den

The Pope would have you make them  
render these,

So would your cousin, Cardinal Pole, all  
counsel!

These let them keep at present, still not  
yet

This matter of the Church lands At  
his coming

Your star will rise

*Mary* My star! a baleful one  
I see but the black night, and how the  
wolf

What star?

*Renard* Your star will be your princely  
son,

Heir of this England and the Netherlands!  
And if your wolf the while should howl  
for more,

We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold

I do believe, I have dusted some already,  
That, soon or late, your Parliament is ours

*Mary* Why do they talk so foully of  
your Prince,  
Renard?

*Renard* The lot of Princes To sit  
high  
Is to be lied about

*Mary* They call him cold,  
Haughty, ay, wise

*Renard* Why, doubtless, Philip shows  
Some of the bearing of your blue blood—  
still

All within measure—nay, it well becomes  
him

*Mary* Hath he the large ability of  
his father?

*Renard* Nay, some believe that he  
will go beyond him

*Mary* Is this like him?

*Renard* Ay, somewhat, but your  
Philip

Is the most princelike Prince beneath the  
sun

This is a daub to Philip

*Mary* Of a pure life?

*Renard* As an angel among angels  
Yea, by Heaven,

The text—Your Highness knows it,  
'Whosoever

Looketh after a woman,' would not graze  
The Prince of Spain You are happy in

him there,  
Chaste as your Grace!

*Mary* I am happy in him there

*Renard* And would be altogether  
happy, Madam,

So that your sister were but look'd to  
closer

You have sent her from the court, but  
then she goes,

I warrant, not to hear the nightingales,  
But hatch you some new treason in the  
woods

*Mary* We have our spies abroad to  
catch her tuppings,

And then if caught, to the Tower

*Renard* The Tower! the block!

The word has turn'd your Highness pale,  
the thing

Was no such scarecrow in your father's  
time

I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd  
with the jest

When the head leapt—so common! I  
do think

To save your crown that it must come to  
this

*Mary* No, Renard, it must never  
come to this

*Renard* Not yet, but your old  
Traitors of the Tower—

Why, when you put Northumberland to  
death,

The sentence having past upon them  
all,

Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guild-  
ford Dudley,

Ev'n that young gul who dared to wear  
your crown?

*Mary* Dared? nay, not so, the child  
obey'd her father

Spite of her tears her father forced it on  
her

*Renard* Good Madam, when the  
Roman wish'd to reign,

He slew not him alone who wore the  
purple,

But his assessor in the throne, perchance  
A child more innocent than Lady Jane

*Mary* I am English Queen, not  
Roman Emperor

*Renard* Yet too much mercy is a  
want of mercy,

And wastes more life Stamp out the  
fire, or this

Will smoulder and re flame, and burn the  
throne

Where you should sit with Philip he  
will not come

Till she be gone

*Mary* Indeed, if that were true—  
For Philip comes, one hand in mine,  
and one

Steadying the tremulous pillars of the  
Church—

But no, no, no Farewell I am some-  
what faint

With our long talk    Tho' Queen, I am  
not Queen

Of mine own heart, which every now and  
then

Beats me half dead    yet stay, this golden  
chain—

My father on a birthday gave it me,  
And I have broken with my father—take  
And wear it as memorial of a morning  
Which found me full of foolish doubts,  
and leaves me

As hopeful

*Renard (aside)* Whew—the folly of  
all follies

Is to be love sick for a shadow    (*Aloud*)  
Madam,

This chains me to your service, not with  
gold,

But dearest links of love    Farewell, and  
trust me,

Philip is yours    [*Exit*

*Mary* Mine—but not yet all mine

*Enter USHER*

*Usher* Your Council is in Session,  
please your Majesty

*Mary* Sir, let them sit    I must have  
time to breathe

No, say I come    (*Exit Usher*)    I won  
by boldness once

The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to  
Flanders

I would not, but a hundred miles I rode,  
Sent out my letters, call'd my friends  
together,

Struck home and won

And when the Council would not crown  
me—thought

To bind me first by oaths I could not keep,  
And keep with Christ and conscience—  
was it boldness

Or weakness that won there? when I,  
their Queen,

Cast myself down upon my knees before  
them,

And those hard men brake into woman  
tears,

Even Gardiner, all amazed, and in that  
passion

Gave me my Crown

*Enter ALICE*

Gill, hast thou ever heard  
Slanders against Prince Philip in our  
Court?

*Alice* What scandals? I, your Grace,  
no, never

*Mary* Nothing?

*Alice* Never, your Grace

*Mary* See that you neither hear them  
nor repeat!

*Alice (aside)* Good Lord! but I have  
heard a thousand such  
Ay, and repeated them as often—mum!  
Why comes that old fox Fleming back  
again?

*Enter RENARD*

*Renard* Madam, I scarce had left  
your Grace's presence  
Before I chanced upon the messenger  
Who brings that letter which we waited  
for—

The formal offer of Prince Philip's hand  
It craves an instant answer, Ay or No

*Mary* An instant Ay or No! the  
Council sits  
Give it me quick

*Alice (stepping before her)* Your High-  
ness is all trembling

*Mary* Make way

[*Exit into the Council Chamber*

*Alice* O, Master Renard, Master  
Renard,  
If you have falsely painted your fine  
Prince,

Praised, where you should have blamed  
him, I pray God

No woman ever love you, Master Renard  
It breaks my heart to hear her moan at  
night

As tho' the nightmare never left her  
bed

*Renard* My pretty maiden, tell me,  
did you ever

Sigh for a beard?

*Alice* That's not a pretty question

*Renard* Not prettily put? I mean,  
my pretty maiden,

A pretty man for such a pretty maiden

*Alice* My Lord of Devon is a pretty man  
I hate him Well, but if I have, what then?

*Roland* Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether  
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan  
A kindled fire

*Alice* According to the song

His friends would praise him, I believed 'em,  
His foes would blame him, and I scorn'd 'em,  
His friends—as Angels I received 'em,  
His foes—the Devil had suborn'd 'em

*Roland* Peace, pretty maiden  
I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber  
Lord Paget's 'Ay' is sure—who else?  
and yet,  
They are all too much at odds to close at once  
In one full throated No! Her Highness comes

*Enter MARY*

*Alice* How deathly pale!—a chair,  
your Highness

[*Bringing one to the Queen*

*Roland* Madam,  
The Council?

*Mary* Ay! My Philip is all mine  
[*Sinks into chair, half fainting*

## ACT II

### SCENE I—ALINGTON CASTLE

*Sir Thomas Wyatt* I do not hear from  
Carew or the Duke  
Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move  
The Duke hath gone to Leicester, Carew  
stirs  
In Devon that fine porcelain Courtenay,  
Save that he fears he might be crack'd in  
using,  
(I have known a semi-madman in my  
time  
So fancy-ridd'n) should be in Devon  
too

*Enter WILLIAM*

News abroad, William?

*William* None so new, Sir Thomas,  
and none so old, Sir Thomas No new  
news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no  
old news that all men hate it Old Sir  
Thomas would have hated it The bells  
are ringing at Maidstone Doesn't your  
worship hear?

*Wyatt* Ay, for the Saints are come to  
reign again

Most like it is a Saint's day There's no  
call

As yet for me, so in this pause, before  
The mine be fired, it were a pious work  
To string my father's sonnets, left about  
Lake loosely scatter'd jewels, in fan order,  
And heard them with a lame rhyme of  
mine,

To grace his memory

*William* Ay, why not, Sir Thomas?  
He was a fine courtier, he, Queen Anne  
loved him All the women loved him  
I loved him, I was in Spain with him  
I couldn't eat in Spain, I couldn't sleep  
in Spain I hate Spain, Sir Thomas

*Wyatt* But thou could'st drink in  
Spain if I remember

*William* Sir Thomas, we may grant  
the wine Old Sir Thomas always  
granted the wine

*Wyatt* Hand me the casket with my  
father's sonnets

*William* Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier  
of the old Court, old Sir Thomas [*Exit*

*Wyatt* Courtier of many courts, he  
loved the more

His own gray towers, plain life and  
letter'd peace,

To read and rhyme in solitary fields,  
The lark above, the nightingale below,  
And answer them in song The sire  
begets

Not half his likeness in the son I feel  
Where he was fullest yet—to write it  
down [*He writes*

*Re enter WILLIAM*

*William* There is news, there is news,



and no call for sonnet soiting now, nor  
for sonnet making either, but ten thousand  
men on Penenden Heath all calling after  
you worship, and your worship's name  
heard into Maidstone market, and you  
worship the first man in Kent and Chris-  
tendom, for the Queen's down, and the  
world's up, and you worship a top of it

*Wyatt* Inverted Æsop — mountain  
out of mouse

Say for ten thousand ten — and pothouse  
knives,

Brain dizzied with a draught of morning  
ale

*Enter* ANTONY KNYVETT

*William* Here's Antony Knyvett

*Knyvett* Look you, Master Wyatt,  
Tear up that woman's work there

*Wyatt* No, not these,  
Dumb children of my father, that will  
speak

When I and thou and all rebellions lie  
Dead bodies without voice Song flies  
you know

For ages

*Knyvett* Tut, your sonnet's a flying  
ant,

Wing'd for a moment

*Wyatt* Well, for mine own work,  
[*Tearing the paper*]

It lies there in six pieces at your feet,

For all that I can carry it in my head

*Knyvett* If you can carry your head  
upon your shoulders

*Wyatt* I fear you come to carry it off  
my shoulders,

And sonnet-making's safer

*Knyvett* Why, good Lord,

Write you as many sonnets as you will

Av, but not now, what have you eyes,  
ears, brains?

This Philip and the black faced swarms  
of Spain,

The hardest, cruellest people in the world,

Come locusting upon us, eat us up,

Confiscate lands, goods, money — Wyatt,  
Wyatt,

Wake, or the stout old island will become  
A rotten limb of Spain They roar for you

On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them  
— more —

All arm'd, waiting a leader, there's no  
glory

Like his who saves his country and you  
sit

Sing singing here, but, if I'm any judge,  
By God, you're as poor a poet, Wyatt,

As a good soldier

*Wyatt*

You're poor a critic

As an honest friend you stoke me on  
one cheek,

Buffet the other Come, you bluster,  
Antony!

You know I know all this I must not  
move

Until I hear from Cresset and the Duke

I fear the mine is fired before the time

*Knyvett* [showing a paper.] But here's

some Hebrew Futh, I half  
forgot it

Look, can you make it English? A  
strange youth

Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd,  
'Wyatt,'

And whisking round a corner, show'd his  
back

Before I read his face

*Wyatt* Ha! Courtenay's cipher

[*Reads*]

'Sir Peter Cresset fled to France it is  
thought the Duke will be taken I am  
with you still, but, for appearance sake,  
stay with the Queen Grudiner knows,  
but the Council are all at odds, and the  
Queen hath no force for resistance  
Move, if you move, at once'

Is Peter Cresset fled? Is the Duke taken?

Down scabbard, and out sword! and let  
Rebellion

Roar till throne rock, and crown fall

No, not that,

But we will teach Queen Mary how to  
reign

Who are those that shout below there?

*Knyvett*

Why, some fifty

That follow'd me from Penenden Heath  
in hope

To hear you speak

*Wyatt* Open the window, Knyvett,  
The mine is fired, and I will speak to  
them

Men of Kent, England of England,  
you that have kept your old customs  
upright, while all the rest of England  
bow'd theirs to the Norman, the cause  
that hath brought us together is not the  
cause of a county or a shire, but of this  
England, in whose crown our Kent is the  
fairest jewel Philip shall not wed Mary,  
and ye have called me to be your leader  
I know Spain I have been there with  
my father, I have seen them in their own  
land, have marked the haughtiness of  
their nobles, the cruelty of their priests  
If this man marry our Queen, however  
the Council and the Commons may fence  
round his power with restriction, he will  
be King, King of England, my masters,  
and the Queen, and the laws, and the  
people, his slaves What? shall we have  
Spain on the throne and in the parlia-  
ment, Spain in the pulpit and on the  
law bench, Spain in all the great offices  
of state, Spain in our ships, in our forts,  
in our houses, in our beds?

*Crowd* No! no! no Spain!

*William* No Spain in our beds—that  
were worse than all I have been there  
with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I  
know I hate Spain

*A Peasant* But, Sir Thomas, must  
we levy war against the Queen's Grace?

*Wyatt* No, my friend, war for the  
Queen's Grace—to save her from herself  
and Philip—war against Spain And  
think not we shall be alone—thousands  
will flock to us The Council, the Court  
itself, is on our side The Lord Chancellor  
for himself is on our side The King of  
France is with us, the King of Denmark  
is with us, the world is with us—war  
against Spain! And if we move not now,  
yet it will be known that we have moved,  
and if Philip come to be King, O, my  
God! the rope, the rack, the thumbscrew,  
the stake, the fire If we move not now,  
Spain moves, baibes our nobles with her

gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about  
our legs till we cannot move at all, and  
ye know, my masters, that wherever  
Spain hath ruled she hath wither'd all  
beneath her Look at the New World—  
a paradise made hell, the red man, that  
good helpless creature, starved, maim'd,  
flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd, buried  
alive, worried by dogs, and here, nearer  
home, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples,  
Lombardy I say no more—only this,  
their lot is yours Forward to London  
with me! forward to London! If ye  
love your liberties or your skins, forward  
to London!

*Crowd* Forward to London! A  
*Wyatt!* A Wyatt!

*Wyatt* But first to Rochester, to take  
the guns  
From out the vessels lying in the river  
Then on

*A Peasant* Ay, but I fear we be too  
few, Sir Thomas

*Wyatt* Not many yet The world is  
yet, my friend,  
Is not half waked, but every parish  
tower  
Shall clang and clash alarm as we  
pass,  
And pour along the land, and swollen and  
fed  
With indraughts and side currents, in full  
force

Roll upon London

*Crowd* A Wyatt! a Wyatt! Forward!

*Knyvett* Wyatt, shall we proclaim  
Elizabeth?

*Wyatt* I'll think upon it, Knyvett

*Knyvett* O! Lady Jane?

*Wyatt* No, poor soul, no

Ah, gray old castle of Alington, green field  
Beside the brimming Medway, it may  
chance

That I shall never look upon you more

*Knyvett* Come, now, you're sonnet-  
ting again

*Wyatt* Not I  
I'll have my head set higher in the state,  
Or—if the Lord God will it—on the stake  
[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II — GUILDHALL

SIR THOMAS WHITE (The Lord Mayor),  
LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR  
RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN and  
CITIZENS

*White* I trust the Queen comes hither  
with her guards

*Howard* Ay, all in arms

[Several of the citizens move hastily out of the hall]

Why do they hurry out there?

*White* My Lord, out the rotten  
from your apple,

Your apple eats the better. Let them go.  
They go like those old Pharisees in John  
Convicted by their conscience, aiant  
cowards,

O tamperers with that treason out of  
Kent

When will her Grace be here?

*Howard* In some few minutes  
She will address your guilds and com-  
panies

I have sworn to raise a man for her  
But help her in this exigency, make  
Your city loyal, and be the mightiest man  
This day in England

*White* I am Thomas White  
Few things have fail'd to which I set my  
will

I do my most and best

*Howard* You know that after  
The Captain Brette, who went with your  
train bands

To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to him  
With all his men, the Queen in that  
distress

Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the  
traitor,

Feigning to treat with him about her  
marriage—

Know too what Wyatt said

*White* He'd sooner be,  
While this same marriage question was  
being argued,

Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—and  
demanded

Possession of her person and the Tower

*Howard* And four of her poor Coun-  
cil too, my Lord,

As hostages

*White* I know it. What do and say  
Your Council at this hour?

*Howard* I will trust you  
We fling ourselves on you, my Lord  
The Council,

The Parliament as well, are troubled  
waits,

And yet like waits of the fen they know  
not

Which way to flow. All hangs on her  
address,

And upon you, Lord Mayor

*White* How look'd the city  
When now you part it? Quiet?

*Howard* Like our Council,  
Your city is divided. As we part,  
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. There were  
citizens

Stood each before his shut up booth, and  
look'd

As grim and grave as from a funeral  
And here a knot of ruffians all in rags,

With execrating execrable eyes,

Glared at the citizen. Here was a young  
mother,

Her face on flame, her head all blown  
back,

She shrilling 'Wyatt,' while the boy she  
held

Mimick'd and piped her 'Wyatt,' as Ied  
as she

In hair and cheek, and almost elbowing  
her,

So close they stood, another, mute as  
death,

And white as her own milk, her babe in  
arms

Had felt the faltering of his mother's  
heart,

And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious  
Catholic,

Mumbling and mixing up in his scold  
prayers

Heaven and earth's Maries, over his  
bow'd shoulder

Scowl'd that would hated and would  
hating beast,

A haggard Anabaptist    Many such  
groups

The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Courtenay,

Nay the Queen's right to reign—'foie God,  
the rogues—

Were freely buzzed among them    So I say  
Your city's divided, and I fear

One scruple, this or that way, of success  
Would turn it thither    Wherefore now  
the Queen

In this low pulse and palsy of the state,  
Bad me to tell you that she counts on you  
And on myself as her two hands, on you,  
In your own city, as her right, my Lord,  
For you are loyal

*White*            Am I Thomas White?  
One word before she comes    Elizabeth—  
Her name is much abused among these  
traitors

Where is she? She is loved by all of us  
I scarce have heart to mingle in this  
matter,

If she should be mishandled

*Howard*            No, she shall not  
The Queen had written her word to come  
to court

Methought I smelt out Renard in the  
letter,

And fearing for her, sent a secret missive,  
Which told her to be sick    Happily or  
not,

It found her sick indeed

*White*            God send her well,  
Here comes her Royal Grace

*Enter Guards, MARY, and GARDINER*  
SIR THOMAS WHITE leads her to a  
raised seat on the dais

*White*    I, the Lord Mayor, and these  
our companies

And guilds of London, gathered here,  
beseech

Your Highness to accept our lowliest  
thanks

For your most princely presence, and we  
pray

That we, your true and loyal citizens,  
From your own royal lips, at once may  
know

The wherefore of this coming, and so learn  
Your royal will, and do it—I, Lord  
Mayor

Of London, and our guilds and companies  
*Mary*    In mine own person am I come  
to you,

To tell you what indeed ye see and know,  
How traitorously these rebels out of Kent  
Have made strong head against ourselves  
and you

They would not have me wed the Prince  
of Spain,

That was their pretext—so they spake at  
first—

But we sent divers of our Council to them,  
And by then answer to the question ask'd,  
It doth appear this marriage is the least  
Of all their quarrel

They have betrayed the treason of their  
hearts

Seek to possess our person, hold our  
Tower,

Place and displace our councillors, and use  
Both us and them according as they will  
Now what I am ye know right well—your  
Queen,

To whom, when I was wedded to the realm  
And the realm's laws (the spousal ring  
whereof,

Not ever to be laid aside, I wear  
Upon this finger), ye did promise full  
Allegiance and obedience to the death  
Ye know my father was the rightful heir  
Of England, and his right came down to  
me,

Corroborate by your acts of Parliament  
And as ye were most loving unto him,  
So doubtless will ye show yourselves to  
me

Wherefore, ye will not brook that anyone  
Should seize our person, occupy our state,  
More specially a traitor so presumptuous  
As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd  
with

A public ignorance, and, under colour  
Of such a cause as hath no colour, seeks  
To bend the laws to his own will, and yield  
Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn,  
To make free spoil and havock of your  
goods

Now as you Prince, I say,  
 I, that was never mother, cannot tell  
 How mothers love their children, yet,  
     methinks,  
 A pince as naturally may love his people  
 As these their children, and be sure your  
     Queen  
 So loves you, and so loving, needs must  
     deem  
 This love by you return'd as heavily,  
 And thio' this common knot and bond of  
     love,  
 Doubt not they will be speedily over-  
     thrown  
 As to this marriage, ye shall understand  
 We made thereto no treaty of ourselves,  
 And set no foot theretoward unadvised  
 Of all our Privy Council, furthermore,  
 This marriage had the assent of those to  
     whom  
 The king, my father, did commit his trust,  
 Who not alone esteem'd it honourable,  
 But for the wealth and glory of our realm,  
 And all our loving subjects, most ex-  
     pedient  
 As to myself,  
 I am not so set on wedlock as to choose  
 But where I list, nor yet so amorous  
 That I must needs be husbanded, I thank  
     God,  
 I have lived a virgin, and I noway doubt  
 But that with God's grace, I can live so  
     still  
 Yet if it might please God that I should  
     leave  
 Some fruit of mine own body after me,  
 To be your king, ye would rejoice thereat,  
 And it would be your comfort, as I trust,  
 And truly, if I either thought or knew  
 This marriage should bring loss or danger  
     to you,  
 My subjects, or impair in any way  
 This royal state of England, I would never  
 Consent thereto, nor marry while I live,  
 Moreover, if this marriage could not  
     seem,  
 Before our own High Court of Parliament,  
 To be of rich advantage to our realm,  
 We will refrain, and not alone from this,  
 Likewise from any other, out of which

Looms the least chance of peril to our  
     realm  
 Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful  
     Prince  
 Stand fast against our enemies and yours,  
 And fear them not I fear them not  
     My Lord,  
 I leave Lord William Howard in your city,  
 To guard and keep you whole and safe  
     from all  
 The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these  
     rebels,  
 Who mouth and foam against the Prince  
     of Spain  
*Voices* Long live Queen Mary '  
                     Down with Wyatt '  
                     The Queen '  
*White* Three voices from our guilds  
     and companies '  
 You are shy and proud like Englishmen,  
     my masters,  
 And will not trust your voices Under-  
     stand  
 Your lawful Prince hath come to cast  
     herself  
 On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall  
 Into the wide spread arms of fealty,  
 And finds you statues Speak at once—  
     and all '  
 For whom?  
 Our sovereign Lady by King Harry's will,  
 The Queen of England—of the Kentish  
     Squire?  
 I know you loyal Speak ' in the name  
     of God '  
 The Queen of England of the rabble of  
     Kent?  
 The reeking dungfork master of the mace '  
 Your havings wasted by the scythe and  
     spade—  
 Your rights and charters hobnail'd into  
     slush—  
 Your houses fired—your gutters bubbling  
     blood—  
*Acclamation* No! No! The Queen '  
     the Queen '  
*White* Your Highness hears  
 This bust and bass of loyal harmony,  
 And how we each and all of us abhor  
 The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt

Of Thomas Wyatt    Hear us now make  
oath  
To raise you Highness thirty thousand  
men,

And aim and strike as with one hand,  
and brush

This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flier  
That might have leapt upon us unawares  
Swear with me, noble fellow citizens, all,  
With all your trades, and guilds, and  
companies

*Citizens*    We swear!

*Mary*    We thank your Lordship and  
your loyal city

[*Exit Mary attended*  
*White*    I trust this day, thro' God, I  
have saved the crown

*First Alderman*    Ay, so my Lord of  
Pembroke in command  
Of all her force be safe, but there are  
doubts

*Second Alderman*    I hear that Gar-  
diner, coming with the Queen,  
And meeting Pembroke, bent to his  
saddle bow,

As if to win the man by flattering him  
Is he so safe to fight upon her side?

*First Alderman*    If not, there's no  
man safe

*White*    Yes, Thomas White  
I am safe enough, no man need flatter  
me

*Second Alderman*    Nay, no man need,  
but did you mark our Queen?  
The colour freely play'd into her face,  
And the half sight which makes her look  
so stern,

Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of  
hers,

To read our faces, I have never seen her  
So queenly or so goodly

*White*    Courage, sir,  
That makes or man or woman look their  
goodliest

Die like the torn fox dumb, but never  
whine

Like that poor heut, Northumberland,  
at the block

*Bagenhall*    The man had children,  
and he whined for those

Methinks most men are but poor hearted,  
else

Should we so doat on courage, were it  
commoner?

The Queen stands up, and speaks for her  
own self,

And all men cry, She is queenly, she is  
goodly

Yet she's no goodlier, tho' my Lord  
Mayor here,

By his own rule, he hath been so bold  
to dry,

Should look more goodly than the rest of  
us

*White*    Goodly? I feel most goodly  
heart and hand,  
And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all.  
Kent

Ha! ha! sir, but you jest, I love it a  
jest

In time of danger shows the pulses even  
Be merry! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but  
sad

I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself,  
Tho' all the world should bay like winter  
wolves

*Bagenhall*    Who knows? the man is  
proven by the hour

*White*    The man should make the  
hour, not this the man,  
And Thomas White will prove this  
Thomas Wyatt,

And he will prove an Iden to this Cad-  
And he will play the Walworth to this  
Wat,

Come, sir, we part, hence all—gather  
your men—

Myself must bustle    Wyatt comes to  
Southwark,

I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the  
Thames,

And see the citizens aim'd    Good day,  
good day    [*Exit White*

*Bagenhall*    One of much outdoor  
bluster

*Howard*    For all that,  
Most honest, brave, and skilful, and his  
wealth

A fountain of perennial woes—his fault  
So thoroughly to believe in his own self

*Bagenhall* Yet thoroughly to believe  
in one's own self,  
So one's own self be thorough, were to do  
Great things, my Lord

*Howard* It may be  
*Bagenhall* I have heard  
One of your Council flee and jeer at him  
*Howard* The nursery cocker'd child  
will jeer at aught  
That may seem strange beyond his nursery  
The statesman that shall jeer and flee at  
men,

Makes enemies for himself and for his king,  
And if he jeer not seeing the true man  
Behind his folly, he is thence the fool,  
And if he see the man and still will jeer,  
He is child and fool, and traitor to the  
State

Who is he? let me shun him  
*Bagenhall* Nay, my Lord,  
He is damn'd enough already

*Howard* I must set  
The guard at Ludgate Fare you well,  
Sir Ralph

*Bagenhall* 'Who knows?' I am for  
England But who knows,  
That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and  
the Pope,  
Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen?  
[Exit

## SCENE III — LONDON BRIDGE

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT and BRETT

*Wyatt* Brett, when the Duke of  
Norfolk moved against us  
Thou cried'st 'A Wyatt!' and flying to  
our side  
Left his all bare, for which I love thee,  
Brett

Have for thine asking aught that I can give,  
For thro' thine help we are come to  
London Bridge,  
But how to cross it balks me I fear we  
cannot

*Brett* Nay, hardly, save by boat,  
swimming, or wings

*Wyatt* Last night I clumb'd into the  
gate house, Brett,

And scared the gray old porter and his wife  
And then I crept along the gloom and saw  
They had hewn the drawbridge down into  
the river  
It roll'd as black as death, and that same  
tide

Which, coming with our coming, seem'd  
to smile

And sparkle like our fortune as thou  
saidest,

Ran sunless down, and moan'd against  
the piers

But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William  
Howard

By torchlight, and his guard, four guns  
graped at me,

Black, silent mouths had Howard spied  
me there

And made them speak, as well he might  
have done,

Their voice had left me none to tell you  
this

What shall we do?

*Brett* On somehow To go back  
Were to lose all

*Wyatt* On over London Bridge  
We cannot stay we cannot, there is  
ordnance

On the White Tower and on the Devil's  
Tower,

And pointed full at Southwark, we must  
round

By Kingston Bridge

*Brett* Ten miles about

*Wyatt* Even so

But I have notice from our partisans  
Within the city that they will stand by us  
If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn to  
morning

Enter one of WYATT'S men

*Man* Sir Thomas, I've found this  
paper, pray your worship read it, I  
know not my letters, the old priests  
taught me nothing

*Wyatt (reads)* 'Whosoever will ap-  
prehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt shall  
have a hundred pounds for reward'

*Man* Is that it? That's a big lot of  
money

*Wyatt* Ay, ay, my friend, not read it? 'tis not written  
*Half* plain enough Give me a piece of paper!

[*Writes* 'THOMAS WYATT' *large*  
*There*, any man can read that

[*Sticks it in his cap*  
*Brett* - But that's foolhardy

*Wyatt* No! boldness, which will give my followers boldness

*Enter MAN with a prisoner*

*Man* We found him, your worship, a plundeing o' Bishop Winchester's house, he says he's a poor gentleman

*Wyatt* Gentleman! a thief! Go hang him Shall we make Those that we come to seive our sharpest foes?

*Brett* Sir Thomas—

*Wyatt* Hang him, I say

*Brett* Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon

*Wyatt* Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life

*Brett* Ev'n so, he was my neighbour once in Kent

He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out

All that he had, and gentleman he was We have been glad together, let him live

*Wyatt* He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs

No, no, my word's my word Take thy poor gentleman!

Gamble thyself at once out of my sight, Or I will dig thee with my dagger Away! Women and children!

*Enter a Crowd of WOMEN and Children*

*First Woman* O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day He'll be the death on us, and you'll set the Devil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain

*Second Woman* Don't ye now go to think that we be for Philip o' Spain

*Third Woman* No, we know that ye

be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you all on our bended knees But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas, look ye, here's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's but a side cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen further off, Sir Thomas

*Wyatt* My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen

Or here or there I come to save you all, And I'll go further off

*Crowd* Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end

*Wyatt* Be happy, I am your friend To Kingston, forward! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — ROOM IN THE GATEHOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES

*Gardiner* Then cry is, Philip never shall be king

*Mary* Lord Pembroke in command of all our force Will front then cry and shatter them into dust

*Alice* Was not Lord Pembroke with Northumberland?

O madam, if this Pembroke should be false?

*Mary* No, guil, most brave and loyal, brave and loyal

His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland

At the park gate he hovers with our guards

These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards

*Enter MESSENGER*

*Messenger* Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards

And gone to Ludgate

*Gardiner* Madam, I much fear That all is lost, but we can save your Grace



The river still is free I do beseech  
you,

There yet is time, take boat and pass to  
Windsor

*Mary* I pass to Windsor and I lose  
my crown

*Gardiner* Pass, then, I pray your  
Highness, to the Tower

*Mary* I shall but be then prisoner  
in the Tower

*Cries without* The traitor! treason!  
Pembroke!

*Ladies* Treason! treason!

*Mary* Peace

False to Northumberland, is he false to  
me?

Bear witness, Renard, that I live and  
die

The true and faithful bride of Philip—A  
sound

Of feet and voices thickening hither—  
blows—

Hark, there is battle at the palace  
gates,

And I will out upon the gallery

*Ladies* No, no, your Grace, see there  
the arrows flying

*Mary* I am Harry's daughter, Tudor,  
and not fear

[*Goes out on the gallery*]

The guards are all driven in, skulk into  
corners

Like rabbits to their holes A gracious  
guard

Truly, shame on them! they have shut  
the gates!

*Enter* SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL

*Southwell* The porter, please your  
Grace, hath shut the gates

On friend and foe You gentlemen at-  
arms,

If this be not your Grace's order, cry  
To have the gates set wide again, and they

With their good battle-axes will do you  
right

Against all traitors

*Mary* They are the flower of  
England, set the gates wide

[*Exit* Southwell]

*Enter* COURTENAY

*Courtenay* All lost, all lost, all  
yielded! A barge, a barge!

The Queen must to the Tower

*Mary* Whence come you, sir?

*Courtenay* From Charing Cross, the  
rebels broke us there,

And I sped hither with what haste I might  
To save my royal cousin

*Mary* Where is Pembroke?

*Courtenay* I left him somewhere in  
the thick of it

*Mary* Left him and fled, and thou  
that would'st be King,

And hast nor heart nor honour I myself  
Will down into the battle and there bide

The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those  
That are no cowards and no Courtenays

*Courtenay* I do not love you Grace  
should call me coward

*Enter another* MESSENGER

*Messenger* Over, your Grace, all  
crush'd, the brave Lord William

Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor  
flying

To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice  
Bekeley

Was taken prisoner

*Mary* To the Tower with him!

*Messenger* 'Tis said he told Sir  
Maurice there was one

Cognisant of this, and party thereunto,  
My Lord of Devon

*Mary* To the Tower with him!

*Courtenay* O la, the Tower, the  
Tower, always the Tower,

I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower

*Mary* Your Lordship may not have  
so long to wait

Remove him!

*Courtenay* La, to whistle out my life,  
And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[*Exit* Courtenay guarded]

*Messenger* Also this Wyntid did con-  
fess the Princess

Cognisant thereof, and party thereunto  
*Mary* What? whom—whom did you  
say?

*Messenger* Elizabeth,  
Your Royal sister  
*Mary* To the Tower with her !  
My foes are at my feet and I am Queen  
[*Gardiner and her Ladies kneel to her*  
*Gardiner* (singing) There let them lie,  
your footstool ! (*Aside*) Can I  
strike  
Elizabeth ?—not now and save the life  
Of Devon if I save him, he and his  
Are bound to me—may strike hereafter  
(*Aloud*) Madam,  
What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,  
Cries of the moment and the street—  
*Mary* He said it  
*Gardiner* Your courts of justice will  
determine that  
*Renard* (*advancing*) I trust by this  
your Highness will allow  
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,  
When last we talk'd, that Philip would  
not come  
Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of  
Suffolk,  
And Lady Jane had left us  
*Mary* They shall die  
*Renard* And your so loving sister ?  
*Mary* She shall die  
My foes are at my feet, and Philip King  
[*Exeunt*

## ACT III

SCENE I —THE CONDUIT IN GRACE  
CHURCH,

*Painted with the Nine Worthies, among  
them King Henry VIII holding a book,  
on it inscribed 'Verbum Dei'*

*Enter* SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and SIR  
THOMAS STAFFORD

*Bagenhall* A hundred here and  
hundreds hung'd in Kent  
The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at  
last,  
And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd  
them  
In every London street a gibbet stood  
They are down to day Here by this  
house was one,

The traitor husband dangled at the door,  
And when the traitor wife came out for  
bread  
To still the petty treason therewithin,  
Her cap would brush his heels  
*Stafford* It is Sir Ralph,  
And muttering to himself as heretofore  
Sir, see you aught up yonder ?  
*Bagenhall* I miss something  
The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone  
*Stafford* What tree, sir ?  
*Bagenhall* Well, the tree in  
Virgil, sir,  
That bears not its own apples  
*Stafford* What ! the gallows ?  
*Bagenhall* Sir, this dead fruit was  
ripening overmuch,  
And had to be removed lest living Spain  
Should sicken at dead England  
*Stafford* Not so de'd,  
But that a shock may rouse her  
*Bagenhall* I believe  
Sir Thomas Stafford ?  
*Stafford* I am ill disguised  
*Bagenhall* Well, are you not in peril  
here ?  
*Stafford* I think so  
I came to feel the pulse of England,  
whether  
It beats hard at this marriage Did you  
see it ?  
*Bagenhall* Stafford, I am a sad man  
and a serious  
Far liefer had I in my country hall  
Been reading some old book, with mine  
old hound  
Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask  
of wine  
Beside me, than have seen it yet I saw it  
*Stafford* Good, was it splendid ?  
*Bagenhall* Ay, if Dukes, and Earls,  
And Counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers,  
Some six or seven Bishops, diamonds,  
pearls,  
That royal commonplace too, cloth of gold,  
Could make it so  
*Stafford* And what was Mary's dress ?  
*Bagenhall* Good faith, I was too sorry  
for the woman  
To mark the dress She wore red shoes !

*Stafford* Red shoes !  
*Bagenhall* Scar'et, as if hei feet were  
 wash'd in blood,  
 As if she had waded in it

*Stafford* Were you eyes  
 So bashful that you look'd no higher ?

*Bagenhall* A diamond,  
 And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's love,  
 Who hath not any for any,—tho' a true  
 one,  
 Blazed false upon her heart

*Stafford* But this proud Prince—  
*Bagenhall* Nay, he is King, you  
 know, the King of Naples

The father ceded Naples, that the son  
 Being a King, might wed a Queen—O he  
 Flamed in brocade—white satin his trunk  
 hose,

Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a  
 collar,

Gold, thick with diamonds, hanging  
 down from this

The Golden Fleece—and round his knee,  
 misplaced,

Our English Garter, studded with great  
 emeralds,

Rubies, I know not what Have you had  
 enough

Of all this gear ?

*Stafford* Ay, since you hate the tell  
 ing it

How look'd the Queen ?

*Bagenhall* No fairer for hei jewels  
 And I could see that as the new made  
 couple

Came from the Minster, moving side by  
 side

Beneath one canopy, ever and anon  
 She cast on him a vassal smile of love,  
 Which Philip with a glance of some dis  
 taste,

Or so methought, return'd I may be  
 wrong, sir

This marriage will not hold

*Stafford* I think with you  
 The King of France will help to break it

*Bagenhall* France !  
 We once had half of France, and hui'd  
 our battles

Into the heart of Spain, but England now

Is but a ball chuck'd between France and  
 Spain,

His in whose hand she drops, Harry of  
 Bolingbroke

Had holpen Richud's tottering throne to  
 stand,

Could Harry have foreseen that all our  
 nobles

Would perish on the civil slaughter field,  
 And leave the people naked to the crown,  
 And the crown naked to the people, the  
 crown

Female, too ! Sir, no woman's regimen  
 Can save us We are fallen, and as I

think,

Never to rise again

*Stafford* You are too black blooded  
 I'd make a move myself to hinder that

I know some lusty fellows there in  
 France

*Bagenhall* You would but make us  
 weaker, Thomas Stafford

Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he fail'd,  
 And strengthen'd Philip

*Stafford* Did not his last breath  
 Clear Courtenay and the Princess from  
 the charge

Of being his co rebels ?

*Bagenhall* Ay, but then  
 What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing

We have no men among us The new  
 Lords

Are quieted with their sop of Abbeylands,  
 And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner

buys them

With Philip's gold All greed, no faith,  
 no courage !

Why, ev'n the haughty pounce, Northum-  
 berland,

The leader of our Reformation, knelt  
 And blubber'd like a lad, and on the

scaffold

Recanted, and resold himself to Rome

*Stafford* I swear you do your country  
 wrong, Sir Ralph

I know a set of exiles over there,  
 Dare devils, that would eat fire and spit

it out

At Philip's beud they pillage Spain  
 already

The French King winks at it    An hour  
will come

When they will sweep her from the seas  
No men ?

Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man ?  
Is not Lord William Howard a true man ?  
Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black  
blooded

And I, by God, believe myself a man  
Ay, even in the church there is a man—  
Cranmer

Fly would he not, when all men bad him  
fly

And what a letter he wrote against the  
Pope !

There's a brave man, if any

*Bagenhall*                    Ay, if it hold

*Crowd (coming on)*    God save their  
Graces !

*Stafford*            Bagenhall, I see

The Tudor green and white (*Trumpets*)  
They are coming now

And here's a crowd as thick as herring  
shoals

*Bagenhall*    Be limpets to this pillar,  
or we are torn

Down the strong wave of brawlers

*Crowd*    God save their Graces !

[*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelin  
men, etc., then Spanish and  
Flemish Nobles intermingled*]

*Stafford*    Worth seeing, Bagenhall !

These black dog Dons

Garb themselves bravely    Who's the  
long face there,

Looks very Spain of very Spur ?

*Bagenhall*                    The Duke

Of Alva, an iron soldier

*Stafford*                    And the Dutchman,

Now laughing at some jest ?

*Bagenhall*                    William of Orange

William the Silent

*Stafford*    Why do they call him so ?

*Bagenhall*    He keeps, they say, some  
secret that may cost

Philip his life

*Stafford*    But then he looks so merry

*Bagenhall*    I cannot tell you why they  
call him so

[*The King and Queen pass, attended*

*by Peers of the Realm, Officers of  
State, etc. Cannon shot off*

*Crowd*    Philip and Mary, Philip and  
Mary !

Long live the King and Queen, Philip  
and Mary !

*Stafford*    They smile as if content with  
one another

*Bagenhall*    A smile abroad is oft a  
scowl at home

[*King and Queen pass on*    *Procession*  
*First Citizen*    I thought this Philip

had been one of those black devils of  
Spain, but he hath a yellow beard

*Second Citizen*    Not red like Iscariot's

*First Citizen*    Like a carot's, as thou  
say'st, and English carot's better than  
Spanish licourice, but I thought he was a  
beast

*Third Citizen*    Certain I had heard  
that every Spaniard carries a tail like a  
devil under his trunk hose

*Tailor*    Ay, but see what trunk hoses !  
Lord ! they be fine, I never stich'd none

such    They make amends for the tails  
*Fourth Citizen*    Tut ! every Spanish  
priest will tell you that all English heretics  
have tails

*Fifth Citizen*    Death and the Devil—  
if he find I have one—

*Fourth Citizen*    Lo ! thou hast call'd  
them up ! here they come—a pale horse  
for Death and Gardiner for the Devil

*Enter GARDINER (turning back from the  
procession)*

*Gardiner*    Knave, wilt thou wear thy  
cap before the Queen ?

*Man*    My Lord, I stand so squeezed  
among the crowd

I cannot lift my hands unto my head

*Gardiner*    Knock off his cap there,  
some of you about him !

See there be others that can use their hands  
Thou art one of Wyatt's men ?

*Man*                    No, my Lord, no

*Gardiner*    Thy name, thou knave ?

*Man*                    I am nobody, my Lord

*Gardiner (shouting)*    God's passion !  
knave, thy name !

*Man* I have ears to hear  
*Gardiner* Ay, rascal, if I leave thee  
 ears to hear  
 Find out his name and bring it me (*to*  
*Attendant*)

*Attendant* Ay, my Lord  
*Gardiner* Knave, thou shalt lose thine  
 ears and find thy tongue,  
 And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that  
 [Coming before the Conduit  
 'The conduit painted—the nine worthies  
 —ay']

But then what's here? King Harry with  
 a scroll  
 Ha—Veibum Dei—'erbum—word of  
 God!

God's passion! do you know the knave  
 that painted it?

*Attendant* I do, my Lord  
*Gardiner* Tell him to paint it out,  
 And put some flesh device in lieu of  
 it—

A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, say,  
 ha?

There is no here-y there

*Attendant* I will, my Lord,  
 The man shall paint a pair of gloves I  
 am sure

(Knowing the man) he wrought it igno-  
 rantly,

And not from any malice

*Gardiner* Word of God  
 In English! over this the blameless loons  
 That cannot spell Esaias from St Paul,  
 Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out  
 and flare

Into rebellions I'll have them bibles  
 burnt

The bible is the priest's Ay! fellow,  
 what!

Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping  
 rogue!

*Man* I have, my Lord, shouted till  
 I am hoarse

*Gardiner* What hast thou shouted,  
 knave?

*Man* Long live Queen Mary!

*Gardiner* Knave, there be two  
 There be both King and Queen,  
 Philip and Mary Shout!

*Man* Nay, but, my Lord,  
 The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip  
*Gardiner* Shout, then,

Mary and Philip!

*Man* Mary and Philip!

*Gardiner* Now,  
 Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout  
 for mine!

Philip and Mary!

*Men* Must it be so, my Lord?

*Gardiner* Ay, knave

*Man* Philip and Mary!

*Gardiner* I distrust thee

Thine is a half voice and I can assent

What is thy name?

*Man* Sunders

*Gardiner* What else?

*Man* Zerubbabel

*Gardiner* Where dost thou live?

*Man* In Cornhill

*Gardiner* Where, knave, where?

*Man* Sign of the Talbot

*Gardiner* Come to me to-morrow—

Rascal!—this land is like a hill of fire,

One crater opens when another shuts

But so I get the laws against the heretic,

Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William

Howard,

And others of our Parliament, revived,

I will show thee on my side—stake and

fire—

Sharp work and short The knaves are

easily cowed

Follow them Majesties

[Exit The crowd following]

*Bagenhall* As proud as Becket

*Stafford* You would not have him  
 murder'd as Becket was?

*Bagenhall* No—murder fathers mur-  
 der—but I say

There is no man—there was one woman  
 with us—

It was a sin to love her married, dead

I cannot choose but love her

*Stafford* Lady Jane?

*Crowd (going off)* God save their

Graces!

*Stafford* Did you see her die?

*Bagenhall* No, no, her innocent  
 blood had blinded me

You call me too black blooded—true  
enough

Her dark dead blood is in my heart with  
mine

If ever I cry out against the Pope  
Her dark dead blood that ever moves  
with mine

Will stir the living tongue and make the  
cry

*Stafford* Yet doubtless you can tell  
me how she died?

*Bagenhall* Seventeen—and know  
eight languages—in music  
Peerless—her needle perfect, and her  
learning

Beyond the churchmen, yet so meek, so  
modest,

So wife like humble to the trivial boy  
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have  
heard

She would not take a last farewell of him,  
She fear'd it might unman him for his end  
She could not be unmann'd—no, not  
outwoman'd—

Seventeen—a rose of grace!  
Gul never breathed to rival such a rose,  
Rose never blew that equal'd such a bud

*Stafford* Pray you go on

*Bagenhall* She came upon the  
scaffold,

And said she was condemn'd to die for  
treason,

She had but follow'd the device of those  
Her nearest kin she thought they knew  
the laws

But for herself, she knew but little law,  
And nothing of the titles to the crown,  
She had no desire for that, and wung  
her hands,

And trusted God would save her thro' the  
blood

Of Jesus Christ alone

*Stafford* Pray you go on

*Bagenhall* Then knelt and said the  
Misereere Mei—

But all in English, mark you, rose again,  
And, when the headsman pray'd to be  
forgiven,

Said 'You will give me my true crown  
at last,

But do it quickly,' then all wept but  
she,

Who changed not colour when she saw  
the block,

But ask'd him, childlike 'Will you take  
it off

Before I lay me down?' 'No, madam,'  
he said,

Gripping, and when her innocent eyes  
were bound,

She, with her poor blind hands feeling—  
'where is it?

Where is it?'—You must fancy that  
which follow'd,

If you have heart to do it!

*Crowd (in the distance)* God save  
their Graces!

*Stafford* Their Graces, our disgraces!  
God confound them!

Why, she's grown bloodier! when I last  
was here,

This was against her conscience—would  
be murder!

*Bagenhall* The 'Thou shalt do no  
murder,' which God's hand

Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd  
out pale—

She could not make it white—and over  
that,

Traced in the blackest text of Hell—  
'Thou shalt!'

And sign'd it—Mary!

*Stafford* Philip and the Pope  
Must have sign'd too I hear this  
Legate's coming

To bring us absolution from the Pope  
The Lords and Commons will bow down  
before him—

You are of the house? what will you do,  
Sir Ralph?

*Bagenhall* And why should I be  
bolder than the rest,

Or honestest than all?

*Stafford* But, sir, if I—  
And overseas they say this state of yours  
Hath no more mortice than a tower of  
cards,

And that a puff would do it—then if I  
And others made that move I touch'd  
upon,

Duck'd by the power of France, and  
 landing here,  
 Came with a sudden splendour, shout,  
 and show,  
 And dazzled men and deafen'd by some  
 bright  
 Loud venture, and the people so unquiet—  
 And I the race of murder'd Buckingham—  
 Not for myself, but for the kingdom—  
 Sir,

I trust that you would fight along with us  
*Bagenhall* No, you would fling your  
 lives into the gulf

*Stafford* But if this Philip, as he's  
 like to do,

Left Mary a wife widow here alone,  
 Set up a viceroi, sent his myriads hither  
 To seize upon the foits and fleet, and  
 make us

A Spanish province, would you not fight  
 then?

*Bagenhall* I think I should fight then  
*Stafford* I am sure of it

Hist! there's the face coming on here of  
 one

Who knows me I must leave you  
 Fare you well,

You'll hear of me again

*Bagenhall* Upon the scaffold  
 [Exit

## SCENE II —ROOM IN WHITEHALL PALACE

MARY *Enter* PHILIP and  
 CARDINAL POLE

*Pole* Ave Maria, gratia plena, Bene  
 dicta tu in mulieribus

*Mary* Loyal and loyal cousin,  
 humblest thanks

Had you a pleasant voyage up the river?

*Pole* We had your royal barge, and  
 that same chair,

On rather throne of purple, on the deck  
 Our silver cross sparkled before the prow,  
 The apples twinkled at their diamond  
 dance,

The boats that follow'd, were as glowing  
 gay

As regal gardens, and your flocks of  
 swans,

As fair and white as angels, and your  
 shores

Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise  
 My foreign friends, who deem'd us  
 blanketed

In ever closing fog, were much amazed  
 To find as fur a sun as might have flash'd  
 Upon their lake of Garda, fire the  
 Thames,

Our voyage by sea was all but miracle,  
 And here the river flowing from the sea,  
 Not toward it (for they thought not of  
 our tides),

Seem'd as a happy miracle to make  
 glide—

In quiet—home your banish'd country  
 man

*Mary* We heard that you were sick  
 in Flanders, cousin

*Pole* A dizziness

*Mary* And how came you  
 round again?

*Pole* The scarlet thread of Rahab  
 saved her life,

And mine, a little letting of the blood

*Mary* Well? now?

*Pole* Well? Alas, cousin, as the  
 heathen grant

Had but to touch the ground, his force  
 return'd—

Thus, after twenty years of banishment,  
 Feeling my native land beneath my foot,  
 I said thereto 'Ah, native land of mine,  
 Thou art much beholden to this foot of  
 mine,

That hastes with full commission from  
 the Pope

To absolve thee from thy guilt of heresy  
 Thou hast disgraced me and attainted me,  
 And mak'd me even as Cain, and I return  
 As Peter, but to bless thee 'make me well'  
 Methinks the good land heard me, for to  
 day

My heart beats twenty, when I see you,  
 cousin

Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's  
 death,

How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's gate!

And Mary would have risen and let him in,  
But, Mary, there were those within the  
house

Who would not have it

*Mary* True, good cousin Pole,  
And there were also those without the  
house

Who would not have it

*Pole* I believe so, cousin  
State policy and church policy are con-  
joint,

But Janus faces looking diverse ways  
I fear the Emperor much misvalued me  
But all is well, 'twas ev'n the will of God,  
Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd,  
now,

Makes me his mouth of holy greeting  
'Hail,

Draughter of God, and savor of the faith  
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui'

*Mary* Ah, heaven'

*Pole* Unwell, your Grace?

*Mary* No, cousin, happy—  
Happy to see you, never yet so happy  
Since I was crown'd

*Pole* Sweet cousin, you forget  
That long low minster where you gave  
your hand

To this great Catholic King

*Philip* Well said, Lord Legate

*Mary* Nay, not well said, I thought  
of you, my liege,  
Ev'n as I spoke

*Philip* Ay, Madam, my Lord Paget  
Waits to present our Council to the Legate  
Sit down here, all, Madam, between us  
you

*Pole* Lo, now you are enclosed with  
boards of cedar,  
Our little sister of the Song of Songs'  
You are doubly fenced and shielded sitting  
here

Between the two most high set thrones  
on earth,

The Emperor's highness happily symbol'd  
by

The King your husband, the Pope's  
Holiness

By mine own self

*Mary* True, cousin, I am happy

When will you that we summon both our  
houses

To take this absolution from your lips,  
And be regather'd to the Papal fold?

*Pole* In Britain's calendar the bright-  
est day

Beheld our rough forefathers break their  
Gods,

And clasp the faith in Christ, but after that  
Might not St. Andrew's be her happiest  
day?

*Mary* Then these shall meet upon  
St. Andrew's day

*Enter PAGET, who presents the Council  
Dumb show*

*Pole* I am an old man wearied with  
my journey,

Ev'n with my joy Permit me to with-  
draw

To Lambeth?

*Philip* Ay, Lambeth has ousted  
Cianmer

It was not meet the heretic swine should  
live

In Lambeth

*Mary* There or anywhere, or at all

*Philip* We have had it swept and  
garnish'd after him

*Pole* Not for the seven devils to enter  
in?

*Philip* No, for we trust they parted  
in the swine

*Pole* True, and I am the Angel of  
the Pope

Farewell, your Graces

*Philip* Nay, not here—to me,  
I will go with you to the waterside

*Pole* Not be my Charon to the counter-  
side?

*Philip* No, my Lord Legate, the  
Lord Chancellor goes

*Pole* And unto no dead world, but  
Lambeth palace,

Henceforth a centrie of the living faith

[*Exeunt Philip, Pole, Paget, etc*]

*Manet Mary*

*Mary* He hath awaked! he hath  
awaked!



He sits within the darkness !  
Oh, Philip, husband ! now thy love to mine  
Will cling more close, and those bleak  
    marneis thaw,

That make me shamed and tongue tied  
    in my love

The second Prince of Peace—

The great unbain defender of the Faith,  
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—  
He comes, and my star rises

The stormy Wjatts and Northumberland,  
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,  
And all her fiercest partisans—are pale  
Before my star !

The light of this new learning wanes and  
    dies

The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade  
Into the deathless hell which is their doom  
Before my star !

His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind !  
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples  
    down !

His faith shall clothe the world that will  
    be his

Like universal air and sunshine ! Open,  
Ye everlasting gates ! The King is here !—  
My star, my son !

*Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, etc*

Oh, Philip, come with me,  
Good news have I to tell you, news to  
    make

Both of us happy—ay, the Kingdom too  
Nay come with me—one moment !

*Philip (to Alva)* More than that  
There was one here of late—William the  
    Silent

They call him—he is free enough in talk,  
But tells me nothing You will be, we  
    trust,

Sometime the viceroy of those provinces—  
He must deserve his surname better

*Alva* Ay, sir,  
Inherit the Great Silence

*Philip* True, the provinces  
Are hard to rule and must be hardly ruled,  
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty land,  
All hollow'd out with stinging heresies,  
And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight,  
You must break them or they break you

*Alva (proudly)* The first  
*Philip* Good !  
Well, Madam this new happiness of mine ?  
    [*Exeunt*]

*Enter THREE PAGES*

*First Page* News, mates ! a miracle  
    a miracle ! news !  
The bells must ring, Te Deums must be  
    sung,

The Queen hath felt the motion of her  
    babe !

*Second Page* Ay, but see here !

*First Page* See what ?

*Second Page* This paper, Dickon  
I found it fluttering at the palace gates —  
'The Queen of England is delivered of a  
    dead dog !'

*Third Page* These are the things  
    that madden her Fie upon it !

*First Page* Ay, but I hear she hath  
    a diopsy, lad,

Or a high-diopsy, as the doctors call it

*Third Page* Fie on her diopsy, so  
    she have a diopsy !

I know that she was ever sweet to me

*First Page* For thou and thine are  
    Roman to the core

*Third Page* So thou and thine must  
    be Take heed !

*First Page* Not I,  
And whether this flash of news be false  
    or true,

So the wine run, and there be revelry,  
Content am I Let all the steeples clash,  
Till the sun dance, as upon Easter Day  
    [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III — GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL

*At the far end a dais On this three  
chairs, two under one canopy for MARY  
and PHILIP, another on the right of  
these for POLE Under the dais on  
POLE's side, ranged along the wall,  
sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along  
the wall opposite, all the Temporal  
The Commons on cross benches in front,  
a line of approach to the dais between*

*them In the foreground,* SIR RALPH  
BAGENHALL *and other Members of the*  
Commons

*First Member* St Andrew's dry, sit  
close, sit close, we are friends  
Is reconciled the word? the Pope again?  
It must be thus, and yet, cocksbody!  
how strange

That Gardiner, once so one with all of us  
Against this foreign marriage, should  
have yielded

So utterly!—strange! but stranger still  
that he,

So fierce against the Herdship of the  
Pope,

Should play the second actor in this  
pageant

That brings him in, such aameleon he!

*Second Member* This Gardiner turn'd  
his coat in Henry's time,

The serpent that hath slough'd will  
slough again

*Third Member* Tut, then we all are  
serpents

*Second Member* Speak for yourself

*Third Member* Ay, and for Gardiner!  
being English citizen,

How should he bear a bridegroom out of  
Spain?

The Queen would have him! being  
English churchman

How should he bear the headship of the  
Pope?

The Queen would have it! Statesmen  
that are wise

Shape a necessity, as a sculptor clay,  
To their own model

*Second Member* Statesmen that are  
wise

Take truth herself for model What say  
you? [*To Sir Ralph Bagenhall*

*Bagenhall* We talk and talk

*First Member* Ay, and what use to  
talk?

Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's  
husband,

He's here, and ling, or will be—yet  
cocksbody!

So hated here! I watch'd a hive of late,

My seven-years' friend was with me, my  
young boy,

Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm  
behind

'Philip!' says he I had to cuff the rogue  
For infant treason

*Third Member* But they say that bees,  
If any creeping life invade their hive

Too gross to be thrust out, will build him  
round,

And bind him in from harming of their  
combs

And Philip by these articles is bound  
From stirring hand or foot to wrong the  
realm

*Second Member* By bonds of beeswax,  
like your creeping thing,

But your wise bees had stung him first  
to death

*Third Member* Hush, hush! ↑  
You wrong the Chancellor the clauses

added  
To that same treaty which the emperor

sent us

Were mainly Gardiner's that no foreigner  
Held office in the household, fleet, forts,

army,  
That if the Queen should die without a

child,  
The bond between the kingdoms be

dissolved,  
That Philip should not mix us any way

With his French wars—

*Second Member* Ay, ay, but what  
security,

Good sir, for this, if Philip—

*Third Member* Peace—the Queen,  
Philip, and Pole [*All rise, and stand*

*Enter MARY, PHILIP, and POLE*

[*Gardiner conducts them to the three  
chairs of state Philip sits on the*

*Queen's left, Pole on her right*

*Gardiner* Our short lived sun, before  
his winter plunge,

Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew's  
Day

*Mary* Should not this day be held in  
after years

More solemn than of old?

*Philip* Madam, my wish  
 Echoes your Majesty's  
*Pole* It shall be so  
*Gardiner* Mine echoes both your  
 Graces', (*aside*) but the Pope—  
 Can we not have the Catholic church as  
 well  
 Without as with the Italian? if we cannot,  
 Why then the Pope  
     My lords of the upper house,  
 And ye, my masters, of the lower house  
 Do ye stand fast by that which ye resolved?  
*Voices* We do  
*Gardiner* And be you all one mind to  
 supplicate  
 The Legate here for pardon, and acknow-  
 ledge  
 The primacy of the Pope?  
*Voices* We are all one mind  
*Gardiner* Then must I play the vassal  
 to this Pole [*Aside*  
*He draws a paper from under his*  
*robus and presents it to the King*  
*and Queen, who look through it*  
*and return it to him, then ascends*  
*a tribune, and reads*  
 We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal  
 And Commons here in Parliament as-  
 sembled,  
 Presenting the whole body of this realm  
 Of England, and dominions of the same  
 Do make most humble suit unto your  
 Majesties,  
 In our own name and that of all the state,  
 That by your gracious means and inter-  
 cession  
 Our supplication be exhibited  
 To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as  
 Legate  
 From our most Holy Father Julius, Pope,  
 And from the Apostolic see of Rome,  
 And do declare our penitence and grief  
 For our long schism and disobedience,  
 Either in making laws and ordinances  
 Against the Holy Father's primacy,  
 Or else by doing or by speaking aught  
 Which might impugn or prejudice the  
 same,  
 By this our supplication promising,  
 As well for our own selves as all the realm,

That now we be and ever shall be quick,  
 Under and with your Majesties' autho-  
 rities,  
 To do to the utmost all that in us lies  
 Towards the abrogation and repeal  
 Of all such laws and ordinances made,  
 Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,  
 As persons undefiled with our offence,  
 So to set forth this humble suit of ours  
 That we the rather by your intercession  
 May from the Apostolic see obtain,  
 Thro' this most reverend Father, absolu-  
 tion,  
 And full release from danger of all  
 censures  
 Of Holy Church that we be fall'n into,  
 So that we may, as children penitent,  
 Be once again received into the Bosom  
 And unity of Universal Church,  
 And that this noble realm thro' after years  
 May in this unity and obedience  
 Unto the holy see and reigning Pope  
 Serve God and both your Majesties  
*Voices* Amen [*All sit*  
*He again presents the petition to the*  
*King and Queen, who hand it*  
*reverentially to Pole*  
*Pole (sitting)* This is the loveliest day  
 that ever smiled  
 On England! All her breath should,  
 incenselike,  
 Rise to the heavens in grateful praise of  
 Him  
 Who now recalls her to His ancient fold  
 Lo! once again God to this realm hath  
 given  
 A token of His more especial Grace,  
 For as this people were the first of all  
 The islands call'd into the dawning church  
 Out of the dead, deep night of heathen-  
 dom,  
 So now are these the first whom God  
 hath given  
 Grace to repent and sorrow for their  
 schism,  
 And if your penitence be not mockery,  
 Oh how the blessed angels who rejoice  
 Over one saved do triumph at this hour  
 In the reborn salvation of a land  
 So noble [*A pause*

For ourselves we do protest  
That our commission is to heal, not hurt,  
We come not to condemn, but reconcile,  
We come not to compel, but edify,  
We come not to destroy, but build,  
Not yet to question things already done,  
These are forgiven—matters of the past—  
And range with jetam and with offal  
tho vn

Into the blindness of forgetfulness [*A pause*]  
Ye have reversed the attainder laid on us  
By him who sack'd the house of God,  
and we,

Amplifier than any field on our poor earth  
Can render thanks in fruit for being sown,  
Do here and now repay you sixty fold,  
A hundred, yea, a thousand thousand fold,  
With heaven for earth

[*Rising and stretching forth his hands*  
*All kneel but Sir Ralph Bagenhall,*  
*who rises and remains standing*

The Lord who hath redeem'd us  
With His own blood, and wash'd us from  
our sins,

To purchase for Himself a stainless bride,  
He, who in the Father hath appointed  
Head

Of all his church, He by His mercy  
absolve you ! [*A pause*

And we by that authority Apostolic  
Given unto us, his Legate, by the Pope,  
Our Lord and Ho'y Father, Julius,  
God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon earth,  
Do here absolve you and deliver you  
And every one of you, and all the realm  
And its dominions, from all heresy,  
All schism, and from all and every cen-  
sure,

Judgment, and pain accruing thereupon,  
And also we restore you to the bosom  
And unity of Universal Church

[*Turning to Gardiner*  
Our letters of commission will declare  
this plainlier

[*Queen heard sobbing Cries of*  
*Amen ! Amen ! Some of the*  
*Members embrace one another*  
*All but Sir Ralph Bagenhall pass*  
*out into the neighbouring chapel,*  
*whence is heard the Te Deum*

*Bagenhall* We strove against the  
popery from the first,  
In William's time, in our first Edward's  
time,

And in my master Henry's time, but now,  
The unity of Universal Church,  
Marry would have it, and this Gardiner  
follows,

The unity of Universal Hell,  
Philip would have it, and this Gardiner  
follows !

A Parliament of imitative apes !  
Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes,  
who not

Believes the Pope, nor any of them  
believe—

These spaniel Spaniard English of the  
time,

Who rub their fawning noses in the dust,  
For that is Philip's gold dust, and adore  
This Vicar of their Vicar Would I had  
been

Born Spaniard ! I had held my head up  
then

I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,  
English

*Enter OFFICER*

*Officer* Sir Ralph Bagenhall !

*Bagenhall* What of that ?

*Officer* You were the one sole man in  
either house

Who stood upright when both the houses  
fell

*Bagenhall* The houses fell !

*Officer* I mean the houses knelt  
Before the Legate

*Bagenhall* Do not scrimp your  
phrase,

But stretch it wider say when England  
fell

*Officer* I say you were the one sole  
man who stood

*Bagenhall* I am the one sole man in  
either house,

Perchance in England, loves her like a son

*Officer* Well, you one man, because  
you stood upright,

Her Grace the Queen commands you to  
the Tower

*Bagenhall* As traitor, or as heretic,  
or for what?

*Officer* If any man in any way would  
be

The one man, he shall be so to his cost

*Bagenhall* What will she have my  
head?

*Officer* A round fine likelier  
You pardon [*Calling to Attendant*  
By the river to the lower [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV—WHITEHALL A ROOM  
IN THE PALACE

MARY, GARDINER, POLT, PAGET,  
BONNER, etc

*Mary* The King and I, my Lords,  
now that all traitors  
Against our royal state have lost the heads  
Wherewith they plotted in their treason  
ous malice,

Have talk'd together, and are well agreed  
That those old statutes touching Lollard-  
ism

To bring the heretic to the stake, should be  
No longer a dead letter, but requicken'd

*One of the Council* Why, what hath  
flus'er'd Gardiner? how he rubs  
His forelock!

*Paget* I have changed a word with  
him

In coming, and may change a word again

*Gardiner* Madam, your Highness is  
our sun, the King

And you together our two suns in one  
And so the beams of both may shine upon  
us,

The faith that seem'd to droop will feel  
your light,

Lift head, and flourish, yet not light  
alone,

There must be heat—there must be heat  
enough

To scorch and wither heresy to the root  
For what saith Christ? 'Compel them  
to come in'

And what saith Paul? 'I would they  
were cut off

That trouble you' Let the dead letter live!

Trace it in fire, that all the louts to whom  
Their A B C is darkness, clowns and  
grooms

May read it! so you quash rebellion too,  
For heretic and traitor are all one

Two vipers of one breed—an amphisboen,  
Each end a sting Let the dead letter  
burn!

*Paget* Yet there be some disloyal  
Catholics,

And many heretics loyal, heretic throats  
Cried not God bless her to the Lady Jane,  
But shouted in Queen Mary So there be  
Some traitor heretic, there is axe and cord  
To take the lives of others that are loyal,  
and by the churchman's pitiless doom of  
fire,

Were but a thankless policy in the crown,  
Ay, and against itself, for there are many

*Mary* If we could burn out heresy,  
my Lord Paget,

We reck not tho' we lost this crown of  
England—

Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

*Gardiner* Right, your Grace

Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours  
And care but little for the life to be

*Paget* I have some time, for curious  
ness, my Lord,

Watch'd children playing at *their* life to  
be,

And cruel at it, killing helpless flies,  
Such is our time—all times for aught I  
know

*Gardiner* We kill the heretics that  
sting the soul—

They, with right reason, flies that prick  
the flesh

*Paget* They had not reach'd right  
reason, little children!

They kill'd but for their pleasure and the  
power

They felt in killing

*Gardiner* A spice of Satan, ha!

Why, good! what then? granted!—we  
are fallen creatures,

Look to your Bible, Paget! we are fallen

*Paget* I am but of the laity, my Lord  
Bishop,

And may not read your Bible, yet I found

One day, a wholesome scripture, 'Little children,

Love one another !'

*Gardiner* Did you find a scripture,  
'I come not to bring peace but a sword'?

The sword

Is in her Grace's hand to smite with  
Paget,

You stand up here to fight for heresy,  
You are more than guess'd at as a heretic,  
And on the steep-up track of the true faith  
Your lapses are far seen

*Paget* The faultless Gardiner !

*Mary* You bawl beyond the ques-  
tion, speak, Lord Legate !

*Pole* Indeed, I cannot follow with  
your Grace

Rather would say—the shepherd doth  
not kill

The sheep that wander from his flock but  
sends

His careful dog to bring them to the fold  
Look to the Netherlands, wherein have  
been

Such holocausts of heresy ! to what end ?  
For yet the faith is not established there

*Gardiner* The end is not come

*Pole* No—not this way  
will come,

Seeing there lie two ways to every end,  
A better and a worse—the worse is here  
To persecute, because to persecute  
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore  
No perfect witness of a perfect faith  
In him who persecutes when men are tost  
On tides of strange opinion, and not sure  
Of their own selves, they are wroth with  
their own selves,

And thence with others, then, who lights  
the faggot ?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking  
doubt

Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the  
Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these  
were trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble ?

*Paget* Did she not  
In Henry's time and Edward's ?

*Pole* What, my Lord !

The Church on Peter's rock ? never ! I  
have seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow  
Athwart a cataract, firm stood the pine—  
The cataract shook the shadow To my  
mind,

The cataract typed the headlong plunge  
and fall

Of heresy to the pit the pine was Rome  
You see, my Lords,

It was the shadow of the Church that  
trembled,

Your church was but the shadow of a  
church,

Wanting the Papal mitre

*Gardiner (muttering)* Here be tropes

*Pole* And tropes are good to clothe a  
naked truth,

And make it look more seemly

*Gardiner* Tropes again !

*Pole* You are hard to please Then  
without tropes, my Lord,

An overmuch severeness, I repeat,  
When faith is wavering makes the wavering  
pass

Into more settled hatred of the doctrines  
Of those who rule, which hatred by and by  
Involves the ruler (thus there springs to  
light

That Centaur of a monstrous Common-  
weal,

The traitor heretic) then tho' some may  
quail,

Yet others are that dare the stake and fire,  
And then strong torment bravely borne,  
begets

An admiration and an indignation,  
And hot desire to imitate, so the plague  
Of schism spreads, were there but three  
or four

Of these misleaders, yet I would not say  
Burn ! and we cannot burn whole towns,  
they are many,

As my Lord Paget says

*Gardiner* Yet my Lord Cardinal—

*Pole* I am your Legate, please you  
let me finish

Methinks that under our Queen's regimen  
We might go softer than with crimson  
rowel

And streaming lash      When Herod-  
 Henry fust  
 Began to batter at your English Chu ch,  
 This was the cruce, and hence the judg-  
 ment on hei  
 She scethed with such adulteries, and the  
 lives  
 Of many among your churchmen were so  
 foul  
 That heaven wept and earth blush'd      I  
 would advise  
 That we should thoroughly cleanse the  
 Church v ithin  
 Before these bitter statutes be requicken'd  
 So after that when she once more is seen  
 White as the light, the spotless bride of  
 Christ,  
 Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly  
 The Lutheran may be won to hei again,  
 Till when, my Lords, I counsel tolerance  
*Gardiner* What, is a mad dog bit  
 your hand, my Lord,  
 Would you not chop the bitten finger off,  
 Lest your whole body should madden  
 with the poison?  
 I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the  
 heretic,  
 No, not an hour      The ruler of a land  
 Is bounden by his power and place to see  
 His people be not poison'd      Tolerate  
 them!  
 Why? do they tolerate you?      Nay, many  
 of them  
 Would burn—have burnt each other,  
 call they not  
 The one true faith, a loathsome idol  
 worship?  
 Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime  
 Than heresy is itself, beware, I say,  
 I est men accuse you of indifference  
 To all faiths, all religion, for you know  
 Right well that you yourself have been  
 supposed  
 Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy  
*Pole (angered)* But you, my Lord,  
 beyond all supposition,  
 In clear and open day were congruent  
 With that vile Cranmer in the accused lie  
 Of good Queen Catherine's divorce—the  
 spring

Of all those evils that have flow'd upon  
 us,  
 For you yourself have truckled to the  
 tyrant,  
 And done you best to bastardise our  
 Queen,  
 For which God's righteous judgment fell  
 upon you  
 In your five years of imprisonment, my  
 Lord,  
 Under young Edward      Who so bolster'd  
 up  
 The gross King's headship of the Church,  
 or more  
 Demed the Holy Father!  
*Gardiner*      Ha! what! eh?  
 But you, my Lord, a polish'd gentleman,  
 A bookman, flying from the heat and  
 tussle,  
 You lived among your vines and oranges,  
 In your soft Italy yonder!      You were  
 sent for,  
 You were appear'd to, but you still  
 prefer'd  
 Your leained leisure      As for what I did  
 I suffer'd and repented      You, Lord  
 Legate  
 And Cardinal Deacon, have not now to  
 learn  
 That even St. Peter in his time of fear  
 Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, my  
 Lord  
*Pole*      But not for five and twenty  
 years, my Lord  
*Gardiner*      Ha! good! it seems then  
 I was summon'd hither  
 But to be mock'd and baited      Speak,  
 friend Bonner,  
 And tell this leained Legate he lacks zeal  
 The Church's evil is not as the King's,  
 Cannot be heal'd by stroking      The mad  
 bite  
 Must have the crutery—tell him—and et  
 once  
 What wouldst thou do hadst thou his  
 power, thou  
 That layest so long in heretic bonds with  
 me,  
 Would'st thou not burn and blast them  
 root and branch?

*Bonner* Ay, after you, my Lord  
*Gardiner* Nay, God's passion, before  
 me ' speak '  
*Bonner* I am on fire until I see them  
 flame  
*Gardiner* Ay, the psalm-singing  
 weavers, cobbleis, scum—  
 But this most noble prince Plantagenet,  
 Our good Queen's cousin—dallying over  
 seas  
 Even when his brother's, nay, his noble  
 mother's,  
 Herd fell—  
*Pole* Peace, madman !  
 Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not  
 fathom  
 Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord Chan-  
 cellor  
 Of England ! no more rein upon thine  
 anger  
 Than any child ! Thou mak'st me much  
 ashamed  
 That I was for a moment wroth at thee  
*Mary* I come for counsel and ye give  
 me feuds,  
 Like dogs that set to watch their master's  
 gate,  
 Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the  
 walls,  
 To worrying one another My Lord  
 Chancellor,  
 You have an old trick of offending us,  
 And but that you are ait and part with us  
 In purging heresy, well we might, for this  
 Your violence and much roughness to the  
 Legate,  
 Have shut you from our counsels  
 Cousin Pole,  
 You are fresh from brighter lands Re-  
 tinue with me  
 His Highness and myself (so you allow  
 us)  
 Will let you learn in peace and privacy  
 What power this cooler sun of England  
 hath  
 In breeding godless vermin And pray  
 Heaven  
 That you may see according to our sight  
 Come, cousin

[*Exeunt Queen and Pole, et*

*Gardiner* Pole has the Plantagenet  
 face,  
 But not the force made them our mightiest  
 kings  
 I ne eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—  
 A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine  
 beard  
 But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha ?  
*Bonner* Well, a weak mouth, per-  
 chance  
*Gardiner* And not like thine  
 To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw  
*Bonner* I'd do my best, my Lord,  
 but yet the Legate  
 Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,  
 And if he go not with you—  
*Gardiner* Tut, Master Bishop,  
 Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he  
 flush'd ?  
 Touch him upon his old heretical talk,  
 He'll burn a diocese to prove his ortho-  
 doxy  
 And let him call me truckler In those  
 times,  
 Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck,  
 or die,  
 I kept my head for use of Holy Church,  
 And see you, we shall have to dodge  
 again,  
 And let the Pope trample our rights, and  
 plunge  
 His foreign fist into our island Church  
 To plump the leaner pouch of Italy  
 For a time, for a time  
 Why ? that these statutes may be put in  
 force,  
 And that his fan may thoroughly purge  
 his floor  
*Bonner* So then you hold the Pope—  
*Gardiner* I hold the Pope !  
 What do I hold him ? what do I hold  
 the Pope ?  
 Come, come, the morsel stuck—this  
 Cardinal's fault—  
 I have gulpt it down I am wholly for  
 the Pope,  
 Utterly and altogether for the Pope,  
 The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,  
 Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king  
 of kings,



God upon earth ! what more ? what would  
you have ?  
Hence, let's be gone

*Enter USHER*

*Usher* Well that you be not gone,  
My Lord The Queen, most wroth at  
first with you,  
Is now content to grant you 'ull forgive-  
ness,  
So that you crave full pardon of the  
Legate

I am sent to fetch you

*Gardiner* Do'h Pole yield, sir, ha !  
Did you hear em ? were you by ?

*Usher* I cannot tell you,  
His bearing is so courtly delicate,  
And yet methinks he falters then two  
Graces

Do so dear cousin and royal cousin him,  
So press on him the duty which a Legate  
He owes himself, and with such royal  
smiles—

*Gardiner* Smiles that burn men  
Bonnet, it will be carried  
He falters, ha ? 'fore God, we change  
and change,

Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors  
tell you,

At three score years, then it we change  
at all

We needs must do it quickly, it is an age  
Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief  
patience,

As I have shown to-day I am sorry for it  
If Pole be like to turn Our old friend  
Cranmer

Your more especial love, hath turn'd so  
often,

He knows not where he stands, which,  
if this pass,

We two shall have to teach him, let 'em  
look to it

Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,  
Rogers and Ferris, for their time is come,  
Then how is hard at hand, then 'dies  
Ire,

Then 'dies Illa, which will test then sect  
I feel it but a duty—you will find in it  
Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner,—

To test then sect Sir, I attend the Queen  
To crave most humble pardon—of her most  
Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate cousin  
*[Exeunt]*

# SCENE V—WOODSTOCK

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING

*Elizabeth* So they have sent poor  
Courteney over sea

*Lady* And banish'd us to Woodstock,  
and the fields

The colours of our Queen are green and  
white,

These fields are only green, they make  
me gape

*Elizabeth* There's whitethorn, gill

*Lady* Ay, for an hour in May

But court is always May, buds out in  
masques,

Breaks into feather'd merriments, and  
flowers

In silken pageants Why do they keep  
us here ?

Why still suspect your Grace ?

*Elizabeth* Hard upon both

*[Writes on the window with a diamond]*

Much suspected of me

Nothing proven can be

Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner

*Lady* What hath your Highness  
written ?

*Elizabeth* A true rhyme

*Lady* Cut with a diamond, so to last  
like truth

*Elizabeth* Ay, if truth last

*Lady* But truth, they say, will out,  
So it must last It is not like a word,  
That comes and goes in uttering

*Elizabeth* Truth, a word !

The very Truth and very Word are one  
But truth of story, which I glanced at, gill,  
Is like a word that comes from olden days,  
And passes thro' the peoples every tongue  
Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks  
Quite other than at first

*Lady* I do not follow

*Elizabeth* How many names in the  
long sweep of time

That so foreshortens greatness, may but  
hang  
On the chance mention of some fool that  
once

Brake bread with us, perheps and my  
poor chronicle

Is but of glass Sir Henry Bedingsfield  
May split it for a spite

*Lady* God grant it list,  
And witness to your Grace's innocence,  
Till doomsday melt it

*Elizabeth* O! a second fire,  
Like that which lately crackled underfoot  
And in this very chamber, fuse the glass,  
And char us back again into the dust  
We spring from Never percock against  
rain

Scream'd as you did for water

*Lady* And I got it  
I woke Sir Henry—and he true to you—  
I read his honest honor in his eyes

*Elizabeth* Or true to you?

*Lady* Sir Henry Bedingsfield '  
I will have no man true to me, your Grace,  
But one that pares his nails, to me? the  
clown'

*Elizabeth* Out, gull! you wrong a  
noble gentleman

*Lady* For, like his cloak, his man-  
neis want the nap  
And gloss of court, but of this fire he says,  
Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,  
Only a natural chance

*Elizabeth* A chance—perchance  
One of those wicked wilfuls that men  
make,

Nor shame to call it nature Nay, I know,  
They hunt my blood Save for my daily  
range

Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ  
I might despair But there hath some  
one come,

The house is all in movement Hence,  
and see [*Exit Lady*]

*Milkmaid (singing without)*

Shame upon you, Robin,

Shame upon you now!

Kiss me would you? with my hands

Milking the cow?

Daisies grow again,  
Kingcups blow again,  
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow

Robin came behind me,  
Kiss'd me well I vow,  
Cuff him could I? with my hands

Milking the cow?  
Swallows fly again,  
Cuckoos cry again,  
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow

Come, Robin, Robin,  
Come and kiss me now,  
Help it can I? with my hands

Milking the cow?  
Ringdoves coo again,  
All things woo again  
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

*Elizabeth* Right honest and red  
check'd, Robin was violent,  
And she was crafty—a sweet violence,  
And a sweet craft I would I were a  
milkmaid,

To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake,  
and die,

Then have my simple headstone by the  
church,  
And all things lived and ended honestly  
I could not if I would I am Harry's  
daughter

Grindiner would have my head They are  
not sweet,

The violence and the craft that do divide  
The world of nature, what is weak must  
lie,

The lion needs but roar to guard his young,  
The lapwing lies, says 'here' when they  
are there

Threaten the chud, 'I'll scourge you if  
you did it'

What weapon hath the child, save his  
soft tongue,

To say 'I did not?' and my rod's the block  
I never lay my head upon the pillow  
But that I think, 'Wilt thou lie there to  
morrow?'

How oft the falling axe, that never fell,  
Hath shock'd me back into the daylight  
truth

That it may fall to day! Those damp,  
black, dead

Nights in the Tower, dead—with the  
fear of death

Too dead ev'n for a death-watch! Toll  
of a bell,

Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat  
Afrighted me, and then delighted me,  
For there was life—And there was life in  
death—

The little murder'd princes, in a pale light,  
Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, 'come  
away!'

The civil wars are gone for evermore  
I hou last of all the Tudors, come away!  
With us is peace! The last? It was a  
dream,

I must not dream, not wink, but watch  
She has gone,

Maid Marian to her Robin—by and by  
Be thou happy! a fox may fitch when by night,  
And make a morning outcry in the yard,  
But there's no Renard here to 'catch him  
'ripping'

Catch me who can! yet, sometime I have  
wish'd

That I were caught, and kill'd away at once  
Out of the flutten! The gray rogue,  
Gardner,

Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess  
In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself  
Upon the good Queen's mercy, ay, when,  
my Lord?

God save the Queen! My joy!—

*Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD*

*Bedingfield* One, whose bolts,  
That jail you from free life, but you from  
death

There haunt some Papist ruffians here about  
Would murder you

*Elizabeth* I thank you heartily, sir,  
But I am loyal, tho' your prisoner,  
And God hath best of cursed me with a  
nose—

Your boots are from the horses

*Bedingfield* Ay, my Lady  
When next there comes a missive from  
the Queen

It shall be all my study for one hour  
To rose and lavender my horse's  
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace

*Elizabeth* A missive from the Queen  
last time she wrote,  
I had like to have lost my life it takes  
my breath

O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,  
Are you so small a man? Help me  
what think you,  
Is it life or death?

*Bedingfield* I thought not on my  
boots,

The devil take all boots were ever made  
Since man went barefoot! See, I lay it  
here,

For I will come no nearer to your Grace,  
[*Laying down the letter*]

And, whether it bring you bitter news or  
sweet,

And God hath given your Grace a nose,  
or not,

I'll help you, if I may

*Elizabeth* Your pardon, then,  
It is the heat and narrowness of the cage  
That makes the captive testy, with free  
wing

The world were all one Arab! Leave  
me now,

Will you, companion to myself, sir?

*Bedingfield* Will I?  
With most exceeding willingness, I will,  
You know I never come till I be call'd  
[*Exit*]

*Elizabeth* It lies there folded is there  
venom in it?

A snake—and if I touch it, it may sting  
Come, come, the worst!

Best wisdom is to know the worst at once  
[*Reads*]

'It is the King's wish, that you  
shou'd wed Prince Philibert of Savoy  
You are to come to Court on the instant,  
and think of this in your coming

'MARY THE QUEEN'

Think! I have many thoughts,  
I think there may be budlime here for  
me,

I think they fain would have me from the  
realm,

I think the Queen may never bear a  
child,

I think that I may be some time the  
Queen,  
Then, Queen indeed, no foreign prince  
or priest  
Should fill my throne, myself upon the  
steps

I think I will not marry anyone,  
Specially not this landless Philibert  
Of Savoy, but, if Philip menace me,  
I think that I will play with Philibert,—  
As once the Holy Father did with  
mine,  
Before my father married my good  
mother,—  
For fear of Spain

*Enter LADY*

*Lady* O Lord! your Grace, your  
Grace,  
I feel so happy it seems that we shall  
fly

These bald, blank fields, and dance into  
the sun

That shines on princes

*Elizabeth* Yet, a moment since,  
I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing  
here,

To kiss and cuff among the birds and  
flowers—

A right rough life and healthful

*Lady* But the wench  
Hath her own troubles, she is weeping  
now,

For the wrong Robin took her at her  
word

Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk  
was spilt

Your Highness such a milkmaid?

*Elizabeth* I had kept  
My Robins and my cows in sweeter  
order

Had I been such

*Lady (slyly)* And had your Grace a  
Robin?

*Elizabeth* Come, come, you are chill  
here, you want the sun

That shines at court, make ready for the  
journey

Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke  
Ready at once

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI — LONDON A ROOM IN  
THE PALACE

LORD PETRE and LORD WILLIAM  
HOWARD

*Petre* You cannot see the Queen  
Renard denied her,  
Ev'n now to me

*Howard* Their Flemish go between  
And all in all I came to thank her  
Majesty

For fleeing my friend Bagenhall from the  
Tower,

A grace to me! Mercy, that herb of grace,  
Flowers now but seldom

*Petre* Only now perhaps  
Because the Queen hath been three days  
in tears

For Philip's going—like the wild hedge  
rose

Of a soft winter, possible, not probable,  
However you have prov'n it

*Howard* I must see her

*Enter RENARD*

*Renard* My Lords, you cannot see  
her Majesty

*Howard* Why then the King! for I  
would have him bring it

Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,  
Before he go, that since these statutes past,  
Gardiner out Gardiners Gardiner in his  
heat,

Bonner cannot out Bonner his own self—  
Beast!—but they play with fire as chil-  
dren do,

And burn the house I know that these  
are breeding

A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men  
Against the King, the Queen, the Holy  
Father,

The faith itself Can I not see him?

*Renard* Not now  
And in all this, my Lord, her Majesty  
Is flint of flint, you may strike fire from  
her,

Not hope to melt her I will give you  
message

[*Exeunt Petre and Howard*]

*Enter PHILIP (musing)*

*Philip* She will not have Prince  
Philibert of Savoy,  
I talk'd with her in vain—says she will  
live  
And die true maid—a goodly creature too  
Would *she* had been the Queen ' yet she  
must have him,  
She troubles England that she breathes  
in England  
Is life and lungs to every rebel birth  
That passes out of embryo

Simon Renard '—  
This Howard, whom they fear, what was  
he saying?

*Renard* What your imperial father  
said, my liege,  
I deal with heresy gentler Gudiner  
burns,

And Bonner burns, and it would seem  
this people

Care more for our brief life in their wet  
land,

Than yours in happier Spain I told my  
Lord

He should not vex her Highness, she  
would say

These are the means God works with,  
that His church

May flourish

*Philip* Ay, sir, but in statesmanship  
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow  
Thou knowest I bad my chaplain, Casto,  
preach

Against these burnings

*Renard* And the Emperor  
Approved you, and when last he wrote,  
declined

His comfort in your Grace that you were  
bland

And affable to men of all estates,

In hope to charm them from their hate of  
Spain

*Philip* In hope to crush all heresy  
under Spain

But, Renard, I am sicker staying here  
Than any sea could make me passing hence,  
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea  
So sick am I with biding for this child

Is it the fashion in this clime for women  
To go twelve months in bearing of a  
child?

The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped,  
they led

Processions, chanted litanies, clasp'd their  
bells,

Shot off their lying cannon, and her  
priests

Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair  
prince to come,

Till, by St James, I find myself the fool  
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

*Renard* I never saw your Highness  
moved till now

*Philip* So weary am I of this wet  
land of theirs,

And every soul of man that breathes  
therein

*Renard* My liege, we must not drop  
the mask before

The masquerade is over—

*Philip* —Have I dropt it?  
I have but shown a nothing face to you,  
Who knew it from the first

*Enter MARY*

*Mary (aside)* With Renard Still  
Parleying with Renard, all the day with  
Renard,

And scarce a greeting all the day for me—  
And goes to morrow [*Exit Mary*

*Philip (to Renard, who addresses to  
him)* Well, sir, is there more?

*Renard (who has perceived the Queen)*  
My Simon Renard speak a single  
word?

*Philip* Ay

*Renard* And be forgiven for it?

*Philip* Simon Renard  
Knows me too well to speak a single word  
That could not be forgiven

*Renard* Well, my liege,  
Your Grace hath a most chaste and loving  
wife

*Philip* Why not? The Queen or  
Philip should be chaste

*Renard* Ay, but, my Lord, you know  
that Vigil sings,

Woman is various and most mutable

*Philip* She play the harlot ! never  
*Renard* No, sire, no,  
 Not dream'd of by the rabidest gospeller  
 There was a paper thrown into the palace,  
 'The King hath wearied of his barren  
 bride'

She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,  
 With all the rage of one who hates a  
 truth

He cannot but allow Sire, I would  
 have you—

What should I say, I cannot pick my  
 words—

Be somewhat less—majestic to your  
 Queen

*Philip* Am I to change my nunnery,  
 Simon Renard,  
 Because these islanders are brutal beasts ?  
 Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,  
 And warble those brief-sighted eyes of  
 heis ?

*Renard* Brief sighted tho' they be,  
 I have seen them, sire,  
 When you perchance were trifling royally  
 With some fair dame of court, suddenly  
 fill  
 With such fierce fire—had it been fire  
 indeed

It would have burnt both speakers

*Philip* Ay, and then ?

*Renard* Sire, might it not be policy  
 in some matter  
 Of small importance now and then to  
 cede

A point to her demand ?

*Philip* Well, I am going

*Renard* For should her love when  
 you are gone, my liege,

Witness these papers, there will not be  
 wanting

Those that will urge her injury—should  
 her love—

And I have known such women more  
 than one—

Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy  
 Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse

Almost into one metal love and hate,—  
 And she impress her wrongs upon her

Council,

And these again upon her Parliament—

We are not loved here, and would be  
 then perhaps

Not so well holpen in our ways with  
 Fiance,

As else we might be—here she comes

*Enter MARY*

*Mary* O Philip !  
 Nay, must you go indeed ?

*Philip* Madam, I must

*Mary* The parting of a husband and  
 a wife

Is like the cleaving of a heart, one half  
 Will flutter here, one there

*Philip* You say true, Madam

*Mary* The Holy Virgin will not have  
 me yet

Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a  
 prince

If such a prince were born and you not  
 here !

*Philip* I should be here if such a  
 prince were born

*Mary* But must you go ?

*Philip* Madam, you know my father,  
 Retiring into cloistral solitude  
 To yield the remnant of his years to  
 heaven,

Will shift the yoke and weight of all the  
 world

From off his neck to mine We meet at  
 Brussels

But since mine absence will not be for  
 long,

Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me,  
 And wait my coming back

*Mary* To Dover ? no,  
 I am too feeble I will go to Greenwich,  
 So you will have me with you, and there  
 watch

All that is gracious in the breath of  
 heaven

Draw with your sails from our poor land,  
 and pass

And leave me, Philip, with my prayers  
 for you

*Philip* And doubtless I shall profit  
 by your prayers

*Mary* Methinks that would you tarry  
 one day more

(The news was sudden) I could moulder myself

To bear you going better, will you do it?

*Philip* Madam, a day may sink or save a realm

*Mary* A day may save a heart from breaking too

*Philip* Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?

*Renard* Your Grace's business will not suffer, sue,

For one day more, so far as I can tell

*Philip* Then one day more to please her Majesty

*Mary* The sunshine sweeps across my life again

O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip, As I do!

*Philip* By St James I do protest, Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard, I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty. Simon, is supper ready?

*Renard* Ay, my liege, I saw the covers laying

*Philip* Let us have it [*Exeunt*]

## ACT IV

## SCENE I—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, CARDINAL POLE

*Mary* What have you there?

*Pole* So please your Majesty, A long petition from the foreign exiles To spare the life of Cranmer—Bishop Thirlby,

And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,

Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace

Hath hitherto written himself—infatuated—To sue you for his life?

*Mary* His life? Oh, no, Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain

But so much of the anti-papal leaven Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not to sully

Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm

By seeking justice at a stranger's hand Against my natural subject—King and Queen,

To whom he owes his loyalty after God, Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince? Death would not grieve him more—I

cannot be True to this realm of England and the Pope

Together, says the heretic

*Pole* And then theirs, As he hath ever ended this vanity

A secular kingdom is but as the body Lacking a soul, and in itself a beast.

The Holy Father in a secular kingdom Is as the soul descending out of heaven Into a body generate

*Mary* Write to him, then

*Pole* I will

*Mary* And sharply, Pole

*Pole* Here come the Cranmerites!

*Enter* THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, LORD WILLIAM HOWARD

*Howard* Health to you Grace! Good morrow, my Lord Cardinal,

We make our humble prayer unto your Grace

That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,

Or into private life within the realm In several bills and declarations, Madam,

He hath recanted all his heresies

*Paget* Ay, ay, it Bonner have not foisted the bills [*Aside*]

*Mary* Did not More die, and Fisher? he must burn

*Howard* He hath recanted, Madam

*Mary* The better for him He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell

*Howard* Ay, y, your Grace, but it was never seen

That any one recanting thus at full, As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth

*Mary* It will be seen now, then

*Thirlby* O Madam, Madam! I thus implore you, low upon my knees,

To reach the hand of mercy to my friend  
I have err'd with him, with him I have  
recanted

What human reason is there why my  
friend

Should meet with lesser mercy than my  
self?

*Mary* My Lord of Ely, this After  
a not

We hang the leaders, let their following  
go

Cranmer is head and father of these here-  
sies,

New learning as they call it, yea, may  
God

Forget me at most need when I forget  
Her foul divorce—my sainted mother—  
No!

*Howard* Ay, y, but mighty doctors  
doubted there

The Pope himself waver'd, and more  
than one

Row'd in that galley—Gardiner to wit,  
Whom truly I deny not to have been  
Your faithful friend and trusty councillor  
Hath not your Highness ever read his  
book,

His tractate upon True Obedience,  
Writ by himself and Bonner?

*Mary* I will take  
Such order with all bad, heretical books  
That none shall hold them in his house  
and live,

Henceforward No, my Lord

*Howard* Then never read it  
The truth is here Your father was a man  
Of such colossal kinghood, yet so cour-  
teous,

Except when wroth, you scarce could  
meet his eye

And hold you own, and were he wroth  
indeed,

You held it less, or not at all I say,  
Your father had a will that beat men  
down,

Your father had a brain that beat men  
down—

*Pole* Not me, my Lord

*Howard* No, for you were not here,  
You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne,

And it would more become you, my Lord  
Legate,

To join a voice, so potent with her High-  
ness,

To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand  
On naked self assertion

*Mary* All your voices  
Are waves on flint The heretic must  
burn

*Howard* Yet once he saved your  
Majesty's own life,

Stood out against the King in your behalf,  
At his own peril

*Mary* I know not if he did,  
And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard  
My life is not so happy, no such boon,  
That I should spare to take a heretic  
priest's,

Who saved it or not saved Why do you  
vex me?

*Paget* Yet to save Cranmer were to  
serve the Church,

Your Majesty's I mean, he is effaced,  
Self blotted out, so wounded in his  
honour,

He can but creep down into some dark  
hole

Like a hunt beast, and hide himself and  
die,

But if you burn him,—well, your High-  
ness knows

The saying, 'Martyr's blood—seed of the  
Church'

*Mary* Of the true Church, but his  
is none, nor will be

You are too politic for me, my Lord  
Paget

And if he have to live so loath'd a life,  
It were more merciful to burn him now

*Thurby* O yet relent O, Madam,  
if you knew him

As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,  
With all his learning—

*Mary* Yet a heretic still  
His learning makes his burning the more  
just

*Thurby* So worship't of all those that  
came across him,

The stranger at his hearth, and all his  
house—



*Mary* His children and his concubine,  
belike

*Thulby* Fo do him any wrong was  
to beget

Kindness from him, for his heart was rich,  
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd  
therein

The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity

*Pole* 'After his kind it costs him  
nothing,' there's

An old world English adage to the point  
These are but natural graces, my good

Bishop,

Which in the Catholic garden are as  
flowers,

But on the heretic dunghill only weeds

*Howard* Such weeds make dunghills  
gracious

*Mary* Enough, my Lords  
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,  
And Philip's will, and mine, that he  
should burn

He is pronounced anathema

*Howard* Farewell, Madam,  
God grant youampler mercy at your call  
Than you have shown to Cranmer

[*Exeunt* Lords

*Pole* After this,  
Your Grace will hardly care to overlook  
This same petition of the foreign exiles  
For Cranmer's life

*Mary* Make out the writ to night  
[*Exeunt*

## SCENE II — OXFORD CRANMER IN PRISON

*Cranmer* Last night, I dream'd the  
faggots were right,  
And that myself was fasten'd to the stake,  
And found it all a visionary flame,  
Cool as the light in old decaying wood,  
And then King Harry look'd from out a  
cloud,  
And bad me have good courage, and I  
heard  
An angel cry 'There is more joy in  
Heaven,'—

And after that, the trumpet of the dead  
[*Trumpets without*

Why, there are trumpets blowing now  
what is it?

*Enter* FATHER COLE

*Cole* Cranmer, I come to question  
you again,  
Have you remain'd in the true Catholic  
faith

I left you in?

*Cranmer* In the true Catholic faith,  
By Heaven's grace, I am more and more  
confirm'd

Why are the trumpets blowing, Father  
Cole?

*Cole* Cranmer, it is decided by the  
Council

That you to day should read your recant-  
ation

Before the people in St Mary's Church  
And there be many heretics in the  
town,

Who love you for your late return to  
Rome,

And might assail you passing through the  
street,

And tear you piecemeal so you have a  
guard

*Cranmer* Or seek to rescue me I  
thank the Council

*Cole* Do you lack any money?

*Cranmer* Nay, why should I?

The prison fare is good enough for me

*Cole* Ay, but to give the poor

*Cranmer* Hinder it me, then!  
I thank you

*Cole* For a little space, farewell,  
Until I see you in St Mary's Church

[*Exit* Cole

*Cranmer* It is against all precedent  
to burn

One who recants, they mean to pardon  
me

To give the poor—they give the poor  
who die

Well, burn me or not burn me I am  
fixt,

It is but a communion, not a mass

A holy supper, not a sacrifice,

No man can make his Maker—Villa  
Garcia

*Enter VILLA GARCIA*

*Villa Garcia* Pray you write out this paper for me, *Cranmer*

*Cranmer* Have I not writ enough to satisfy you?

*Villa Garcia* It is the last

*Cranmer* Give it me, then

[*He writes*

*Villa Garcia* Now sign

*Cranmer* I have sign'd enough, and I will sign no more

*Villa Garcia* It is no more than what you have sign'd already,

The public form thereof

*Cranmer* It may be so.

I sign it with my presence, if I read it

*Villa Garcia* But this is idle of you

Well, su, well,

You are to beg the people to pray for you, Exhort them to a pure and virtuous life, Declare the Queen's right to the throne, confess

Your faith before all hearers, and retract that Eucharistic doctrine in your book Will you not sign it now?

*Cranmer* No, *Villa Garcia*,

I sign no more Will they have mercy on me?

*Villa Garcia* Have you good hopes of mercy! So, farewell [*Exit*

*Cranmer* Good hopes, not theus, have I that I am fixt,

Fixt beyond fall, however, in strange hours,

After the long brain-dazing colloques, And thousand times recurring argument Of those two friars ever in my prison, When left alone in my despondency, Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem

Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily

Against the huge corruptions of the Church,

Monsters of mistradition, old enough To scare me into dreaming, 'what am I, *Cranmer*, against whole ages?' was it so, Oram I slandering my most inward friend, To veil the fault of my most outward foe—

The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh? O higher, holier, earlier, purer church, I have found thee and not leave thee any more

It is but a communion, not a mass—

No sacrifice, but a life giving feast!

[*Writes*] So, so, this will I say—thus will I pray [*Puts up the paper*]

*Enter BONNER*

*Bonner* Good day, o'd friend, what, you look somewhat worn,

And yet it is a day to test your health

Ev'n at the best I scarce have spoken with you

Since when?—your degradation At you trial

Never stood up a bolder man than you, You would not cap the Pope's compis-

sioner—

Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,

Dumbfounded half of us So, after that, We had to dis archbishop and unlord,

And make you simple *Cranmer* once again

The common barber clipt your hair, and I Scraped from your finger points the holy oil,

And worse than all, you had to kneel to me,

Which was not pleasant for you, Master *Cranmer*

Now you, that would not recognise the Pope,

And you, that would not own the Real Presence,

Have found a real presence in the stake, Which frights you back into the ancient faith,

And so you have recanted to the Pope

How are the mighty fallen, Master *Cranmer*!

*Cranmer* You have been more fierce against the Pope than I,

But why fling back the stone he strikes me with? [*Isid.*

O *Bonner*, if I ever did you kindness—

Power hath been given you to try faith by fire—

Pray you, remembering how yourself have changed,

Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,  
To the poor flock—to women and to children—

That when I was Archbishop held with me  
*Bonnet* Ay—gentle as they call you  
—live or die!

Pitiful to this pitiful hearse?

I must obey the Queen and Council, man  
Win thro' this day with honour to your self,

And I'll say something for you—so—  
good bye [Exit]

*Cranmer* This hard course man of old  
hath crouch'd to me

Till I myself was half ashamed for him

*Enter THIRLEY*

Weep not, good Thirley

*Thirley* Oh, my Lord, my Lord!  
My heart is no such block as Bonnet's is  
Who would not weep?

*Cranmer* Why do you so my lord me,  
Who am disgraced?

*Thirley* On earth, but saved in  
heaven

By your recanting

*Cranmer* Will they burn me,  
Thirley?

*Thirley* Alas, they will, these burn  
ings will not help

The purpose of the faith, but my poor  
voice

Against them is a whisper to the roar

Of a spring tide

*Cranmer* And they will surely  
burn me?

*Thirley* Ay, and besides, will have  
you in the church

Repeat your recantation in the ears  
Of all men, to the saving of their souls,  
Before your execution. May God help you  
Thro' that hard hour!

*Cranmer* And may God bless you,  
Thirley!

Well, they shall hear my recantation there  
[Exit Thirley]

Disgraced, dishonour'd!—not by them,  
indeed,

By mine own self—by mine own  
hand!

O thou skinn'd hand and jutting veins,  
'twas you

That sign'd the burning of poor Joan of  
Kent,

But then she was a witch. You have  
written much,

But you were never raised to plead for  
Fitch,

Whose dogmas I have reach'd. He was  
deliver'd

To the secular arm to burn, and there  
was Lambert,

Who can foresee himself? truly these  
burnings,

As Thirley says, are profiles to the  
burners,

And help the other side. You shall burn  
too,

Burn first when I am burnt

Fire—inch by inch to die in agony!  
Latimer

Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper  
burn'd

Three quarters of an hour. Will m  
faggots

Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain  
I will not muse upon it

My fancy takes the burner's put, and  
makes

The fire seem even crueller than it is

No, I not doubt that God will give me  
strength,

Albeit I have denied him

*Enter SOTO and VILLA GARCIA*

*Villa Garcia* We are ready  
To take you to St Mary's, Master  
*Cranmer*

*Cranmer* And I lead on, ye loose  
me from my bonds [Exit]

SCENE III—ST MARY'S CHURCH

*COLE in the Pulpit, LORD WILLIAMS  
OF THAME presiding. LORD WILLIAM  
HOWARD LORD PAGET, and others  
CRANMER enters between SOTO and*

VILLA GARCIA, *and the whole Chorus strike up* 'Nunc Dimittis' CRANMER  
*is set upon a Scaffold before the people*

*Cole* Behold him—

[*A pause people in the foreground*  
*People* Oh, unhappy sight !

*First Protestant* See how the tears  
run down his fatherly face

*Second Protestant* James, didst thou  
ever see a carrion crow  
Stand watching a sick beast before he  
dies ?

*First Protestant* Him perch'd up  
there ? I wish some thunderbolt  
Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit  
and all

*Cole* Behold him, brethren he hath  
cause to weep !—  
So have we all weep with him if ye will,  
Yet—

It is expedient for one man to die,  
Yea, for the people, lest the people die  
Yet wherefore should he die that hath  
return'd

To the one Catholic Universal Church,  
Repentant of his errors ?

*Protestant murmurs* Ay, tell us that

*Cole* Those of the wrong side will  
despise the man,

Deeming him one that thro' the fear of  
death

Gave up his cause, except he seal his faith  
In sight of all with flaming martyrdom

*Cranmer* Ay

*Cole* Ye hear him, and albeit there  
may seem

According to the canons pardon due

To him that so repents, yet are there  
causes

Wherefore our Queen and Council at this  
time

Adjudge him to the death He hath been  
a traitor,

A shaker and confounder of the realm,  
And when the King's divorce was sued  
at Rome,

He here, this heretic metropolitan,  
As if he had been the Holy Father, sat  
And judg'd it Did I call him heretic ?

A huge heres'arch ! never was it known  
That any man so writing, preaching so,  
So poisoning the Church, so long con-  
tinuing,

Hath found his pardon, therefore he must  
die,

For warning and example

Other reasons  
There be for this man's ending, which  
our Queen

And Council at this present deem it not  
Expedient to be known

*Protestant murmurs* I warrant you  
*Cole* Take therefore, all, example by  
this man,

For if our Holy Queen not pardon him,  
Much less shall others in like cause  
escape,

That all of you, the highest as the  
lowest,

May learn there is no power against the  
Lord

There stands a man, once of so high  
degree,

Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop,  
first

In Council, second person in the realm,  
Friend for so long time of a mighty King,  
And now ye see downfallen and debased  
From councillor to captive—fallen so low,  
The leprous flutterings of the byway, scum  
And offal of the city would not change  
Estates with him, in brief, so miserable,  
There is no hope of better left for him,  
No place for worse

Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad  
This is the work of God He is glorified  
In thy conversion lo ! thou art reclaim'd,  
He brings thee home nor fear but that  
to day

Thou shalt receive the penitent thief—  
away,

And be with Christ the Lord in Paradise  
Remember how God made the fierce fire  
seem

To those three children like a pleasant  
dew

Remember, too,  
The triumph of St Andrew on his cross,  
The patience of St Lawrence in the fire

Thus, if thou call on God and all the saints,

God will beat down the fury of the flame,  
Or give thee saintly strength to undergo  
And for thy soul shall masses here be sung  
By every priest in Oxford Play for him

*Cranmer* Ay, one and all, dear  
brothers, pray for me,

Pray with one breath, one heart, one soul  
for me

*Cole* And now, lest anyone among  
you doubt

The man's conversion and remission of  
heart,

Yourselves shall hear him speak Speak,  
Master Cranmer,

Fulfil your promise made me, and pro-  
claim

Your true undoubted faith, that all may  
hear

*Cranmer* And that I will O God,  
Father of Heaven !

O Son of God, Redeemer of the world !  
O Holy Ghost ! proceeding from them

both,

Three persons and one God, have mercy  
on me,

Most miserable sinner, wretched man  
I have offended against heaven and earth

More grievously than any tongue can tell  
Then whither should I flee for any help ?

I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,  
And I can find no refuge upon earth

Shall I despair then ?—God forbid ! O  
God,

For thou art merciful, refusing none  
That come to Thee for succour, unto Thee,

Therefore, I come, humble myself to  
Thee,

Saying, O Lord God, although my sins  
be great,

For thy great mercy have mercy ! O  
God the Son,

Not for slight faults alone, when thou  
becamest

Man in the Flesh, was the great mystery  
wrought,

O God the Father, not for little sins

Didst thou yield up thy Son to human  
death,

But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,  
Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,  
Unpardonable,—sin against the light,  
The truth of God, which I had proven  
and known

Thy mercy must be greater than all sin  
Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,  
But that Thy name by man be glorified,  
And Thy most blessed Son's, who died  
for man

Good people, every man at time of  
death

Would fain set forth some saying that  
may live

After his death and better humankind,  
For death gives life's last word a power  
to live,

And, like the stone cut epitaph, remain  
After the vanish'd voice, and speak to  
men

God grant me grace to glorify my God !  
And first I say it is a grievous case,

Many so dote upon this bubble world,  
Whose colours in a moment break and  
fly,

They care for nothing else What saith  
St John —

'Love of this world is hated against  
God'

Again, I pray you all that, next to God,  
You do unmungering and willingly

Obey your King and Queen, and not for  
dead

Of these alone, but from the fear of Him  
Whose ministers they be to govern you

Thirdly, I pray you all to live together  
Like brethren, yet what hated Christian

men

Beu to each other, seeming not as  
brethren,

But mortal foes ! But do you good to all  
As much as in you lieth Hurt no man

more  
Than you would harm your loving natural  
brother

Of the same roof, same breast If any do,  
Albeit he think himself at home with

God,

Of this be sure, he is whole worlds  
away

*Protestant murmurs* What sort of  
brothers then be those that lust  
To burn each other?

*Williams* Peace among you, there!

*Cranmer* Fourthly, to those that own  
exceeding wealth,

Remember that sore saying spoken once  
By Him that was the truth, 'How hard  
it is

For the rich man to enter into Heaven,'  
Let all such men remember that hard word  
I have not time for more if ever, now  
Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now  
The poor so many, and all food so dear  
Long have I lain in prison, yet have  
heard

Of all their wretchedness Give to the  
poor,

Ye give to God He is with us in the  
poor

And now, and forasmuch as I have  
come

To the last end of life, and thereupon  
Hangs all my past, and all my life to be,  
Fither to live with Christ in Heaven with  
joy,

Or to be still in pain with devils in hell,  
And, seeing in a moment, I shall find

[*Pointing upwards*  
Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,

[*Pointing downwards*  
I shall declare to you my very faith  
Without all colour

*Cole* Hear him, my good brethren

*Cranmer* I do believe in God, Father  
of all,

In every article of the Catholic faith,  
And every syllable taught us by our Lord,  
His prophets, and apostles, in the Testa-  
ments,

Both Old and New

*Cole* Be plene, Master Cranmer

*Cranmer* And now I come to the  
great cruse that weighs

Upon my conscience more than anything  
Or said or done in all my life by me,  
For there be writings I have set abroad  
Against the truth I knew within my heart,  
Written for fear of death, to save my life,  
If that might be, the papeis by my hand

Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand  
[*Holding out his right hand*

Written and sign'd—I here renounce them  
all,

And, since my hand offended, having  
written

Against my heart, my hand shall first be  
burnt,

So I may come to the fire

[*Dead silence*

*Protestant murmurs*

*First Protestant* I knew it would be  
so

*Second Protestant* Our prayers are  
heard!

*Third Protestant* God bless him!

*Catholic murmurs* Out upon him!  
out upon him!

Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the fire!

*Williams (raising his voice)* You  
know that you recanted all you  
said

Touching the sacrament in that same  
book

You wrote against my Lord of Winchester,

Dissemble not, play the plain Christian  
man

*Cranmer* Alas, my Lord,  
I have been a man loved plainness all my  
life,

I did dissemble, but the hour has come  
For utter truth and plainness, wherefore,

I say,  
I hold by all I wrote within that book

Moreover,  
As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,  
With all his devil's doctrines, and refuse,  
Reject him, and abhor him I have said

[*Cries on all sides,* 'Pull him down!'

Away with him!'

*Cole* Ay, stop the heretic's mouth!  
Hale him away!

*Williams* Hum him not, hum him  
not! have him to the fire!

[*CRANMER goes out between Two  
Friars, smiling, hands are reached  
to him from the crowd* LORD  
WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD  
PAGET are left alone in the church

*Paget* The nave and aisles all empty  
 as a fool's jest !  
 No, here's Lord William Howard  
 What, my Lord,  
 You have not gone to see the burning ?  
*Howard* Fie !  
 To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,  
 And watch a good man burn ! Never  
 again  
 I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley  
 Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not,  
 For the pure honour of our common  
 nature,  
 Hear what I might—another recantation  
 Of Cranmer at the stake  
*Paget* You'd not hear that  
 He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd  
 upright,  
 His eye was like a soldier's, whom the  
 general  
 He looks to and he leans on as his God,  
 Hath rated for some backwardness and  
 bidd'n him  
 Charge one against a thousand, and the  
 man  
 Hurls his soul'd life against the pikes and  
 dies  
*Howard* Yet that he might not after  
 all those pipes  
 Of recantation yield again, who knows ?  
*Paget* Pipes of recantation ! Think  
 you then  
 That Cranmer read all papers that he  
 sign'd ?  
 Or sign'd all those they tell us that he  
 sign'd ?  
 Nay, I know not and you shall see, my  
 Lord,  
 That howsoever hero like the man  
 Dies in the fire, this Bonner or another  
 Will in some lying fashion misreport  
 His ending to the glory of their church  
 And you saw Latimer and Ridley die ?  
 Latimer was eighty, was he not ? his best  
 Of life was over then  
*Howard* His eighty years  
 Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his  
 fizee,  
 But after they had stript him to his shroud,  
 He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,

And gather'd with his hands the starting  
 flame,  
 And wash'd his hands and all his face  
 therein,  
 Until the powder suddenly blew him  
 dead  
 Ridley was longer burning, but he died  
 As manfully and boldly, and, 'foie God,  
 I know them heretics, but right English  
 ones  
 If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with  
 Spain,  
 Our Ridley soldiers and our Latimer  
 sailors  
 Will teach her something  
*Paget* Your mild Legate Pole  
 Will tell you that the devil helpt them  
 thro' it  
*[A murmur of the Crowd in the distance]*  
 Haik, how those Roman wolfdogs howl  
 and bay him !  
*Howard* Might it not be the other  
 side rejoicing  
 In his brave end ?  
*Paget* They are too crush'd, too  
 broken,  
 They can but weep in silence  
*Howard* Ay, ay, Paget,  
 They have brought it in large measure on  
 themselves  
 Have I not heard them mock the blessed  
 Host  
 In songs so lewd, the beast might roar  
 his claim  
 To being in God's image, more than  
 they ?  
 Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the  
 groom,  
 Gardener, and huntsman, in the parson's  
 place,  
 The prison from his own spine swung out  
 dead,  
 And Ignorance crying in the streets, and  
 all men  
 Regarding her ? I say they have drawn  
 the fire  
 On their own heads yet, Paget, I do hold  
 The Catholic, if he have the greater right,  
 Hath been the cruellest

*Paget* Action and re action,  
The miserable see saw of our child world,  
Make us despise it at odd hours, my  
Lord

Heaven help that this re action nor re act  
Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth,  
So that she come to rule us

*Howard* The world's mad

*Paget* My Lord, the world is like a  
drunken man,

Who cannot move straight to his end—  
but reels

Now to the right, then as far to the left,  
Push'd by the crowd beside—and under  
foot

An earthquake, for since Henry for a  
doubt—

Which a young lust had clapt upon the  
back,

Crying, 'Forward'—set our old church  
locking, men

I have hardly known what to believe, or  
whether

They should believe in anything, the  
currents

So shift and change, they see not how  
they are borne,

Nor whither I conclude the King a  
beast,

Verily a lion if you will—the world  
A most obedient beast and fool—myself

Half beast and fool as appertaining to it,  
Altho' your Lordship hath as little of  
each

Cleaving to your original Adam-clay,  
As may be consonant with mortality

*Howard* We talk and Crammersuffeis  
The kindest man I ever knew, see, see,  
I speak of him in the past Unhappy  
land!

Hard natured Queen, half-Spanish in  
herself,

And grafted on the hard grain'd stock of  
Spain—

Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost  
Her fierce desire of bearing him a child,  
Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's day,  
Gone narrowing down and darkening to  
a close

There will be more conspiracies, I fear

*Paget* Ay, ay, beware of France

*Howard* O Paget, Paget!

I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,  
Expectant of the rack from day to day,  
To whom the fire were welcome, lying  
chain'd

In breathless dungeons over steaming  
sewers,

Fed with rusk bread that crawl'd upon  
the tongue,

And putrid water, every drop a worm,  
Until they died of rotted limbs, and then

Cast on the dunghill naked, and become  
Hideously alive again from head to heel,

Made even the carrion nosing mongrel  
vomit

With hate and horror

*Paget* Nay, you sicken me  
To hear you

*Howard* Fancy sick, these things  
are done,

Done right against the promise of this  
Queen

Twice given

*Paget* No faith with heretics, my  
Lord!

Hist! there be two old gossips—gospel  
leis,

I take it, stand behind the pillar here  
I warrant you they talk about the burning

*Enter TWO OLD WOMEN* JOAN, a *nd*  
*after her* TIB

*Joan* Why, it be Tib!

*Tib* I cum behind tha, gall, and  
couldn't make tha hear Eh, the wind  
and the wet! What a day, what a day!  
nigh upo' judgement daay loike Pwoaps  
be pretty things, Joan, but they wunt  
set i' the Lord's cheer o' that daay

*Joan* I must set down myself, Tib,  
it be a var waay voi my owld legs up  
vro' Islip Eh, my rheumatizy be that  
bad howiver be I to win to the burnin'

*Tib* I should saay 'twur ower by now  
I d ha' been here avore, but Dumble wur  
blow'd w' the wind, and Dumble s the  
best milchei in Islip

*Joan* Our Daisy's as good 'z her

*Tib* Noa, Joan



*Joan* Our Daisy's butter's as good 'z  
here

*Tib* Noa, Joan

*Joan* Our Daisy's cheeses be better

*Tib* Noa, Joan

*Joan* Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me,  
*Tib*, ez thou hast wi' thy owld man

*Tib* Ay, Joan, and my owld man  
wui up and waay betimes wi' dce hard  
eggs for a good plect at the burnin',  
and barin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha' been  
a harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield  
—and barin' the wind, Dumble wui  
blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we was forced  
to stick her, but we fetched her round at  
last. Think the Lord therevore. Dumble's  
the best milcher in Islip

*Joan* Thou's thy way wi' man and  
beast, *Tib*. I wonder at tha, it beats  
me. Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and  
vires be bad things, tell 'ee now, I heerd  
summat is summun towld summun o'  
owld Bishop Gardiner's end, there wui  
an owld loid a-cum to dine wi' un, and  
a wui so owld a couldn't bide vor his  
dinner, but a had to bide howsomver,  
vor 'I wunt dine,' says my Lord Bishop,  
says he, 'not till I hears ez Latimer and  
Ridley be a vire,' and so they bided on  
and on till you o' the clock till his man  
cum in post vor here, and tells un ez  
the vire has tuk holt. 'Now,' says the  
Bishop, says he, 'we'll gwo to dinner'  
and the owld loid fell to 's meat wi' a  
will, God bless un! but Gardiner wui  
struck down like by the hand o' God  
avore a could taste a mossel, and a set  
un all a vire, so z the tongue on un cum  
a lolling out o' 's mouth as black as a  
rat. Thank the Lord, therevore

*Paget* The fools!

*Tib* Ay, Joan, and Queen Mary  
gwoes on a burnin' and a-burnin', to get  
her baaby born, but all her burnins' ill  
never burn out the hypocrisy that makes  
the water in her. There's nought but  
the vire of God's hell ez can burn out  
that

*Joan* Thank the Lord, therevore

*Paget* The fools!

*Tib* A burnin', and a burnin', and  
a makin' o' volk madder and madder,  
but tek thou my word vor't, Joan,—and  
I beant wrong not twice i' ten year—the  
burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'll burn  
the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor ivci  
and ivci

*Howard* Out of the church, you  
brace of cursed crones,  
O! I will have you duck'd! (*Women  
hurry out*) Said I not right?

For how should reverend prelate or  
throned prince

Brook for an hour such brute malignity?

Ah, what an acid wine has Luther brew'd!

*Paget* Pooh, pooh, my Lord! poor  
garrulous country wives

Buy you then cheeses, and they'll side  
with you,

You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.

*Howard* I think that in some sort  
we may. But see,

#### Enter PETERS

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,  
Who followed with the crowd to Cran-  
mer's fire

One that would neither misreport nor lie,  
Not to gain paradise no, nor if the Pope,  
Charged him to do it—he is white as  
death

Peters, how pale you look! you bring  
the smoke

Of Cranmer's burning with you

*Peters* Twice or thrice  
The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt  
me round

*Howard* Peters, you know me  
Catholic, but English

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave  
All else untold

*Peters* My Lord, he died most  
bravely

*Howard* Then tell me all

*Paget* Ay, Master Peters, tell us

*Peters* You saw him how he past  
among the crowd,

And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars  
Still plied him with entreaty and reproach  
But Cranmer is the helmsman at the helm

Steers, ever looking to the happy haven  
 Where he shall rest at night, moved to  
 his death,  
 And I could see that many silent hands  
 Came from the crowd and met his own,  
 and thus,  
 When we had come where Ridley burnt  
 with Latimer,  
 He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose  
 mind  
 Is all made up, in haste put off the rags  
 They had mock'd his misery with, and all  
 in white,  
 His long white beard, which he had never  
 shaven  
 Since Henry's death, down sweeping to  
 the chain,  
 Wherewith they bound him to the stake,  
 he stood  
 More like an ancient father of the Church,  
 Than heretic of these times, and still  
 the firm  
 Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his  
 head,  
 Or answer'd them in smiling negatives,  
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden  
 cry —  
 'Make short! make short!' and so they  
 lit the wood  
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to  
 heaven,  
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame,  
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than  
 once,  
 'This hath offended — this unworthy  
 hand!'  
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before  
 The flame had reach'd his body, I stood  
 near —  
 Mark'd him—he never uttered mourn of  
 pain  
 He never stirr'd or withed, but, like a  
 statue,  
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,  
 Gave up the ghost, and so past martyr-  
 like—  
 Martyr I may not call him—past—but  
 whither?  
*Paget* To purgatory, man, to purga-  
 tory

*Peters* Nay, but, my Lord, he dened  
 purgatory  
*Paget* Why then to heaven, and God  
 ha' mercy on him  
*Howard* Paget, despite his fearful  
 heresies,  
 I loved the man, and needs must moan  
 for him,  
 O Cranmer!  
*Paget* But your moan is useless now  
 Come out, my Lord, it is a world of fools  
 [Exeunt]

## ACT V

SCENE I — LONDON HALL IN THE  
PALACE

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH

*Heath* Madam,  
 I do assure you, that it must be look'd  
 to  
 Calais is but ill garrison'd, in Guisnes  
 Are scarce two hundred men, and the  
 French fleet  
 Rule in the narrow seas It must be  
 look'd to,  
 If war should fall between yourself and  
 France,  
 Or you will lose your Calais  
*Mary* It shall be look'd to,  
 I wish you a good morning, good Sir  
 Nicholas  
 Here is the King [Exit Heath]

Enter PHILIP

*Philip* Sir Nicholas tells you true,  
 And you must look to Calais when I go  
*Mary* Go? must you go, indeed—  
 again—so soon?  
 Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the  
 swallow,  
 That might live always in the sun's warm  
 heart,  
 Stays longer here in our poor north than  
 you —  
 Knows where he nested—ever comes  
 again  
*Philip* And, Madam, so shall I

*Mary* O, will you? will you?  
I am faint with fear that you will come  
no more

*Philip* Ay, ay, but many voices call  
me hence

*Mary* Voices—I hear unhappy murmours—nay,

I say not, I believe What voices call  
you

Dearer than mine that should be dearest  
to you?

Alas, my Lord! what voices and how  
many?

*Philip* The voices of Castille and  
Aragon,

Gianada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—  
The voices of Franche Comte, and the  
Netherlands,

The voices of Peru and Mexico,  
Tunis, and Oian, and the Philipppines,  
And all the fair spice islands of the  
East

*Mary* (*admiringly*) You are the  
mightiest monarch upon earth,

I but a little Queen and, so indeed,  
Need you the more

*Philip* A little Queen! but when  
I came to wed your majesty, Lord Howard,  
Sending an insolent shot that dash'd the  
seas

Upon us, made us lower our kingly flag  
To yours of England

*Mary* Howard is all English!

There is no king, not were he ten times  
king,

Ten times our husband, but must lower  
his flag

To that of England in the seas of  
England

*Philip* Is that your answer?

*Mary* Being Queen of England,  
I have none other

*Philip* So

*Mary* But wherefore not  
Helm the huge vessel of your state, my  
hege,

Here by the side of her who loves you  
most?

*Philip* No, Madam, no! a candle in  
the sun

IV

Is all but smoke—a star beside the  
moon

Is all but lost, you people will not crown  
me—

You people are as cheerless as your  
clime,

Hate me and mine witness the brawls,  
the gibbets

Here swings a Spaniard—there an Eng-  
lishman,

The peoples are unlike as their com-  
plexion,

Yet will I be your swallow and re-  
turn—

But now I cannot bide

*Mary* Not to help me!  
They hate me also for my love to you,  
My Philip, and these judgments on the  
land—

Hurvestless autumns, horrible agues,  
plague—

*Philip* The blood and sweat of  
heretics at the stake  
Is God's best dew upon the barren field  
Burn more!

*Mary* I will, I will, and you will  
stay?

*Philip* Have I not said? Madam, I  
came to sue

Your Council and yourself to declare  
war

*Mary* Sir, there are many English in  
your ranks

To help your battle

*Philip* So far, good I say  
I came to sue your Council and your-  
self

To declare war against the King of  
France

*Mary* Not to see me?

*Philip* Ay, Madam, to see you  
Unalterably and pesteringly fond! [*Aside*]  
But, soon or late you must have war with  
France,

King Henry warns your traitors at his  
hearth

Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford  
there

Comtenay, belike—

*Mary* A fool and featherhead!

C

*Philip* Ay, but they use his name  
 In brief, this Henry  
 Stirs up your land against you to the  
 intent  
 That you may lose your English heritage  
 And then, your Scottish namesake marry-  
 ing  
 The Dauphin, he would weld France,  
 England, Scotland,  
 Into one sword to hack at Spain and me  
*Mary* And yet the Pope is now  
 colleagued with France,  
 You make your wais upon him down in  
 Italy —  
*Philip*, can that be well?  
*Philip* Content you, Madam,  
 You must abide my judgment, and my  
 father's,  
 Who deems it a most just and holy war  
 The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of  
 Naples  
 He calls us worse than Jews, Moors,  
 Saracens  
 The Pope has pushed his horns beyond  
 his mitre—  
 Beyond his province Now,  
 Duke Alva will but touch him on the  
 horns,  
 And he withdraws, and of his holy  
 head—  
 For Alva is true son of the true  
 church—  
 No hair is harm'd Will you not help  
 me here?  
*Mary* Alas! the Council will not  
 hear of wai  
 They say your wais are not the wais of  
 England  
 They will not lay more taxes on a land  
 So hunger-nipt and wretched, and you  
 know  
 The crown is poor We have given the  
 church-lands back  
 The nobles would not, nay, they clapt  
 their hands  
 Upon their swords when ask'd, and  
 therefore God  
 Is hard upon the people What's to be  
 done?  
 Sir, I will move them in your cause again,

And we will raise us loans and subsidies  
 Among the merchants, and Sir Thomas  
 Gresham  
 Will aid us There is Antwerp and the  
 Jews  
*Philip* Madam, my thanks  
*Mary* And you will stay your  
 going?  
*Philip* And further to discourage and  
 lay lame  
 The plots of France, altho' you love her  
 not,  
 You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir  
 She stands between you and the Queen  
 of Scots  
*Mary* The Queen of Scots at least is  
 Catholic  
*Philip* Ay, Madam, Catholic, but  
 I will not have  
 The King of France the King of England  
 too  
*Mary* But she's a heretic, and, when  
 I am gone,  
 Brings the new learning back  
*Philip* It must be done  
 You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir  
*Mary* Then it is done, but you will  
 stay your going  
 Somewhat beyond your settled purpose?  
*Philip* No!  
*Mary* What, not one day?  
*Philip* You beat upon the rock  
*Mary* And I am broken there  
*Philip* Is this a place  
 To wail in, Madam? what 'a public hall  
 Go in, I pray you  
*Mary* Do not seem so changed  
 Say go, but only say it lovingly  
*Philip* You do mistake I am not  
 one to change  
 I never loved you more  
*Mary* Sire, I obey you  
 Come quickly  
*Philip* Ay [Exit Mary  
*Enter* COUNT DE FERIA  
*Feria* (aside) The Queen in tears!  
*Philip* FERIA!  
 Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to  
 mine ear—

How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown

Since she lost hope of bearing us a child?

*Feria* Sire, if you Grace hath mark'd it, so have I

*Philip* Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,

How fair and royal—like a Queen, in deed?

*Feria* Allow me the same answer as before—

That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I

*Philip* Good, now, methinks my Queen is like enough

To leave me by and by

*Feria* To leave you, sire?

*Philip* I mean not like to live

• Elizabeth—

To Philibert of Savoy, as you know, We meant to wed her, but I am not sure

She will not serve me better—so my Queen

Would leave me—as—my wife

*Feria* Sire, even so

*Philip* She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy

*Feria* No, sire

*Philip* I have to pray you, some odd time,

To sound the Princess carelessly on this, Not as from me, but as your phantasy, And tell me how she takes it

*Feria* Sire, I will

*Philip* I am not certain but that Philibert

Shall be the man, and I shall urge his suit

Upon the Queen, because I am not certain

You understand, *Feria*

*Feria* Sire, I do

*Philip* And if you be not secret in this matter,

You understand me there, too?

*Feria* Sire, I do

*Philip* You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman

She is none of those who loathe the honeycomb [*Exit Feria*]

*Enter RENARD*

*Renard* My liege, I bring you goodly tidings

*Philip* Well?

*Renard* There *will* be war with Fiance, at last, my liege, Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass, Sailing from Fiance, with thirty English men,

Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York,

Proclaims himself protector, and affirms The Queen has forfeited her right to reign By marriage with an alien—other things

As idle, a weak Wyatt! Little doubt This buzz will soon be silenced, but the Council

(I have talk'd with some already) are for war

This the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in Fiance,

They show their teeth upon it, and you Grace,

So you will take advice of mine, should stay

Yet for awhile, to shape and guide the event

*Philip* Good! Renard, I will stay then

*Renard* Also, sire,

Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen?

*Philip* Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, *sitting at a rose in her hand* LADY CLARENCE ALICE *in the background*

*Mary* Look! I have play'd with this poor rose so long

I have broken off the head

*Lady Clarence* Your Grace hath been More merciful to many a rebel head

That should have fallen, and may rise again

*Mary* There were not many hang'd  
for Wyatt's rising

*Lady Clarence* Nay, not two hundred

*Mary* I could weep for them  
And hei, and mine own self and all the  
world

*Lady Clarence* For her? for whom,  
your Grace?

*Enter USHER*

*Usher* The Cardinal

*Enter CARDINAL POLE (MARY rises)*

*Mary* Reginald Pole, what news hath  
plagued thy heart?

What makes thy favour like the bloodless  
head

Fall'n on the block, and held up by the  
hur?

Philip?

*Pole* No, Philip is as warm in life  
As ever

*Mary* Ay, and then as cold as ever  
Is Calais taken?

*Pole* Cousin, there hath chanced  
A sharper harm to England and to Rome,  
Than Calais taken Julius the Third  
Was ever just, and mild, and father like,  
But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the  
Fourth,

Not only left me of that legateship  
Which Julius gave me, and the legate  
ship

Annex'd to Canterbury—nay, but worse—  
And yet I must obey the Holy Father,  
And so must you, good cousin,—worse  
than all,

A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear—  
He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,  
Before his Inquisition

*Mary* I knew it, cousin,  
But held from you all papers sent by  
Rome,  
That you might rest among us, till the  
Pope,  
To compass which I wrote myself to  
Rome,  
Reversed his doom, and that you might  
not seem  
To disobey his Holiness

*Pole* He hates Philip,  
He is all Italian, and he hates the  
Spaniard,

He cannot dream that I advised the war,  
He strikes thro' me at Philip and your  
self

Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me  
too,

So brands me in the stain of Christendom  
A heretic!

Now, even now, when bow'd before my  
time,

The house half run'd ere the lease be out,  
When I should guide the Church in peace  
at home,

After my twenty years of banishment,  
And all my lifelong labour to uphold

The primacy—a heretic Long ago,  
When I was ruler in the patrimony,

I was too lenient to the Lutheran,  
And I and learned friends among our  
selves

Would freely canvass certain Lutheran-  
isms

What then, he knew I was no Lutheran  
A heretic!

He drew this shaft against me to the  
head,

When it was thought I might be chosen  
Pope,

But then withdrew it In full consistory,  
When I was made Archbishop, he  
approved me

And how should he have sent me Legate  
hither,

Deeming me heretic? and what heresy  
since?

But he was evermore mine enemy,  
And hates the Spaniard—fiery choleic,  
A drinker of black, strong, volcanic  
wines,

That ever make him fiercer I, a heretic?  
Your Highness knows that in pursuing  
heresy

I have gone beyond your late Lord  
Chancellor,—

He cried Enough! enough! before his  
death—

Gone beyond him and mine own natural  
man

(It was God's cause), so far they call me  
now,

The scourge and butcher of then English  
church

*Mary* Have courage, your reward is  
Heaven itself

*Pole* They give amen, they swarm  
into the fire

Like flies—for what? no dogma They  
know nothing,

They burn for nothing

*Mary* You have done your best

*Pole* Have done my best, and as a  
faithful son,

That all day long hath wrought his father's  
work,

When back he comes at evening hath the  
door

Shut on him by the father whom he  
loved,

His early follies cast into his teeth,

And the poor son tumbled out into the  
street

To sleep, to die—I shall die of it,  
cousin

*Mary* I pray you be not so dis-  
consolate,

I still will do mine utmost with the Pope  
Poor cousin!

Have not I been the fast friend of your  
life

Since mine began, and it was thought we  
two

Might make one flesh, and cleave unto  
each other

As man and wife?

*Pole* Ah, cousin, I remember  
How I would dandle you upon my  
knee

At lisp'ing age I watch'd you dancing  
once

With your huge father, he look'd the  
Great Harry,

You but his cockboat, prettily you  
did it,

And innocently No—we were not made  
One flesh in happiness, no happiness

here,

But now we are made one flesh in  
misery,

Our budemaids are not lovely—Dis-  
appointment,  
Ingatitude, Injustice, Evil tongue,  
Labour-in-vain

*Mary* Surely, not all in vain  
Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart  
myself

*Pole* Our altar is a mound of dead  
men's clay,

Dug from the grave that yawns for us  
beyond,

And there is one Death stands behind the  
Gloom,

And there is one Death stands behind the  
Bride—

*Mary* Have you been looking at the  
'Dance of Death'?

*Pole* No, but these libellous papers  
which I found

Strown in your palace Look you here—  
the Pope

Pointing at me with 'Pole, the hectic,  
Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn  
thyself,

O! I will burn thee,' and this other,  
see!—

'We pray continually for the death  
Of our accused Queen and Cardinal  
Pole'

This last—I dare not read it her [*Aside*  
*Mary* Away!

Why do you bring me these?

I thought you knew me better I never  
read,

I tell them, they come back upon my  
dreams

The hands that write them should be  
burnt clean off

As Cannibals, and the hands that utter  
them

Tongue torn with pincers, lash'd to death,  
or lie

Famishing in black cells, while famish'd  
rats

Eat them alive Why do they bring me  
these?

Do you mean to drive me mad?

*Pole* I had forgotten  
How these poor libels trouble you Your  
pardon,

Sweet cousin, and farewell ! ' O bubble world,

Whose colours in a moment break and fly !'

Why, who said that ? I know not—true enough !

[*Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls* Exit Pole

*Alice* If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,

And heard these two, there might be sport for him [*Aside*

*Mary* Clarence, they hate me, even while I speak

There lurks a silent dagger, listening  
In some dark closet, some long gallery,  
drawn,

And panting for my blood as I go by  
*Lady Clarence* Nay, Madam, there  
be loyal papers too,

And I have often found them  
*Mary* Find me one !

*Lady Clarence* Ay, Madam, but Sir  
Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor,

Would see your Highness  
*Mary* Wherefore should I see him ?

*Lady Clarence* Well, Madam, he  
may bring you news from Philip

*Mary* So, Clarence  
*Lady Clarence* Let me first put

up your hair,  
It tumbles all abroad

*Mary* And the gray dawn  
Of an old age that never will be mine  
Is all the clearer seen No, no, what  
matters ?

Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn

*Enter* SIR NICHOLAS HEATH

*Heath* I bring your Majesty such  
grievous news

I grieve to bring it Madam, Calais is  
taken

*Mary* What traitor spoke ? Here,  
let my cousin Pole

Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran  
*Heath* Hei Highness is unwell I

will retire  
*Lady Clarence* Madam, your Chan-  
cellor, Sir Nicholas Heath

*Mary* Sir Nicholas ! I am stunn'd  
—Nicholas Heath ?

Methought some traitor smote me on the  
head

What said you, my good Lord, that our  
brave English

Had sallied out from Calais and driven  
back

The Frenchmen from their trenches ?  
*Heath* Alas ! no

That gateway to the mainland over which  
Our flag hath floated for two hundred  
years

Is France again  
*Mary* So, but it is not lost—

Not yet Send out let England as of  
old

Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into  
The prey they are rending from her—ay,  
and rend

The renders too Send out, send out,  
and make

Musters in all the counties, gather all  
From sixteen years to sixty, collect the  
fleet,

Let every craft that carries sail and gun  
Steer toward Calais Guisnes is not  
taken yet ?

*Heath* Guisnes is not taken yet  
*Mary* There yet is hope

*Heath* Ah, Madam, but your people  
are so cold,

I do much fear that England will not  
care

Methinks there is no manhood left among  
us

*Mary* Send out, I am too weak to  
stir abroad

Tell my mind to the Council—to the  
Parliament

Proclaim it to the winds Thou art cold  
thyself

To babble of their coldness O would I  
were

My father for an hour ! Away now—  
Quick ! [*Exit* Heath

I hoped I had served God with all my  
might !

It seems I have not Ah ! much heresy  
Shelter'd in Calais Saints I have rebuilt



Your shrines, set up your broken images,  
Be comfortable to me Suffer not  
That my brief reign in England be de-  
famed

Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter  
By loss of Calais Grant me Calais  
Philip,

We have made war upon the Holy  
Father

All for your sake what good could come  
of that?

*Lady Clarence* No, Madam, not  
against the Holy Father,  
You did but help King Philip's war with  
France,

Your troops were never down in Italy

*Mary* I am a byword Heretic and  
rebel

Point at me and make merry Philip  
gone!

And Calais gone! Time that I were  
gone too!

*Lady Clarence* Nay, if the fetid gutter  
had a voice

And cried I was not clean, what should  
I care?

Or you, for heretic cries? And I believe,  
Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas,  
Your England is as loyal as myself

*Mary (seeing the paper dropt by Pole)*  
There! there! another paper! Said  
you not

Many of these were loyal? Shall I try  
If this be one of such?

*Lady Clarence* Let it be, let it be  
God pardon me! I have never yet  
found one [Aside]

*Mary (reads)* 'Your people hate you  
as your husband hates you'

Clarence, Clarence, what have I done?  
what sin

Beyond all grace, all pardon? Mother  
of God,

Thou knowest never woman meant so  
well,

And fared so ill in this disastrous world  
My people hate me and desire my death

*Lady Clarence* No, Madam, no

*Mary* My husband hates me, and  
desires my death

*Lady Clarence* No, Madam, these  
are libels

*Mary* I hate myself, and I desire my  
death

*Lady Clarence* Long live your  
Majesty! Shall Alice sing you  
One of her pleasant songs? Alice, my  
child,

Bring us your lute (Alice goes) They  
say the gloom of Saul

Was lightened by young David's harp

*Mary* Too young!  
And never knew a Philip

*Re enter Alice*

Give me the lute  
He hates me!

(She sings)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!  
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in  
loathing

Low, my lute speak low, my lute, but say the  
world is nothing—

Low, lute, low!  
Love will hover round the flowers when they first  
awaken

Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be over-  
taken,

Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and  
are forsaken—

Low, dear lute, low!

Take it away! not low enough for me!

*Alice* Your Grace hath a low voice

*Mary* How dare you say it?  
Even for that he hates me A low  
voice

Lost in a wilderness where none can  
hear!

A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!  
A low voice from the dust and from the  
grave

(Sitting on the ground) There, am I  
low enough now?

*Alice* Good Lord! how grim and  
ghastly looks her Grace,  
With both her knees drawn upward to  
her chin

There was an old-world tomb beside my  
father's,

And this was open'd, and the dead were found  
Sitting, and in this fashion, she looks a corpse

*Enter LADY MAGDALEN DACRES*

*Lady Magdalen* Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,  
In hopes to see you Highness

*Lady Clarence (pointing to Mary)* Wait he must—

Her trance again She neither sees nor hears,

And may not speak for hours

*Lady Magdalen* Unhappiest  
Of Queens and wives and women !

*Alice (in the foreground with Lady Magdalen)* And all along

Of Philip

*Lady Magdalen* Not so loud ! Our  
Clarence there

Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,

It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,  
Who stands the nearest to her

*Alice* Ay, this Philip,  
I used to love the Queen with all my heart—

God help me, but methinks I love her less  
For such a dotage upon such a man

I would I were as tall and strong as you  
*Lady Magdalen* I seem half shamed

at times to be so tall

*Alice* You are the stateliest deer in  
all the heid—

Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,

And love to hear bad tales of Philip  
*Lady Magdalen* Why ?

I never heard him utter worse of you  
Than that you were low statured

*Alice* Does he think  
Low stature is low nature, or all women's  
Low as his own ?

*Lady Magdalen* There you strike in  
the nail

This couzeness is a want of phantasy  
It is the low man thinks the woman

low,

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself

*Alice* Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as  
well as dull

How dared he ?

*Lady Magdalen* Stupid soldiers oft  
are bold

Poor lads, they see not what the general  
sees,

A risk of utter ruin I am not

Beyond his aim, or was not

*Alice* Who ? Not you ?  
Tell, tell me, save my credit with myself

*Lady Magdalen* I never breathed it  
to a bird in the eaves,

Would not for all the stars and maiden  
moon

Our drooping Queen should know ! In  
Hampton Court

My window look'd upon the corridor,  
And I was robing,—this poor throat of  
mine,

Bare ! than I should wish a man to see  
it,—

When he we speak of drove the window  
back,

And, like a thief, push'd in his royal  
hand,

But by God's providence a good stout staff  
Lay near me, and you know me strong

of arm,

I do believe I lamed his Majesty's

For a day or two, tho', give the Devil  
his due,

I never found he bore me any spite

*Alice* I would she could have wedded  
that poor youth,

My Lord of Devon—light enough, God  
knows,

And mixt with Wyatt's misg—and the  
boy

Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse,  
cruel,

And more than all—no Spaniard

*Lady Clarence* Not so loud  
Lord Devon, girls ! what are you whispering here ?

*Alice* Probing an old state secret—  
how it chanced

That this young Earl was sent on foreign  
travel,

Not lost his head

*Lady Clarence* There was no proof against him  
*Alice* Nay, Madam, did not Gardiner intercept  
 A letter which the Count de Noailles wrote  
 To that dead traitor Wyatt, with full proof  
 Of Couutenay's treason? What became of that?  
*Lady Clarence* Some say that Gaidner, out of love for him,  
 Burnt it, and some relate that it was lost  
 When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's house in Southwark  
 Let dead things rest  
*Alice* Ay, and with him who died Alone in Italy  
*Lady Clarence* Much changed, I hear, Had put off levity and put graveness on  
 The foreign counts report him in his manner  
 Noble as his young person and old shield  
 It might be so—but all is over now,  
 He caught a chill in the lagoons of Venice,  
 And died in Padua  
*Mary* (*looking up suddenly*) Died in the true faith?  
*Lady Clarence* Ay, Madam, happily  
*Mary* Happier he than I  
*Lady Magdalen* It seems her Highness hath awaken'd Think you  
 That I might dare to tell her that the Count—  
*Mary* I will see no man hence for evermore,  
 Saving my confessor and my cousin Pole  
*Lady Magdalen* It is the Count de Feria, my dear lady  
*Mary* What Count?  
*Lady Magdalen* The Count de Feria, from his Majesty  
 King Philip  
*Mary* Philip! quick! loop up my hau!  
 Throw cushions on that seat, and make it throne like  
 Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian shawl  
 That Philip brought me in our happy days!—

That covers all So—am I somewhat Queenlike,  
 Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon earth?  
*Lady Clarence* Ay, so your Grace would bide a moment yet  
*Mary* No, no, he brings a letter I may die  
 Before I read it Let me see him at once  
*Enter* COUNT DE FERIA (*kneels*)  
*Feria* I trust your Grace is well  
 (*Aside*) How her hand burns!  
*Mary* I am not well, but it will better me,  
 Sir Count, to read the letter which you bring  
*Feria* Madam, I bring no letter  
*Mary* How! no letter?  
*Feria* His Highness is so vex'd with strange affairs—  
*Mary* That his own wife is no affair of his  
*Feria* Nay, Madam, nay! he sends his veriest love,  
 And says, he will come quickly  
*Mary* Doth he, indeed?  
 You, sir, do you remember what you said  
 When last you came to England?  
*Feria* Madam, I brought  
 My King's congratulations, it was hoped  
 Your Highness was once more in happy state  
 To give him an heir male  
*Mary* Sir, you said more,  
 You said he would come quickly I had hopes  
 On all the road from Dover, day and night,  
 On all the road from Harwich, night and day,  
 But the child came not, and the husband came not,  
 And yet he will come quickly Thou hast learnt  
 Thy lesson, and I mine There is no need  
 For Philip so to shame himself again  
 Return,  
 And tell him that I know he comes no more

Tell him at last I know his love is  
dead,  
And that I am in state to bring forth  
death—

Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth,  
And not to me !

*Feria* Mere compliments and wishes  
But shall I take some message from your  
Grace ?

*Mary* Tell her to come and close my  
dying eyes,  
And wear my crown, and dance upon my  
grave

*Feria* Then I may say your Grace  
will see your sister ?  
Your Grace is too low spirited And  
sunshine

I would we had you, Madam, in our warm  
Spun

You droop in your dim London

*Mary* Have him away !  
I sicken of his readiness

*Lady Clarence* My Lord Count,  
Her Highness is too ill for colloquy

*Feria* (*knels, and kisses her hand*) I  
wish her Highness better (*Aside*)  
How her hand burns ! [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III —A HOUSE NEAR LONDON

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE HOUSE  
HOLD, ATTENDANTS

*Elizabeth* There's half an angel  
wrong'd in your account,  
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it  
Without more ruffling Cast it o'er  
again

*Steward* I were whole devil if I  
wrong'd you, Madam

[*Exit Steward*]

*Attendant* The Count de Feria, from  
the King of Spain

*Elizabeth* Ah !—let him enter Nay,  
you need not go

[*To her Ladies*  
Remain within the chamber, but apart  
We'll have no private conference Well  
come to England !

*Enter FERIA*

*Feria* Fair island stay !

*Elizabeth* I shune ! What else,  
Sir Count ?

*Feria* As far as Fiance, and into  
Philip's heart

My King would know if you be fairly  
served,

And lodged, and treated

*Elizabeth* You see the lodging, sir,  
I am well served, and am in everything  
Most loyal and most grateful to the  
Queen

*Feria* You should be grateful to my  
master, too

He spoke of this, and unto him you owe  
That Mary hath acknowledged you her  
heir

*Elizabeth* No, not to her nor him,  
but to the people,

Who know my right, and love me, as I  
love

The people ! whom God aid !

*Feria* You will be Queen,  
And, were I Philip—

*Elizabeth* Wherefore pause you—  
what ?

*Feria* Nay, but I speak from mine  
own self, not him,

Your royal sister cannot last, your hand  
Will be much coveted ! What a delicate  
one !

Our Spanish ladies have none such—and  
there,

Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer  
gold—

Like sun gilt breathings on a frosty  
dawn—

That hovers round your shoulder—

*Elizabeth* Is it so fine ?

Truth, some have said so

*Feria* —would be deemed a miracle

*Elizabeth* Your Philip hath gold hair  
and golden beard,

There must be ladies many with hair like  
mine

*Feria* Some few of Gothic blood  
have golden hair,

But none like yours

*Elizabeth* I am happy you approve it  
*Fern* But as to Philip and your  
 Grace—consider,—

If such a one as you should match with  
 Spain,

What hinders but that Spain and England  
 join'd,

Should make the mightiest empire earth  
 has known

Spain would be England on her seas, and  
 England

Mistress of the Indies

*Elizabeth* It may chance, that

England

Will be the Mistress of the Indies yet,

Without the help of Spain

*Fern* Impossible,  
 Except you put Spain down

Wide of the mark ev'n for a madman's  
 dream

*Elizabeth* Perhaps, but we have  
 sermen Count de Fern,

I take it that the King hath spoken to you,  
 But is Don Carlos such a goodly match?

*Fern* Don Carlos, Madam, is but  
 twelve years old

*Elizabeth* Ay, tell the King that I  
 will muse upon it,

He is my good friend, and I would keep  
 him so,

But—he would have me Catholic of Rome,  
 And that I scarce can be, and, sir, till  
 now

My sister's marriage, and my father's  
 marriages,

Make me full fain to live and die a maid  
 But I am much beholden to your King  
 Have you aught else to tell me?

*Fern* Nothing, Madam,  
 Save that methought I gather'd from the  
 Queen

That she would see your Grace before she  
 —died

*Elizabeth* God's death! and where  
 fore spake you not before?

We dally with our lazy moments here,  
 And heirs are number'd. Horses there,  
 without!

I am much beholden to the King, your  
 master

Why did you keep me prating? Horses,  
 there! [*Exit Elizabeth, etc.*]

*Fern* So from a clear sky falls the  
 thunderbolt!

Don Carlos? Madam, if you marry  
 Philip,

Then I and he will snaffle your 'God's  
 death,'

And break your paces in, and make you  
 tame,

God's death, forsooth—you do not know  
 King Philip [*Exit*]

SCENE IV — LONDON BEFORE THE  
 PALACE

*A light burning within* Voices of the  
 night passing

*First* Is not yon light in the Queen's  
 chamber?

*Second* Ay,

They say she's dying

*First* So is Cardinal Pole  
 May the great angels join their wings,  
 and make

Down for their heads to heaven!

*Second* Amen Come on  
 [*Exeunt*]

TWO OTHERS

*First* There's the Queen's light I  
 hear she cannot live

*Second* God curse her and her Legate!  
 Gardiner burns

Already, but to pay them full in kind,  
 The hottest hold in all the devil's den  
 Were but a sort of winter, sir, in Gueni  
 sey,

I watch'd a woman burn, and in her  
 agony

The mother came upon her—a child was  
 born—

And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the fire,  
 That, being but baptized in fire, the babe  
 Might be in fire for ever. Ah, good  
 neighbour,

There should be something fierier than fire  
 To yield them their deserts

*First* Amen to all  
 Your wish, and further

*A Third Voice* Deserts! Amen to what? Whose deserts? Yours? You have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your body, and is not the woman up yonder sleeping after all she has done, in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with light, fire, physic, tendance, and I have seen the true men of Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them, not for them

*First* Friend, tho' so late, it is not safe to preach

You had best go home What are you?

*Third* What am I? One who cries continually with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would please Him out of His infinite love to break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy, to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magis tracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy, and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King

*First* If ever I heard a madman,—let's away!

Why, you long-winded Sir, you go beyond me

I pride myself on being moderate

Good night! Go home Besides, you curse so loud,

The watch will hear you Get you home at once [*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE V —LONDON A ROOM IN THE PALACE

*A Gallery on one side The moonlight streaming through a range of windows on the wall opposite MARY, LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, ALICE QUEEN pacing the Gallery A writing-table in front QUEEN comes to the table and writes and goes again, pacing the Gallery*

*Lady Clarence* Mine eyes are dim what hath she written? read

*Alice* 'I am dying, Philip, come to me'

*Lady Magdalen* There—up and down, poor lady, up and down

*Alice* And how her shadow crosses one by one

The moonlight casements pattern'd on the wall,

Following her like her sorrow She turns again

[*Queen sits and writes, and goes again*]

*Lady Clarence* What hath she written now?

*Alice* Nothing, but 'come, come, come,' and all awry,

And blotted by her tears This cannot last [*Queen returns*]

*Mary* I whistle to the bird has broken cage,

And all in vain [*Sitting down*]

Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and Philip gone!

*Lady Clarence* Dear Madam, Philip is but at the wars,

I cannot doubt but that he comes again, And he is with you in a measure still

I never look'd upon so fair a likeness

As your great King in armour there, his hand

Upon his helmet

[*Pointing to the portrait of Philip on the wall*]

*Mary* Doth he not look noble?

I had heard of him in battle over seas,

And I would have my warrior all in arms He said it was not courtly to stand

helmeted

Before the Queen He had his gracious moment,

Altho' you'll not believe me How he smiles

As if he loved me yet!

*Lady Clarence* And so he does

*Mary* He never loved me—nay, he could not love me

It was his father's policy against France I am eleven years older than he,

Poor boy!

[*Weeps*]

*Alice* That was a lusty boy of twenty seven, [*Aside*]

Poor enough in God's grace !

*Mary* —And all in vain !

The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,

And Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone,

And all his wits and wisdoms past away, And in a moment I shall follow him

*Lady Clarence* Nay, dearest Lady, see your good physician

*Mary* Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me—says

That rest is all—tells me I must not think—

That I must rest—I shall rest by and by Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs

And maims himself against the bars, say 'rest'

Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest—

Dead or alive you cannot make him happy

*Lady Clarence* Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,

And done such mighty things by Holy Church,

I trust that God will make you happy yet

*Mary* What is the strange thing happiness ? Sit down here

Tell me thine happiest hour

*Lady Clarence* I will, if that May make your Grace forget yourself a little

There runs a shallow brook across our field For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,

And doth so bound and babble all the way As if itself were happy It was May-time, And I was walking with the man I loved I loved him, but I thought I was not loved And both were silent, letting the wild brook

Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one

From out a bed of thick forget-me nots, Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me

I took it, tho' I did not know I took it, And put it in my bosom, and all at once I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

*Mary* O God ! I have been too slack, too slack,

There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—

Nobles we dared not touch We have but bunt

The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children

Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wick, wrath,—

We have so play'd the coward, but by God's grace,

We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,

And burn the tares with unquenchable fire ! Burn !—

Fie, what a savour ! tell the cooks to close The doors of all the offices below

Latimer !

Sir, we are private with our women here—

Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow—

Thou light a torch that never will go out !

'Tis out—mine flames Women, the Holy Father

Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole—

Was that well done ? and poor Pole pines of it,

As I do, to the death I am but a woman, I have no power—Ah, weak and meek old man,

Seven-fold dishonour'd even in the sight Of thine own sectaries—No, no No pardon !—

Why that was false there is the right hand still

Beckons me hence

Sir, you were bunt for heresy, not for treason,

Remember that ! 'twas I and Bonner did it,

And Pole, we are three to one—Have you found mercy there,

Grant it me here and see, he smiles and goes,

Gentle as in life

*Alice* Madam, who goes ? King Philip ?

*Mary* No, Philip comes and goes,  
but never goes  
Women, when I am dead,  
Open my heart, and there you will find  
written

Two names, Philip and Calais, open  
his,—

So that he have one,—

You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—  
Ay, wiser than that—not one hour true  
to me!

Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd  
vice!

Adulterous to the very heart of Hell  
Hast thou a knife?

*Alice* Ay, Madam, but o' God's  
mercy—

*Mary* Fool, think'st thou I would  
peril mine own soul  
By slaughter of the body? I could not,  
guil,

Not this way—callous with a constant  
stripe,

Unwoundable The knife!

*Alice* Take heed, take heed!  
The blade is keen as death

*Mary* This Philip shall not  
Stare in upon me in my haggardness,  
Old, miserable, diseased,  
Incapable of children Come thou down  
[Cuts out the picture and throws it down]  
Lie there (*Wails*) O God, I have  
kill'd my Philip!

*Alice* No,  
Madam, you have but cut the canvas out,  
We can replace it

*Mary* All is well then, rest—  
I will to rest, he said, I must have rest  
[Cries of 'Elizabeth' in the street]  
A cry! What's that? Elizabeth? revolt?  
A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?  
I'll fight it on the threshold of the  
grave

*Lady Clarence* Madam, your royal  
sister comes to see you

*Mary* I will not see her  
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my  
sister?

I will see none except the priest You  
aim [To Lady Clarence]

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn  
smile

Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me  
hence [Exeunt]

*The Priest passes Enter ELIZABETH  
and SIR WILLIAM CECIL*

*Elizabeth* Good counsel yours—

No one in waiting? still,  
As if the chamberlain were Death himself!  
The room she sleeps in—is not this the  
way?

No, that way there are voices Am I  
too late?

*Cecil* God guide me lest I lose the  
way [Exit Elizabeth]

*Cecil* Many points weather'd, many  
perilous ones,

At last a harbour opens, but therein  
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—  
much it is

To be not mad, nor bigot—have a mind—  
Nor let Priests' talk, or dream of worlds  
to be,

Miscolour things about her—sudden  
touches

For him, or him—sunk rocks, no pas-  
sionate faith—

But—if let be—balance and compromise,  
Brave, way, sane to the heart of her—a  
Tudor

School'd by the shadow of death—a  
Boleyn, too,

Glancing across the Tudor—not so well

*Enter ALICE*

How is the good Queen now?

*Alice* Away from Philip  
Back in her childhood—prattling to her  
mother

Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles,  
And childlike jealous of him again—and  
once

She thank'd her father sweetly for his  
book

Against that godless German Ah, those  
days

Were happy It was never merry world  
In England, since the Bible came among  
us



*Cecil* And who says that ?

*Alce* It is a saying among the Catholics

*Cecil* It never will be merry world in England,  
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor

*Alce* The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it

*Enter ELIZABETH*

*Elizabeth* The Queen is dead

*Cecil* Then here she stands ' my homage

*Elizabeth* She knew me, and acknowledged me her hen,  
Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith,

Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace

I left her lying still and beautiful,  
More beautiful than in life Why would you vex yourself,

Poor sister ? Sit, I swear I have no heart  
To be your Queen To reign is restless fence,

Tierce, quarrel, and trickery Peace is with the dead

Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt

And she loved much pray God she be forgiven

*Cecil* Peace with the dead, who never were at peace !

Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—

That never English monarch dying left England so little

*Elizabeth* But with Cecil's aid  
And others, if our person be secured  
From traitor stabs—we will make England great

*Enter PAGET and o'her LORDS OF THE COUNCIL SIR RALPH BAGENHAIL, etc*

*Lords* God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England !

*Bagenhall* God save the Crown ! the Papacy is no more

*Paget (aside)* Are we so sure of that ?

*Acclamation* God save the Queen !

# HAROLD

## A DRAMA

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HON LORD LYTTON,

*Viceroy and Governor General of India*

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,—After old world records—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother, allow me to dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself

A TENNYSON

### SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of spring—  
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm  
Crying 'with my false egg I overwhelm  
The native nest' and fancy hears the ring  
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,  
And Saxon battle-ave clang on Norman helm  
Here rose the dragon banner of our realm  
Here fought, here fell, our Norman slander'd king  
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!  
O strange hate healer Time! We stroll and stare  
Where might made right eight hundred years ago,  
Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good—  
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where  
Each stands full face with all he did below.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

STIGAND, *created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict*

ALDRED, *Archbishop of York*

THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON

HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England*

TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria*

GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia*

LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex*

WULFNOTH

COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM RUFUS

WILLIAM MALET, *a Norman Noble*<sup>1</sup>

EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia*

MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria after Tostig*

GAMEL, *a Northumbrian Thane*

ROLF, *a Ponthieu Fisherman*

OSGOD and ATHELRIC, *Canons from Waltham*

THE QUEEN, *Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin*

ALDWYTH, *Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Gryffyth, King of Wales*

EDITH, *Ward of King Edward*

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men at Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, etc

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<sup>1</sup> quidam partim Normannus et Anglus  
Comptat Heraldus (*Guy of Amiens*, 587)

## ACT I

SCENE I—LONDON THE KING'S  
PALACE*(A comet seen through the open window)*ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIER'S *talking  
together**First Courtier* Lo! there once more  
—this is the seventh night!Yon grimly-glaring, terrible brandish'd  
scourge  
Of England!*Second Courtier* Horrible!*First Courtier* Look you, there's a  
star

That dances in it as mad with agony!

*Third Courtier* Ay, like a spirit in  
Hell who skips and fliesTo right and left, and cannot scape the  
flame*Second Courtier* Steam'd upward  
from the undescendable

Abysm

*First Courtier* Or floated downward  
from the throne

Of God Almighty

*Aldwyth* Gamel, son of Orm,  
What thinkest thou this means?*Gamel* War, my dear lady!*Aldwyth* Doth this affright thee?*Gamel* Mightily, my dear lady!*Aldwyth* Stand by me then, and look  
upon my face,

Not on the comet

*(Enter MORCAR)*

Brother! why so pale?

*Morcar* It glares in heaven, it flares  
upon the Thames,The people are as thick as bees below,  
They hum like bees,—they cannot speak  
—for awe,Look to the skies, then to the river, strike  
Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it  
I think that they would Molochize them  
too,

To have the heavens clear

*Aldwyth* They fright not me*(Enter LEOFWIN, after him GURTH)*Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks  
of this!*Morcar* Lord Leofwin, dost thou  
believe, that theseThree rods of bloodied fire up yonder  
meanThe doom of England and the wrath of  
Heaven?*Bishop of London (passing)* Did ye  
not cast with bestial violenceOur holy Norman bishops down from all  
Their thrones in England? I alone  
remain

Why should not Heaven be wroth?

*Leofwin* With us, or thee?*Bishop of London* Did ye not outlaw  
your archbishop Robert,  
Robert of Jumièges—well nigh murder  
him too?

Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven?

*Leofwin* Why then the wiath of  
Heaven hath three tails,

The devil only one

*[Exit Bishop of London]**(Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND)*

Ask our Archbishop

Stigand should know the purposes of  
Heaven*Stigand* Not I I cannot read the  
face of heaven,Perhaps our vines will grow the better for  
it*Leofwin (laughing)* He can but read  
the king's face on his coins*Stigand* Ay, ay, young lord, *there* the  
king's face is power*Gurth* O father, mock not at a public  
fear,But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven  
A harm to England?*Stigand* Ask it of King Edward!  
And he may tell thee, *I* am a harm to  
EnglandOld uncanonical Stigand—ask of *me*  
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!  
Not he the man—for in our windy world  
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy

Our friends, the Normans, help to shake  
his chair

I have a Norman fever on me, son,  
And cannot answer sanely      What it  
means?

Ask our broad Earl  
[*Pointing to HAROLD, who enters*  
*Harold (seeing Gamel)* Hail, Gamel,  
son of Orm!

Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend  
Gamel,

Thou hast rounded since we met      Thy  
life at home

Is easier than mine here      Look! am I  
not

Work-wan, flesh fallen?

*Gamel* Art thou sick, good Earl?

*Harold* Sick as an autumn swallow  
for a voyage,

Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound  
Beyond the seas—a change! When  
camest thou hither?

*Gamel* To day, good Earl

*Harold* Is the North quiet, Gamel?

*Gamel* Nay, there be murmurs, for  
thy brother breaks us

With over taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—

Nothing as yet

*Harold* Stand by him, mine old  
friend,

Thou art a great voice in Northumber-  
land!

Advise him speak him sweetly, he will  
hearken thee

He is passionate but honest      Stand thou  
by him!

More talk of this to-morrow, if you weird  
sign

Not blast us in our dreams—Well, father  
Stigand—

[*To Stigand, who advances to him*  
*Stigand (pointing to the comet)* War  
there, my son? is that the doom  
of England?

*Harold* Why not the doom of all the  
world as well?

For all the world sees it as well as Eng-  
land

These meteors came and went before our  
day,

Not harming any      it threatens us no  
more

Than French or Norman War? the  
woist that follows

Things that seem jerk'd out of the common  
rut

Of Nature is the hot religious fool,  
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's  
credit

Makes it on earth      but look, where  
Edward draws

A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig  
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much  
of late

*Leofwin* And he hath learnt, despite  
the tiger in him,

To sleek and supple himself to the king's  
hand

*Guth* I trust the kingly touch that  
cures the evil

May serve to chain the tiger out of him

*Leofwin* He hath as much of cat as  
tiger in him

Ours Tostig loves the hand and not the  
man

*Harold* Nay! Better die than lie!

*Enter KING, QUEEN, and TOSTIG*

*Edward* In heaven signs!  
Signs upon earth! signs everywhere!  
your Priests

Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!

They scarce can read their Psalter, and  
your churches

Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Norman-  
land

God speaks thro' able voices, as He dwells  
In statelier shrines I say not this, as being  
Half Norman blooded, nor as some have  
held,

Because I love the Norman better—no,  
But dreading God's revenge upon this  
realm

For narrowness and coldness      and I say  
it

For the first time perchance, before I go  
To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints  
I have lived a life of utter purity

I have builded the great church of Holy  
Peter

I have wrought miracles—to God the  
gloiy—

And miracles will in my name be wrought  
Hereafter—I have fought the fight and  
go—

I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—  
And it is well with me, tho' some of you  
Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am  
gone

Woe, woe to England! I have had a  
vision,

The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus  
Have turn'd from right to left

*Harold* My most dear Master,  
What matters? let them turn from left  
to right

And sleep again

*Tostig* Too hardy with thy king!  
A life of prayer and fasting well may see  
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven  
Than thou, good brother

*Aldwyth (aside)* Sees he into thine,  
That thou wouldst have his promise for  
the crown?

*Edward* *Tostig* says true, my son,  
thou art too hard,  
Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and  
heaven

But heaven and earth are threads of the  
same loom,

Play into one another, and weave the web  
That may confound thee yet

*Harold* Nay, I trust not,  
For I have served thee long and honestly

*Edward* I know it, son, I am not  
thankless thou

Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me  
The weight of this poor crown, and left  
me time

And peace for prayer to gain a better one  
I twelve years of service! England loves  
thee for it

Thou art the man to rule her!

*Aldwyth (aside)* So, not *Tostig*!

*Harold* And after those twelve years  
a boon, my king,  
Respite, a holiday thyself wast wont  
To love the chase thy leave to set my feet  
On board, and hunt and hawk beyond  
the seas!

*Edward* What with this flaming  
honour overhead?

*Harold* Well, when it passes then

*Edward* Ay if it pass  
Go not to Normandy—go not to Nor-  
mandy

*Harold* And wherefore not, my king,  
to Normandy?

Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there  
For my dead father's loyalty to thee?

I pray thee, let me hence and bring him  
home

*Edward* Not thee, my son some  
other messenger

*Harold* And why not me, my lord,  
to Normandy?

Is not the Norman Count thy friend and  
mine?

*Edward* I pray thee, do not go to  
Normandy

*Harold* Because my father drove the  
Normans out

Of England?—That was many a summer  
gone—

Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee

*Edward* *Harold*, I will not yield  
thee leave to go

*Harold* Why then to Flanders I  
will hawk and hunt

In Flanders

*Edward* Be there not fur woods and  
fields

In England? Wilful, wilful Go—the  
Saints

Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out  
And homeward *Tostig*, I am faint again  
Son *Harold*, I will in and pray for thee

[*Exit, leaving on* *Tostig*, *and*  
*followed by* *Stigand*, *Morcar*, *and*  
*Courteis*]

*Harold* What lies upon the mind of  
our good king

That he should haip this way on  
Normandy?

*Queen* Brother, the king is wiser  
than he seems,

And *Tostig* knows it, *Tostig* loves the  
king

*Harold* And love should know, and  
—be the king so wise,—

Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems  
I love the man but not his phantasies.

(*Re-enter TOSTIG*)

Well, brother,  
When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

*Tostig* When did I hear aught but  
this 'When' from thee?

Leave me alone, brother, with my  
Northumbria

She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!  
The King hath made me Earl, make me  
not fool!

Nor make the King a fool, who made  
me Earl!

*Harold* No, Tostig—lest I make  
myself a fool

Who made the King who made thee,  
make thee Earl

*Tostig* Why chafe me then? Thou  
knowest I soon go wild

*Gurth* Come, come! as yet thou art  
not gone so wild

But thou canst hear the best and wisest  
of us

*Harold* So says old Gurth, not I  
yet hear! thine earldom,

Tostig, hath been a kingdom Their old  
crown

Is yet a force among them, a sun set  
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house  
To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly  
glare

May heat their fancies

*Tostig* My most worthy brother,  
Thou art the quietest man in all the world—  
Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in war—  
Pry God the people choose thee for  
their king!

But all the powers of the house of Godwin  
Are not enframed in thee

*Harold* Thank the Saints, no!  
But thou hast diann'd them shallow by  
thy tolls,

And thou art ever here about the King  
Thine absence well may seem a want of  
care

Cling to their love, for, now the sons of  
Godwin

Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,  
Like the rough bear beneath the tree,  
good brother,

Waits till the man let go

*Tostig* Good counsel truly!  
I heard from my Northumbria yesterday

*Harold* How goes it then with thy  
Northumbria? Well?

*Tostig* And wouldst thou that it went  
ought else than well?

*Harold* I would it went as well as  
with mine earldom,  
Leofwin's and Gurth's

*Tostig* Ye govern milder men  
*Gurth* We have made them milder  
by just government

*Tostig* Ay, ever give yourselves your  
own good word

*Leofwin* An honest gift, by all the  
Saints, if giver

And taker be but honest! but they bribe  
Each other, and so often, an honest world  
Will not believe them

*Harold* I may tell thee, Tostig,  
I heard from thy Northumberland to day

*Tostig* From spies of thine to spy  
my nakedness

In my poor North!

*Harold* There is a movement there,  
A blind one—nothing yet

*Tostig* Crush it at once  
With all the power I have—I must—I  
will!

Crush it half born! Fool still? or wis-  
dom there,

My wise head-shaking Harold?

*Harold* Make not thou  
The nothing something Wisdom when  
in power

And wisest, should not frown as Power,  
but smile

As kindness, watching all, till the true  
*must*

Shall make her strike as Power but  
when to strike—

O Tostig, O dear brother—If they prance,  
Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear and  
run

And break both neck and axle

*Tostig* Good again!

Good counsel tho' scarce needed Pour  
not water

In the full vessel running out at top  
To swamp the house

*Leofwin* Nor thou be a wild thing  
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the  
hand

Would help thee from the trap

*Tostig* Thou playest in tune

*Leofwin* To the deaf adder thee, that  
wilt not dance

However wisely charm'd

*Tostig* No more, no more !

*Gunth* I likewise cry 'no more'  
Unwholesome talk

For Godwin's house ! Leofwin, thou  
hast a tongue !

*Tostig*, thou look'st as thou wouldst  
spring upon him

St• Olaf, not while I am by ! Come,  
come,

Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity,  
Let kith and kin stand close as our  
shield wall,

Who breaks us then ? I say, thou hast  
a tongue,

And *Tostig* is not stout enough to bear it  
Vex him not, Leofwin

*Tostig* No, I am not vext,—  
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all  
I have to make report of my good earldom  
To the good king who gave it—not to  
you—

Not any of you—I am not vext at all

*Harold* The king ? the king is ever  
at his prayers,

In all that handles matter of the state  
I am the king

*Tostig* That shalt thou never be  
If I can thwart thee

*Harold* Brother, brother !

*Tostig* Away !

[*Exit Tostig*]

*Queen* Spite of this grisly star ye  
three must gall

Poor *Tostig*

*Leofwin* *Tostig*, sister, galls himself,  
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose  
Against the thorn, and rails against the  
rose

*Queen* I am the only rose of all the  
stock

That never thorn'd him, Edward loves  
him, so

Ye hate him Harold always hated him  
Why—how they fought when boys—and,  
Holy Mary !

How Harold used to beat him !

*Harold* Why, boys will fight  
*Leofwin* would often fight me, and I beat  
him

Even old *Gunth* would fight I had  
much ado

To hold mine own against old *Gunth*  
Old *Gunth*,

We fought like great states for grave  
cause, but *Tostig*—

On a sudden—at a something—for a  
nothing—

The boy would fust me hard, and when  
we fought

I conquer'd, and he loved me none the less,  
Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and  
tell him

That where he was but worsted, he was  
wrong'd

Ah ! thou hast taught the king to spoil  
him too,

Now the spoilt child sways both Take  
heed, take heed,

Thou art the Queen, ye are boy and girl  
no more

Side not with *Tostig* in any violence,  
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the  
violence

*Queen* Come fall not foul on me I  
leave thee, brother

*Harold* Nay, my good sister—

[*Exeunt Queen, Harold, Gunth, and*  
*Leofwin*]

*Aldwyth* Gamel, son of Orm,

What thinkest thou this means ?

[*Pointing to the comet*]

*Gamel* Wai, my dear lady,

War, waste, plague, famine, all maligni-  
ties

*Aldwyth* It means the fall of *Tostig*  
from his earldom

*Gamel* That were too small a matter  
for a comet !

*Aldwyth* It means the lifting of the house of Alfigu

*Gamel* Too small ' a comet would not show for that '

*Aldwyth* Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it

*Gamel* Thy love?

*Aldwyth* As much as I can give thee, man,

This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant,  
Stir up thy people oust him!

*Gamel* And thy love?

*Aldwyth* As much as thou canst bear

*Gamel* I can bear all,  
And not be giddy

*Aldwyth* No more now to morrow

SCENE II —IN THE GARDEN THE  
KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON  
SUNSET

*Edith* Mad for thy mate, passionate  
nightingale

I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment,  
*He* can but stay a moment he is going  
I fain would hear him coming ' near  
me near,

Somewhere—To draw him nearer with a  
chain

Like thine to thine

(*Singing*)

Love is come with a song and a smile,  
Welcome Love with a smile and a  
song

Love can stay but a little while  
Why cannot he stay? They call him  
away

Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong,  
Love will stay for a whole life long

*Enter* HAROLD

*Harold* The nightingales at Havering-  
in-the bower

Sang out their loves so loud, that  
Edward's prayers

Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb,  
and thus

I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale!  
[*Kissing her*]

*Edith* Thou art my music! Would  
their wings were mine  
To follow thee to Flanders! Must thou  
go?

*Harold* Not must, but will It is  
but for one moon

*Edith* Leaving so many foes in  
Edward's hall  
To league against thy weal The Lady  
Aldwyth

Was here to day, and when she touch'd  
on thee,

She stammer'd in her hate, I am sure  
she hates thee,

Pants for thy blood

*Harold* Well, I have given her  
cause—

I fear no woman

*Edith* Hate not one who felt  
Some pity for thy hate! I am sure  
Her moaning wanted sunlight, she so  
praised

The convent and lone life—within the  
pile—

Beyond the passion Nay—she held with  
Edward,

At least methought she held with holy  
Edward,

That marriage was half sin

*Harold* A lesson worth  
Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his  
fingers*) And my answer to it—

See here—an interwoven H and E!  
Take thou this ring, I will demand his  
ward

From Edward when I come again Ay,  
would she?

She to shut up my blossom in the dark!  
Thou art my nun, thy cloister in mine arms

*Edith* (*taking the ring*) Yea, but  
Earl Tostig—

*Harold* That's a truer fear!  
For if the North take fire, I should be back,  
I shall be, soon enough

*Edith* Ay, but last night  
An evil dream that ever came and went—

*Harold* A gnat that vexed thy pillow!  
Had I been by,

I would have spoil'd his horn My girl,  
what was it?



*Edith* Oh ! that thou wert not going !  
For so methought it was our marriage  
morn,

And while we stood together, a dead man  
Rose from behind the altar, tore away  
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal veil,  
And then I turn'd, and saw the church  
all fill'd

With dead men uprigh't from their graves,  
and all

The dead men made at thee to murder  
thee,

But thou didst back thyself against a  
pillar,

And stilk' among them with thy battle  
a ce—

There, what a dream !

*Harold* Well, well—a dream—  
no more !

•*Edith* Did not Heaven speak to men  
in dreams of old ?

*Harold* Ay—well—of old I tell  
thee what, my child,  
Thou hast misad this merry dream of  
thine,

Taken the rifted pillars of the wood  
For smooth stone columns of the sanc-  
tuary,

The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer  
For dead men's ghosts True, that the  
battle axe

Was out of place, it should have been  
the bow—

Come, thou shalt dream no more such  
dreams, I swear it,

By mine own eyes—and these two sap-  
phires—these

Twin rubies, that are amulets against all  
The kisses of all kind of womankind  
In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back  
To tumble at thy feet

*Edith* That would but shame me,  
Rather than make me vain The sea may  
roll

Sand, shingle, shore weed, not the living  
rock

Which guards the land

*Harold* Except it be a soft one,  
And underaten to the fall Mine  
amulet

This last upon thine eyelids, to  
shut in

A happier dream Sleep, sleep, and thou  
shalt see

My gryhounds fleeting like a beam of  
light,

And hear my peregine and her bells in  
heaven,

And other bells on earth, which yet are  
heaven's,

Guess what they be

*Edith* He cannot guess who knows  
Farewell, my king

*Harold* Not yet, but then—my queen  
[*Exeunt*]

*Enter ALDWYTH from the thicket*

*Aldwyth* The kiss that charms thine  
eyelids into sleep,

Will hold mine waking Hate him ? I  
could love him

More, tenfold, than this fearful child can  
do,

Gniffy I hated why not hate the foe  
Of England ? Gniffy when I saw him  
flee,

Chased deer like up his mountains, all  
the blood

That should have only pulsed for Gniffy,  
bert

For his pursuer I love him or think I  
love him

If he were king of England, I his queen,  
I might be sure of it Nay, I do love  
him—

She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the  
king

Should yield his ward to Harold's will  
What harm ?

She hath but blood enough to live, not  
love—

When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I  
play

The craftier Tostig with him ? fawn upon  
him ?

Chime in with all ? 'O thou more saint  
than king !'

And that were true enough 'O blessed  
relics !'

'O Holy Peter !' If he found me thus,

Harold might hate me, he is broad and honest,  
 Breathing an easy gladness . . . not  
 like Aldwyth  
 For which I strangely love him Should  
 not England  
 Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that  
 part  
 The sons of Godwin from the sons of  
 Alfgar  
 By such a marrying? Courage, noble  
 Aldwyth!  
 Let all thy people bless thee!  
 Our wild Tostig,  
 Edward hath made him Earl he would  
 be king —  
 The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the  
 bone —  
 I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom  
 I play upon, that he may play the note  
 Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and  
 Harold  
 Hear the king's music, all alone with him,  
 Pronounced his heir of England  
 I see the goal and half the way to it —  
 Peace lover is our Harold for the sake  
 Of England's wholeness—so—to shake  
 the North  
 With earthquake and disruption—some  
 division—  
 Then fling mine own fair person in the gap  
 A sacrifice to Harold, a peace offering,  
 A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of  
 both  
 The houses on mine head—then a fair life  
 And bless the Queen of England  
*Morcar (coming from the thicket)* Art  
 thou assured  
 By this, that Harold loves but Edith?  
*Aldwyth* *Morcar!*  
 Why creep'st thou like a timorous beast  
 of prey  
 Out of the bush by night?  
*Morcar* I follow'd thee  
*Aldwyth* Follow my lead, and I will  
 make thee earl  
*Morcar* What lead then?  
*Aldwyth* Thou shalt flash it secretly  
 Among the good Northumbrian folk,  
 that I—

That Harold loves me—yea, and presently  
 That I and Harold are betroth'd—and  
 last—  
 Perchance that Harold wrongs me, tho'  
 I would not  
 That it should come to that  
*Morcar* I will both flash  
 And thunder for thee  
*Aldwyth* I said 'secretly,'  
 It is the flash that murders, the poor  
 thunder  
 Never harm'd head  
*Morcar* But thunder may bring down  
 That which the flash hath stricken  
*Aldwyth* Down with Tostig!  
 That first of all —And when doth Harold  
 go?  
*Morcar* To-morrow—first to Bosham,  
 then to Flanders  
*Aldwyth* Not to come back fill  
 Tostig shall have shown  
 And redden'd with his people's blood the  
 teeth  
 That shall be broken by us—yea, and  
 thou  
 Chan'd in his place Good night, and  
 dream thyself  
 Their chosen Earl [*Exit Aldwyth*]  
*Morcar* Earl first, and after that  
 Who knows I may not dream myself their  
 king!

## ACT II

SCENE I — SEASHORE PONTIEU  
NIGHT

HAROLD and his Men, wrecked

*Harold* Friends, in that last inhos-  
 pitable plunge  
 Our boat hath burst her ribs, but ours  
 are whole,  
 I have but bark'd my hands  
*Attendant* I dug mine into  
 My old fast friend the shore, and clinging  
 thus  
 Felt the remorseless outdraught of the  
 deep  
 Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,

And then I rose and ran The blast that  
came

So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—  
Put thou the comet and this blast to  
gether—

*Harold* Put thou thyself and mother-  
wit together!

Be not a fool!

(*Enter Fishermen with torches, HAROLD  
going up to one of them ROLF*)

Wicked sea will o' the wisp!  
Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy lying  
lights

Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks of  
thine!

*Rolf* Ay, but thou liest as loud as the  
black herring pond behind thee We be  
fishermen, I came to see after my nets

*Harold* To diag us into them  
Fishermen? devils!

Who, while ye fish for men with your  
false fires,

Let the great Devil fish for your own souls

*Rolf* Nay then, we be liker the blessed  
Apostles, *they* were fishers of men, Father  
Jern says

*Harold* I had hefer that the fish had  
swallowed me,

Like Jonah, than have known there were  
such devils

What's to be done?

[*To his Men—goes apart with them*  
*Fisherman* Rolf, what fish did swallow  
Jonah?

*Rolf* A whale!

*Fisherman* Then a whale to a whelk  
we have swallowed the King of England  
I saw him over there Look thee, Rolf,  
when I was down in the fever, *she* was  
down with the hunger, and thou didst  
stand by her and give her thy crabs, and  
set her up agun, till now, by the patient  
Saints, she's as crabbed as ever

*Rolf* And I'll give her my crabs again,  
when thou art down again

*Fisherman* I thank thee, Rolf Run  
thou to Count Guy, he is laid at hand  
Tell him what hath crept into our criel,  
and he will fee thee as freely as he will

wench this outlander's ransom out of  
him—and why not? for what right had  
he to get himself wiccked on another  
man's land?

*Rolf* Thou art the human heartedest,  
Christian-charitist of all crab catchers  
Share and share alike! [*Exit*]

*Harold (to Fisherman)* Fellow, dost  
thou catch crabs?

*Fisherman* As few as I may in a  
wind, and less than I would in a calm  
Ay!

*Harold* I have a mind that thou shalt  
catch no more

*Fisherman* How?

*Harold* I have a mind to brain thee  
with mine axe

*Fisherman* Ay, do, do, and our great  
Count crab will make his nipper meet  
in thine heart, he'll sweat it out of thee,  
he'll sweat it out of thee Look, he's  
here! He'll speak for himself! Hold  
thine own, if thou canst!

*Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTIEUX*

*Harold* Guy, Count of Pontieu?

*Guy* Harold, Earl of Wessex!

*Harold* Thy villans with their lying  
lights have wreck'd us!

*Guy* Art thou not Earl of Wessex?

*Harold* In mine earldom  
A man may hang gold bracelets on a  
bush,

And leave them for a year, and coming  
back

Find them again

*Guy* Thou art a mighty man  
In thine own earldom!

*Harold* Were such murderous liars  
In Wessex—if I caught them, they should  
hang

Cliff gibbeted for sea marks, our sea men  
Winging then only wul!

*Guy* Ay, but my men  
Hold that the shipwreckt are accused of  
God,—

What hinders me to hold with mine own  
men?

*Harold* The Christian manhood of  
the man who reigns!

*Guy* Ay, iave thy worst, but in our  
 oubliettes  
 Thou shalt or rot or ransom Hale him  
 hence! [*To one of his Attendants*  
*Fly thou to William, tell him we have*  
*Harold*

SCENE II —BAYEUX PALACE

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET

*William* We hold our Saxon wood-  
 cock in the springe,  
 But he begins to flutter As I think  
 He was thine host in England when I  
 went  
 To visit Edward

*Malet* Yea, and there, my lord,  
 To make allowance for their rougher  
 fashions,

I found him all a noble host should be

*William* Thou art his friend thou  
 know'st my claim on England  
 Thro' Edward's promise we have him  
 in the toils

And it were well, if thou shouldst let him  
 feel,

How dense a fold of danger nets him  
 round,

So that he bristle himself against my  
 will

*Malet* What would I do, my lord, if  
 I were you?

*William* What wouldst thou do?

*Malet* My lord, he is thy guest

*William* Nay, by the splendour of  
 God, no guest of mine

He came not to see me, had past me by  
 To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for  
 the fate

Which hunted *him* when that un-Saxon  
 blast,

And bolts of thunder moulded in high  
 heaven

To serve the Norman purpose, drave and  
 crack'd

His boat on Ponthieu beach, where our  
 friend Guy

Had wrung his ransom from him by the  
 rack,

But that I stept between and purchased  
 him,

Translating his captivity from Guy  
 To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he  
 sits

My ransom'd prisoner

*Malet* Well, if not with gold,  
 With golden deeds and iron strokes that  
 brought

Thy war with Buttany to a goodlier close  
 Than else had been, he paid his ransom  
 back

*William* So that henceforth they are  
 not like to league

With Harold against me

*Malet* A marvel, how  
 He from the liquid sands of Coesnon

Haled thy shoe swallow'd, armour'd  
 Normans up

To fight for thee again!

*William* Perchance against  
 Their savor, save thou save him from  
 himself

*Malet* But I should let him home  
 again, my lord

*William* Simple! let fly the bird  
 within the hand,

To catch the bird again within the bush!  
 No

Smooth thou my way, before he clash  
 with me,

I want his voice in England for the  
 crown,

I want thy voice with him to bring him  
 round,

And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,  
 And being truthful wrought upon to swear

Vows that he dare not break England  
 our own

Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear  
 friend

As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt  
 have

Large lordship there of lands and territory

*Malet* I knew thy purpose, he and  
 Wulfnoth never

Have met, except in public, shall they  
 meet

In private? I have often talk'd with  
 Wulfnoth,

And stuff'd the boy with fears that these  
may act

On Harold when they meet

*William* Then let them meet !

*Malet* I can but love this noble,  
honest Harold

*William* Love him ! why not ? thine  
is a loving office,

I have commission'd thee to save the  
man

Help the good ship, showing the sunken  
rock,

Or he is wreckt for ever

*Enter WILLIAM RUFUS*

*William Rufus* Father

*William* Well, boy

*William Rufus* They have taken  
away the toy thou gavest me,

The Norman knight

*William* Why, boy ?

*William Rufus* Because I broke

The horse's leg—it was mine own to  
break,

I like to have my toys, and break them too

*William* Well, thou shalt have  
another Norman knight !

*William Rufus* And may I break his  
legs ?

*William* Yea,—get thee gone !

*William Rufus* I'll tell them I have  
had my way with thee [*Exit*]

*Malet* I never knew thee check thy  
will for ought

Save for the prattling of thy little ones

*William* Who shall be kings of  
England I am heir

Of England by the promise of her king

*Malet* But there the great Assembly  
choose their king,

The choice of England is the voice of  
England

*William* I will be king of England  
by the laws,

The choice, and voice of England

*Malet* Can that be ?

*William* The voice of any people is  
the sword

That guards them, or the sword that beats  
them down

Here comes the would be what I will  
be kinglike

Tho' scarce at ease, for, save our meshes  
break,

More kinglike he than like to prove a  
king

(*Enter HAROLD, musing, with his eyes  
on the ground*)

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of  
me

Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair  
day ?

They are of the best, strong-wing'd against  
the wind

*Harold* (*looking up suddenly, having  
caught but the last word*) Which  
way does it blow ?

*William* Blowing for England, ha ?

Not yet Thou hast not learnt thy  
quarters here

The winds so cross and jostle among  
these towers

*Harold* Count of the Normans, thou  
hast ransom'd us,

Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally !

*William* And thou for us hast fought  
as loyally,

Which binds us friendship fast for ever !

*Harold* Good !

But lest we turn the scale of courtesy

By too much pressure on it, I would  
fain,

Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home  
with us,

Be home again with Wulfnoth

*William* Stay—as yet

Thou hast but seen how Norman hands  
can strike,

But walk'd our Norman field, scarce  
touch'd or tasted

The splendous of our Court

*Harold* I am in no mood

I should be as the shadow of a cloud

Crossing your light

*William* Nay, rest a week or two,  
And we will fill thee full of Norman sun,

And send thee back among thine island  
mists

With laughter

*Harold* Count, I thank thee, but  
had rather  
Breathe the free wind from off our Saxon  
downs,  
Tho' charged with all the wet of all the  
west

*William* Why if thou wilt, so let it  
be—thou shalt  
That were a graceless hospitality  
To chain the free guest to the banquet  
board,

To-morrow we will ride with thee to  
Hastelieu,  
And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf  
For happier homeward winds than that  
which crack'd

Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in faith,  
A happy one—whereby we came to know  
Thy valour and thy value, noble earl  
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,  
Provided—I will go with thee to mor-  
row—

Nay—but there be conditions, easy ones,  
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily

*Enter PAGE*

*Page* My lord, there is a post from  
over seas

With news for thee [*Exit Page*]

*William* Come, Malet, let us hear '!

[*Exit Count William and Malet*]

*Harold* Conditions? What condi-  
tions? pay him back

His ransom? 'easy'—that were easy—  
nay—

No money loves he! What said the  
King?

'I pray you do not go to Normandy'  
And fate hath blown me hither, bound  
me too

With bitter obligation to the Count—  
Have I not fought it out? What did he  
mean?

There lodged a gleaming grimness in his  
eyes,

Gave his shorn smile the lie The walls  
oppress me,

And yon huge keep that hinders half the  
heaven

Free air! free field!

[*Moves to go out A Man at arms  
follows him*]

*Harold* (to the Man-at arms) I need  
thee not Why dost thou follow  
me?

*Man at arms* I have the Count's  
commands to follow thee

*Harold* What then? Am I in danger  
in this court?

*Man at arms* I cannot tell I have  
the Count's commands

*Harold* Stand out of gunshot then,  
and keep me still

In eyeshot

*Man at arms* Ver, lord *Harold*  
[*Withdrews*]

*Harold* And aim'd men  
Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,  
And if I walk within the lonely wood,  
There is an aim'd man ever glides behind!

(*Enter MALET*)

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd,  
watch'd?

See yonder!

[*Pointing to the Man at arms*]

*Malet* 'Tis the good Count's care for  
thee!

The Normans love thee not, nor thou the  
Normans,

Or—so they deem

*Harold* But wherefore is the wind,  
Which way soever the vane arrow swing,  
Not ever fan for England? Why but  
now

He said (thou heardest him) that I must  
not hence

Save on conditions

*Malet* So in truth he said

*Harold* Malet, thy mother was an  
Englishwoman,  
There somewhere beats an English pulse  
in thee!

*Malet* Well—for my mother's sake  
I love you England,

But for my father I love Normandy

*Harold* Speak for thy mother's sake,  
and tell me true

*Malet* Then for my mother's sake,  
and England's sake

That suffers in the daily want of thee,  
Obey the Count's conditions, my good  
friend

*Harold* How, Malet, if they be not  
honourable !

*Malet* Seem to obey them

*Harold* Better die than lie !

*Malet* Choose therefore whether thou  
wilt have thy conscience

White as a maiden's hand, or whether  
England

Be shatter'd into fragments

*Harold* News from England ?

*Malet* Morcar and Edwin have stunn'd  
up the Thanes

Against thy brother Tostig's governance,  
And all the North of Humber is one  
stoim

*Harold* I should be there, Malet, I  
should be there !

*Malet* And Tostig in his own hall  
on suspicion

Hath massacred the Thane that was his  
guest,

Gamel, the son of Orm and there be more  
As villainously slain

*Harold* The wolf ! the beast !

Ill news for guests, ha, Malet ! More ?  
What more ?

What do they say ? did Edward know of  
this ?

*Malet* They say, his wife was know-  
ing and abetting

*Harold* They say, his wife !—To  
marry and have no husband

Makes the wife fool My God, I should  
be there

I'll hack my way to the sea

*Malet* Thou canst not, Harold,  
Our Duke is all between thee and the  
sea,

Our Duke is all about thee like a God,  
All passes block'd Obey him, speak  
him fair,

For he is only debonaire to those  
That follow where he leads, but stark as  
death

To those that cross him—Look thou,  
here is Wulfnoth !

I leave thee to thy talk with him alone,

How wan, poor lad ! how sick and sad  
for home ! [*Exit* Malet

*Harold* (*muttering*) Go not to Nor-  
mandy—go not to Normandy !

(*Enter* WULFNOTH)

Poor brother ! still a hostage !

*Wulfnoth* Yea, and I  
Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more  
Make blush the maiden-white of our tall  
cliffs,

Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and  
hover

Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky  
With free sea laughter—never—save  
indeed

Thou canst make yield this non-mooded  
Duke

To let me go

*Harold* Why, brother, so he will,  
But on conditions Canst thou guess at  
them ?

*Wulfnoth* Draw nearer,—I was in  
the corridor,

I saw him coming with his brother Odo  
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself

*Harold* They did thee wrong who  
made thee hostage, thou

Wast ever fearful

*Wulfnoth* And he spoke—I  
heard him—

'This Harold is not of the royal blood,  
Can have no right to the crown,' and  
Odo said,

'Thine is the right, for thine the might,  
he is here,

And yonder is thy keep'

*Harold* No, Wulfnoth, no

*Wulfnoth* And William laugh'd and  
swore that might was right,

Far as he knew in this poor world of  
ours—

'Many, the Saints must go along with  
us,

And, brother, we will find a way,' said  
he—

Yea, yea, he would be king of England

*Harold* Never !

*Wulfnoth* Yea, but thou must not this  
way answer him

*Harold* Is it not better still to speak  
the truth ?

*Wulfnoth* Not here, or thou wilt  
never hence nor I

For in the racing toward this golden goal  
He turns not right or left, but tramples  
flat

Whatever thwarts him, hast thou never  
heard

His savagery at Alençon,—the town  
Hung out raw hides along their walls,  
and cried

‘Work for the tanner’

*Harold* That had anger’d me  
Had I been William

*Wulfnoth* Nay, but he had prisoners,  
He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands  
away,

And flung them streaming o’er the battle-  
ments

Upon the heads of those who walk’d  
within—

O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own  
sake

*Harold* Your Welshman says, ‘The  
Truth against the World,’  
Much more the truth against myself

*Wulfnoth* Thyself ?  
But for my sake, oh brother ! oh ! for  
my sake !

*Harold* Poor Wulfnoth ! do they not  
entreat thee well ?

*Wulfnoth* I see the blackness of my  
dungeon loom

Across their lamps of revel, and beyond  
The merriest murmurs of their banquet  
clank

The shackles that will bind me to the  
wall

*Harold* Too fearful still !

*Wulfnoth* Oh no, no—speak  
him fair !

Call it to temporize, and not to lie,  
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie  
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim  
May, surely, play with words

*Harold* Words are the man  
Not ev’n for thy sake, brother, would I  
lie

*Wulfnoth* Then for thine Edith ?

*Harold* There thou prick’st me  
deep

*Wulfnoth* And for our Mother Eng-  
land ?

*Harold* Deeper still

*Wulfnoth* And deeper still the deep-  
down oubliette,  
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—  
In blackness—dogs’ food thrown upon  
thy head

And over thee the suns arise and set,  
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come  
and go,

And men are at their markets, in their  
fields,

And woo their loves and have forgotten  
thee,

And thou art upright in thy living grave,  
Where there is barely room to shift thy  
side,

And all thine England hath forgotten thee,  
And he our lazy pious Norman King,  
With all his Normans round him once  
again,

Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten  
thee

*Harold* Thou art of my blood, and  
so methinks, my boy,  
Thy fears infect me beyond reason  
Peace !

*Wulfnoth* And then our fiery Tostig,  
while thy hands

Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians  
rise

And hurl him from them,—I have heard  
the Normans

Count upon this confusion—may he not  
make

A league with William, so to bring him  
back ?

*Harold* That lies within the shadow  
of the chance

*Wulfnoth* And like a river in flood  
thro’ a burst dam

Descends the ruthless Norman—our good  
King

Kneels mumbling some old bone—our  
helpless folk

Are wash’d away, wailing, in their own  
blood—



*Harold* Wailing ' not warning? Boy,  
thou hast forgotten  
That thou art English

*Wulfnoth* Then our modest women—  
I know the Norman license—thine own  
Edith—

*Harold* No more! I will not hear  
thee—William comes

*Wulfnoth* I dare not well be seen in  
talk with thee  
Make thou not mention that I spake with  
thee

[*Moves away to the back of the stage*]

*Enter* WILLIAM, MALET, and Officer

*Officer* We have the man that rail'd  
against thy birth

*William* Tear out his tongue

*Officer* He shall not rail again  
He said that he should see confusion fall  
On thee and on thine house

*William* Tear out his eyes,  
And plunge him into prison

*Officer* It shall be done  
[*Exit Officer*]

*William* Look not amazed, fair earl!  
Better leave undone  
Than do by halves—tongueless and eye  
less, prison'd—

*Harold* Better methinks have slain  
the man at once!

*William* We have respect for man's  
immortal soul,  
We seldom take man's life, except in war,  
It frights the traitor more to maim and  
blind

*Harold* In mine own land I should  
have scorn'd the man,  
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go

*William* And let him go? Toslander  
thee again!

Yet in thine own land in thy father's day  
They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred  
—ay,

Some said it was thy father's deed

*Harold* They lied

*William* But thou and he—whom at  
thy word, for thou

Art known a speaker of the truth, I free  
From this foul charge—

*Harold* Nay, nay, he freed himself  
By oath and compurgation from the  
charge

The king, the lords, the people clear'd  
him of it

*William* But thou and he drove our  
good Normans out

From England, and this rankles in us yet  
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life

*Harold* Archbishop Robert! Robert  
the Archbishop!

Robert of Jumieges, he that—

*Malet* Quiet! quiet!

*Harold* Count! if there sat within  
the Norman chau

A ruler all for England—one who fill'd  
All offices, all bishopricks with English—  
We could not move from Dover to the  
Humber

Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say  
Ye would applaud that Norman who  
should drive

The stranger to the fiends!

*William* Why, that is reason!  
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal!  
Ay, ay, but many among our Norman  
lords

Hate thee for this, and press upon me—  
saying

God and the sea have given thee to our  
hands—

To plunge thee into life long prison  
here—

Yet I hold out against them, as I may,  
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they  
should revolt—

For thou hast done the battle in my cause,  
I am thy fastest friend in Normandy

*Harold* I am doubly bound to thee  
if this be so

*William* And I would bind thee  
more, and would myself

Be bounden to thee more

*Harold* Then let me hence  
With Wulfnoth to King Edward

*William* So we will  
We hear he hath not long to live

*Harold* It may be

*William* Why then the heir of  
England, who is he?

*Harold* The Atheling is nearest to the throne  
*William* But sickly, slight, half witted and a child,  
 Will England have him king?  
*Harold* It may be, no  
*William* And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir?  
*Harold* Not that I know  
*William* When he was here in Normandy,  
 He loved us and we him, because we found him  
 A Norman of the Normans  
*Harold* So did we  
*William* A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man!  
 And grateful to the hand that shielded him,  
 He promised that if ever he were king  
 In England, he would give his kingly voice  
 To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?  
*Harold* I learn it now  
*William* Thou knowest I am his cousin,  
 And that my wife descends from Alfred?  
*Harold* Ay  
*William* Who hath a better claim then to the crown  
 So that ye will not crown the Atheling?  
*Harold* None that I know if that but hung upon  
 King Edward's will  
*William* Wilt thou uphold my claim?  
*Malet (aside to Harold)* Be careful of thine answer, my good friend  
*Wulfnoth (aside to Harold)* Oh!  
 Harold, for my sake and for thine own!  
*Harold* Ay if the king have not revoked his promise  
*William* But hath he done it then?  
*Harold* Not that I know  
*William* Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown?  
*Harold* Ay if the Witan will consent to this  
*William* Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,

Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?  
*Wulfnoth (aside to Harold)* Oh!  
 Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay  
*Harold* Ay, if—  
*Malet (aside to Harold)* Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out—ay  
*William* I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?  
 And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,  
 Foremost in England and in Normandy,  
 Thou shalt be verily king—~~all~~ but the name—  
 For I shall most sojourn in Normandy,  
 And thou be my vice-king in England—  
 Speak  
*Wulfnoth (aside to Harold)* Ay, brother—for the sake of England—ay  
*Harold* My lord—  
*Malet (aside to Harold)* Take heed now  
*Harold* Ay  
*William* I am content,  
 For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond  
 To morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur [Exit William  
*Malet* Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,  
 And even as I should bless thee saving mine,  
 I thank thee now for having saved thyself [Exit Malet  
*Harold* For having lost myself to save myself,  
 Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad  
 That deadens the pendent scourge, said 'ay' for 'no'!  
 Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—  
 Is 'ay' an oath? is 'ay' strong as an oath?  
 Or is it the same sin to break my word  
 As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!  
 He is a liar who knows I am a liar,

And makes believe that he believes my word—

The crime be on his head—not bounden—no

*[Suddenly doors are flung open, disclosing in an inner hall COUNT WILLIAM in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two Bishops, ODO OF BAYEUX being one in the centre of the hall and are covered with cloth of gold, and on either side of it the Norman barons]*

*Enter a JAILOR before William's throne*

*William (to Jailor)* Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner scape?

*Jailor* Sir Count, He had but one foot, he must have hopt away,

Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him

*William* Woe knave to thy familiar and to thee!

Give me thy keys *[They fall clashing]*  
Nay let them lie Stand there and wait my will

*[The Jailor stands aside]*  
*William (to Harold)* Hast thou such trustless jailors in thy North?

*Harold* We have few prisoners in mine earldom there,

So less chance for false keepers

*William* We have heard Of thy just, mild, and equal governance, Honour to thee! thou art perfect in all honour!

Thy naked word thy bond! confirm it now

Before our gather'd Norman baronage,  
For they will not believe thee—as I believe

*[Descends from his throne and stands by the ark]*

Let all men here bear witness of our bond!  
*[Beckons to Harold, who advances]*

*Enter MALET behind him*

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall!  
Behold the jewel of St Pancratius

Woven into the gold Swear thou on this!

*Harold* What should I swear? Why should I swear on this?

*William (savagely)* Swear thou to help me to the crown of England  
*Malet (whispering Harold)* My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now

*Wulfnoth (whispering Harold)* Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own

*Harold* I swear to help thee to the crown of England

According as King Edward promises

*William* Thou must swear absolutely, noble Earl

*Malet (whispering)* Delay is death to thee, run to England

*Wulfnoth (whispering)* Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear!

*Harold (putting his hand on the jewel)*  
I swear to help thee to the crown of England

*William* Thanks, truthful Earl, I did not doubt thy word,

But that my barons might believe thy word,

And that the Holy Saints of Normandy  
When thou art home in England, with thine own,

Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,

I made thee swear—Show him by whom he hath sworn

*[The two Bishops advance, and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark]*

The holy bones of all the Canonised  
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy!

*Harold* Horrible! *[They let the cloth fall again]*

*William* Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath

Which, if not kept, would make the hued earth rive

To the very Devil's hoins, the bright sky cleave

To the very feet of God, and send her hosts

Of injured Saints to scatter spaiks of  
 plague  
 Thro' all your cities, blast your infants,  
 dash  
 The torch of war among your standing  
 coin,  
 Dabble your hearths with your own blood  
 —Enough '  
 Thou wilt not break it ' I, the Count—  
 the King—  
 Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest  
 oath,  
 Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,  
 But softly as a bridegroom to his own  
 For I shall rule according to your laws,  
 And make your ever jarring Earldoms  
 move  
 To music and in order—Angle, Jute,  
 Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a  
 throne  
 Out-towering hers of Fiance      The  
 wind is fair  
 For England now      To night we will  
 be merry  
 To morrow will I ride with thee to  
 Harfleu  
*[Exeunt William and all the Norman  
 barons, etc*  
*Harold*      To night we will be merry—  
 and to morrow—  
 Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates  
 that most—  
 William the tanner's bastard ' Would  
 he heard me '  
 O God, that I were in some wide, waste  
 field  
 With nothing but my battle-axe and  
 him  
 To spatter his brains ' Why let earth  
 rive, gulf in  
 These cursed Normans—yea and mine  
 own self  
 Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that  
 I may say  
 Ev'n to their faces, 'If ye side with  
 William  
 Ye are not noble ' How then pointed  
 fingers  
 Glared at me ' Am I Harold, Harold,  
 son

Of our great Godwin ? Lo ' I touch  
 mine aims,  
 My limbs—they are not mine—they are  
 a har's—  
 I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—  
 Stigand shall give me absolution for it—  
 Did the chest move ? did it move ? I am  
 utter craven '  
 O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou  
 hast betray'd me '  
*Wulfnoth*      Forgive me, brother, I  
 will live here and die

*Enter PAGE*

*Page*      My lord ' the Duke awaits thee  
 at the banquet

*Harold*      Where they eat dead men's  
 flesh, and drink their blood

*Page*      My lord—

*Harold*      I know your Norman cookery  
 is so spiced,

It masks all this

*Page*      My lord ' thou art white  
 as death

*Harold*      With looking on the dead  
 Am I so white ?

Thy Duke will seem the darker      Hence,  
 I follow      *[Exeunt*

## ACT III

### SCENE I —THE KING'S PALACE LONDON

KING EDWARD *dying on a couch, and by  
 him standing the* QUEEN, HAROLD,  
 ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH,  
 LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED,  
 ALDWYTH, and EDITH

*Stigand*      Sleeping or dying there ?  
 If this be death,

Then our great Council wait to crown  
 thee King—

Come hither, I have a power,

*[To Harold*

They call me near, for I am close to thee  
 And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,  
 Dry as an old wood fungus on a dead tree,  
 I have a power '

See here this little key about my neck !  
There lies a treasure buried down in Ely  
If e'er the Norman grow too hard for  
thee,

Ask me for this at thy most need, son  
Harold,

At thy most need—not sooner

*Harold* So I will  
*Stigand* Red gold—a hundred purses  
—yea, and more !

If thou canst make a wholesome use of  
these

To chink against the Norman, I do  
~believe

My old crook'd spine would bud out two  
young wings

To fly to heaven straight with

*Harold* Thank thee, father !  
Thou art English, Edward too is English  
now,

He hath clean repented of his Normanism  
*Stigand* Ay, as the libertine repents  
who cannot

Make done undone, when thro' his dying  
sense

Shrills 'lost thro' thee' They have  
built their castles here,

Our prizes are Norman, the Norman  
adder

Hath bitten us, we are poison'd our  
dear England

Is demi Norman He !—

[*Pointing to King Edward, sleeping*  
*Harold* I would I were

As holy and as passionless as he !

That I might rest as calmly ! Look at  
him—

The rosy face, and long down-silvering  
beard,

The brows unwrinkled as a summer  
mere —

*Stigand* A summer mere with sudden  
wreckful gusts

From a side-gorge Passionless ? How  
he flamed

When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung  
him, nay,

He fain had calcined all Northumbria

To one black ash, but that thy patriot  
passion

Siding with our great Council against  
Tostig,

Out passion'd his ! Holy ? ay, ay, for  
sooth,

A conscience for his own soul, not his  
realm,

A twilight conscience lighted thro' a  
chink,

Thine by the sun, nay, by some sun to be,  
When all the world hath learnt to speak

the truth,

And lying were self murder by that state  
Which was the exception

*Harold* That sun may God speed !

*Stigand* Come, Harold, shake the  
cloud off !

*Harold* Can I, father ?

Our Tostig parted cursing me and Eng-  
land,

Our sister hates us for his banishment,  
He hath gone to kindle Norway against  
England,

And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy  
For when I rode with William down to  
Hastleur,

'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said, 'he cannot  
follow,'

Then with that friendly fiendly smile of  
his,

'We have learnt to love him, let him a  
little longer

Remain a hostage for the loyalty

Of Godwin's house' As far as touches  
Wulfnoth

I thut so prized plain word and naked  
truth

Have sinn'd against it—all in vain

*Leofwin* Good brother,  
By all the truths that ever priest hath

prech'd,

Of all the lies that ever men have lied,

Thine is the pardonablest

*Harold* May be so !

I think it so, I think I am a fool

To think it can be otherwise than so

*Stigand* Tut, tut, I have absolved  
thee dost thou scorn me,

Because I had my Canterbury pallium,  
From one whom they disposed ?

*Harold* No, Stigand, no !

*Stigand* Is naked truth actable in true life?  
 I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,  
 That, were a man of state nakedly true,  
 Men would but take him for the craftier liar  
*Leofwin* Be men less delicate than the Devil himself?  
 I thought that naked Truth would shame the Devil,  
 The Devil is so modest  
*Gueth* He never said it!  
*Leofwin* Be thou not stupid honest, brother Gueth!  
*Harold* Better to be a liar's dog, and hold  
 My master honest, than believe that lying  
 And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot  
 Move one without the other *Edward* wakes!—  
 Dazed—he hath seen a vision  
*Edward* The green tree!  
 Then a great Angel past along the highest  
 Crying 'the doom of England,' and at once  
 He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword  
 Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree  
 From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him  
 Three fields away, and then he dash'd and diench'd,  
 He dyed, he sorl'd the trunk with human blood,  
 And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it  
 Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood  
 Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,  
 And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep  
 That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles  
 Beyond my seeing and the great Angel rose  
 And past again along the highest crying  
 'The doom of England!'—Tostig, raise my head! [*Falls back senseless*]

*Harold* (*raising him*) Let Harold serve for Tostig!  
*Queen* Harold served Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig!  
 Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low!  
 The sickness of our saintly king, for whom  
 My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,  
 I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself  
 From lack of Tostig—thou hast banish'd him  
*Harold* Nay—but the council, and the king himself  
*Queen* Thou hatest him, hatest him  
*Harold* (*coldly*) Ay—Stigand, unmiddle  
 This vision, canst thou?  
*Stigand* Dotage!  
*Edward* (*starting up*) It is finish'd  
 I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath dwelt  
 In dukness I have built the Lord a house—  
 Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim  
 With twenty cubit wings from wall to wall—  
 I have built the Lord a house—sing, Asaph! clash  
 The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!  
 Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo! my two pillars,  
 Jachin and Boaz!—  
 [*Seeing Harold and Gueth*  
*Harold*, Gueth,—where am I?  
 Where is the charter of our Westminster?  
*Stigand* It lies beside thee, king, upon thy bed  
*Edward* Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred!  
 Sign it, my good son Harold, Gueth, and Leofwin,  
 Sign it, my queen!  
*All* We have sign'd it  
*Edward* It is finish'd!  
 The kingliest Abbey in all Christian lands,  
 The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built  
 To Holy Peter in our English isle!

Let me be buried there, and all our kings,  
And all our just and wise and holy men  
That shall be born hereafter! It is  
finish'd!

Hast thou had absolution for thine oath?

[To Harold]

*Harold* Stigand hath given me abso-  
lution for it

*Edward* Stigand is not canonical  
enough

To save thee from the wrath of Norman  
Saints

*Stigand* No man enough! Be there  
- no Saints of England

To help us from their brethren yonder?

*Edward* Pielste,

The Saints are one, but those of Nor-  
manland

Are mightier than our own. Ask it of  
Aldied

[To Harold]

*Aldied* It shall be granted him, my  
king, for he

Who vows a vow to strangle his own  
mother

Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it

*Edward* O friends, I shall not over-  
live the day

*Stigand* Why then the throne is  
empty. Who inherits?

For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice  
In making of a king, yet the king's voice  
Is much toward his making. Who  
inherits?

Edgar the Atheling?

*Edward* No, no, but Harold  
I love him. He hath served me none  
but he

Can rule all England. Yet the curse is  
on him

For swearing falsely by those blessed  
bones,

He did not mean to keep his vow

*Harold* Not mean

To make our England Norman

*Edward* There spake Godwin,  
Who hated all the Normans, but their  
Saints

Have heard thee, Harold

*Edith* Oh! my lord, my king!

He knew not whom he swore by

*Edward* Yea, I know  
He knew not, but those heavenly ears  
have heard,

Then curse is on him, wilt thou bring  
another,

Edith, upon his head?

*Edith* No, no, not I

*Edward* Why then, thou must not  
wed him

*Harold* Wherefore, wherefore?

*Edward* O son, when thou didst tell  
me of thine oath,

I sorrow'd for my random promise given  
To you for lion. I did not dream then

I should be king—My son, the Saints  
are virgins,

They love the white rose of virginity,  
The cold, white lily blowing in her cell

I have been myself a virgin, and I swore  
To consecrate my virgin here to heaven—

The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,  
A life of life-long prayer against the curse

That lies on thee and England

*Harold* No, no, no

*Edward* Tieble denial of the tongue  
of flesh,

Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt  
have

To wail for it like Peter. O my son!  
Are all oaths to be broken then, all pro-  
mises

Made in our agony for help from heaven?  
Son, there is one who loves thee and a  
wife,

What matters who, so she be serviceable  
In all obedience, as mine own hath been

God bless thee, wedded daughter

[Laying his hand on the Queen's head]

*Queen* Bless thou too

That brother whom I love beyond the rest,  
My banish'd Tostig

*Edward* All the sweet Saints

bless him!

Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he  
comes!

And let him pass unscathed, he loves  
me, Harold!

Be kindly to the Normans left among us,  
Who follow'd me for love! and dear son,

swear

When thou art king, to see my solemn  
vow  
Accomplish'd

*Harold* Nay, dear lord, for I have  
sworn

Not to swear falsely twice

*Edward* Thou wilt not swear ?

*Harold* I cannot

*Edward* Then on thee remains  
the curse,

Harold, if thou embrace her and on thee,  
Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The King swoons, Edith falls and  
rings by the couch*

*Stigand* He hath swoon'd !  
Death ? no, as yet a breath

*Harold* Look up ! look up !  
Edith !

*Aldred* Confuse her not, she hath  
begun

Her life long prayer for thee

*Aldwyth* O noble Harold,  
I would thou couldst have sworn

*Harold* For thine own pleasure ?

*Aldwyth* No, but to please our dying  
king, and those

Who make thy good their own—all  
England, Earl

*Aldred* I would thou couldst have  
sworn Our holy king

Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy  
Church

To save thee from the curse

*Harold* Alas ! poor man,  
His promise brought it on me

*Aldred* O good son !

That knowledge made him all the care-  
fuller

To find a means whereby the curse might  
glance

From thee and England

*Harold* Father, we so loved—

*Aldred* The more the love, the  
mightier is the prayer,

The more the love, the more acceptable  
The sacrifice of both your loves to heaven  
No sacrifice to heaven, no help from  
heaven,

That runs thro' all the faiths of all the  
world

And sacrifice there must be, for the king  
Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and  
seen

A shadowing horror, there are signs in  
heaven—

*Harold* You comet came and went  
*Aldred* And signs on earth !

Knowest thou Senlac hill ?

*Harold* I know all Sussex,  
A good entrenchment for a perilous hour !

*Aldred* Play God that come not  
suddenly ! There is one

Who passing by that hill three nights  
ago—

He shook so that he scarce could out  
with it—

Heard, heard—

*Harold* The wind in his hair ?

*Aldred* A ghostly horn  
Blowing continually, and funt battle  
hymns,

And cries, and clashes, and the groans of  
men,

And dreadful shadows strove upon the  
hill,

And dreadful lights crept up from out  
the marsh—

Corpse-candles gliding over nameless  
graves—

*Harold* At Senlac ?

*Aldred* Senlac

*Edward* (*waking*) Senlac ! Sanguelac,  
The Lake of Blood !

*Stigand* This lightning before death  
Plays on the word,—and Normanizes too !

*Harold* Hush, father, hush !

*Edward* Thou uncanonical fool,  
Wilt thou play with the thunder ? North  
and South

Thunder together, showers of blood are  
blown

Before a never ending blast, and hiss

Against the blaze they cannot quench—a  
lake,

A sea of blood—we are drown'd in blood  
—for God

Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has  
drawn the bow—

Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! the arrow ! the  
arrow !

[*Dies*



*Stigand* It is the arrow of death in  
his own heart—  
And our great Council wait to crown thee  
King

SCENE II —IN THE GARDEN THE  
KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON

*Edith* Crown'd, crown'd and lost,  
crown'd King—and lost to me '

(*Singing*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,  
None to guide them,  
Walk'd at night on the misty heather,  
Night, as black as a raven's feather,  
Both were lost and found together,  
None beside them

That is the burthen of it—lost and found  
Together in the cruel river Swale  
A hundred years ago, and there's another,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

For which the lover answers lovingly

'I am beside thee '

Lost, lost, we have lost the way

'Love, I will guide thee '

Whither, O whither? into the river,  
Where we two may be lost together,  
And lost for ever? 'Oh! never,  
oh! never,

Tho' we be lost and be found together '

Some think they loved within the pale  
forbidden

By Holy Church but who shall say?  
the truth

Was lost in that fierce North, where *the*  
were lost,

Where all good things are lost, where  
lost is lost

The good hearts of his people It is  
Harold '

(*Enter HAROLD*)

Harold the King '

*Harold* Call me not King, but

Harold

*Edith* Nay, thou art King '

*Harold* Thine, thine, or King  
or churl '

My girl, thou hast been weeping turn  
not thou

Thy face away, but rather let me be  
King of the moment to thee, and command  
That kiss my due when subject, which  
will make

My kingship kinder to me than to reign  
King of the world without it

*Edith* Ask me not,  
Lest I should yield it, and the second  
cuse

Descend upon thine head, and thou be  
only

King of the moment over England

*Harold* Edith,  
Tho' somewhat less a king to my true self  
Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have  
lost

Somewhat of upright stature tho' mine  
oath,

Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not  
thou

Our living passion for a dead man's dream,  
Stigand believed he knew not what he  
spake

Oh God! I cannot help it, but at times  
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths  
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby  
eye

Saw them sufficient Fool and wise, I fear  
This cuse, and scorn it But a little  
light!—

And on it falls the shadow of the priest,  
Heaven yield us more! for better,  
Woden, all

Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our gum  
Walhallas,

Eternal war, than that the Suints at peace  
The Holiest of our Holiest one should be  
This William's fellow tricksters,—better  
die

Than credit this, for death is death, or else  
Lifts us beyond the he Kiss me—thou  
art not

A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear  
There might be more than brother in my  
kiss,

And more than sister in thine own

*Edith* I dare not  
*Harold* Scared by the church—  
 'Love for a whole life long'  
 When was that sung?  
*Edith* Here to the nightingales  
*Harold* Their anthems of no church,  
 how sweet they are!  
 Not kingly priest, nor priestly king to  
 cross  
 Their billings ere they nest  
*Edith* They are but of spring,  
 They fly the winter change—not so with  
 us—  
 No wings to come and go  
*Harold* But wing'd souls flying  
 Beyond all change and in the eternal  
 distance  
 To settle on the Truth  
*Edith* They are not so true,  
 They change then mates  
*Harold* Do they? I did not know it  
*Edith* They say thou art to wed the  
 Lady Aldwyth  
*Harold* They say, they say  
*Edith* If this be politic,  
 And well for thee and England—and for  
 her—  
 Care not for me who love thee  
*Guith* (calling) Harold, Harold!  
*Harold* The voice of Guith! (Enter  
 GUITH) Good even, my good  
 brother!  
*Guith* Good even, gentle Edith  
*Edith* Good even, Guith  
*Guith* Ill news hath come! Our  
 hapless brother, Tostig—  
 He, and the giant King of Norway,  
 Harold  
 Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland,  
 Orkney,  
 Are landed North of Humber, and in a  
 field  
 So packed with carnage that the dykes and  
 brooks  
 Were budged and damm'd with dead,  
 have overthrown  
 Morcar and Edwin  
*Harold* Well then, we must  
 fight  
 How blows the wind?

*Guith* Against St Valery  
 And William  
*Harold* Well then, we will to the  
 North  
*Guith* Ay, but worse news this  
 William sent to Rome,  
 Swearing thou swarest falsely by his  
 Saints  
 The Pope and that Archdeacon Hilde  
 brand  
 His master, heard him, and have sent him  
 back  
 A holy gonfunon, and a blessed hair  
 Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,  
 Poitou, all Christendom is raised against  
 thee,  
 He hath cursed thee, and all those who  
 fight for thee,  
 And given thy realm of England to the  
 bastard  
*Harold* Ha! ha!  
*Edith* Oh! laugh not! Strange  
 and ghastly in the gloom  
 And shadowing of this double thunder  
 cloud  
 That lours on England—laughter!  
*Harold* No, not strange!  
 This was old human laughter in old  
 Rome  
 Before a Pope was born, when that which  
 reign'd  
 Call'd itself God—A kindly rendering  
 Of 'Render unto Cæsar' The  
 Good Shepherd!  
 Take this, and render that  
*Guith* They have taken York  
*Harold* The Lord was God and came  
 as man—the Pope  
 Is man and comes as God—York taken?  
*Guith* Yea,  
 Tostig hath taken York!  
*Harold* To York then Edith,  
 Hadst thou been braver, I had better  
 braved  
 All—but I love thee and thou me—and  
 that  
 Remains beyond all chances and all  
 churches,  
 And that thou knowest  
*Edith* Ay, but take back thy ring

It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me  
I dare not wear it

[*Proffers Harold the ring, which he takes*

*Harold* But I dare God with thee!

[*Exeunt Harold and Guth*

*Edith* The King hath cursed him, if  
he marry me,

The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or  
no!

God help me! I know nothing—can but  
pray

For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help  
but prayer,

A breath that fleets beyond this mortal world,  
And touches Him that made it

## ACT IV

## SCENE I —IN NORTHUMBRIA

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, EDWIN,  
and Forces *Enter* HAROLD *The*  
*standard of the golden Dragon of Wes-*  
*sex preceding him*

*Harold* What! are thy people sullen  
from defeat?

Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the  
Humber,

No voice to greet it

*Edwin* Let not our great king  
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the  
quick

Before the king—as having been so bruised  
By Harold, king of Norway, but our help  
Is Harold, king of England Pardon us,  
thou!

Our silence is our reverence for the king!

*Harold* Earl of the Mercians! if the  
truth be gall,

Cram me not thou with honey, when our  
good hive

Needs every sting to save it

*Voices* Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

*Harold* Why cry thy people on thy  
sister's name?

*Morcar* She hath won upon our  
people thro' her beauty,

And pleasantness among them

*Voices* Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

*Harold* They shout as they would  
have her for a queen

*Morcar* She hath followed with our  
host, and suffer'd all

*Harold* What would ye, men?

*Voice* Our old Northumbrian  
crown,

And kings of our own choosing

*Harold* Your old crown

Were little help without our Saxon cailes  
Against Hædrada

*Voice* Little! we are Danes,  
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our  
own field

*Harold* They have been plotting here!

[*Aside*]  
*Voice* He calls us little!

*Harold* The kingdoms of this world  
began with little,

A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a hand  
Down to the field beneath it, 'Be thou  
mine,'

Then to the next, 'Thou also!' If the  
field

Cried out 'I am mine own,' another hill  
Or fort, or city, took it, and the first  
Fell, and the next became an Empire

*Voice* Yet  
Thou art but a West Saxon *we are* Danes!

*Harold* My mother is a Dane, and I  
am English,

There is a pleasant fable in old books,  
Ye take a stick, and break it, bind a score  
All in one faggot, snap it over knee,  
Ye cannot

*Voice* Hear King Harold! he  
says true!

*Harold* Would ye be Norsemen?

*Voices* No!

*Harold* Or Norman?

*Voices* No!

*Harold* Snap not the faggot band then

*Voice* That is true!

*Voice* Ay, but thou art not kingly,

only grandson

To Wulfnoth, a poor cow herd

*Harold* This old Wulfnoth

Would take me on his knees and tell me  
tales

Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great

Who drove you Danes, and yet he held  
that Dane,  
Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be  
all

One England, for this cow herd, like my  
father,

Who shook the Norman scoundrels off  
the throne,

Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of  
men,

Not made but born, like the great king  
of all,

A light among the oxen

*Voice* That is true !

*Voice* Ay, and I love him now, for  
mine own father

Was great, and cobbled

*Voice* Thou art Tostig's brother,  
Who wastes the land

*Harold* This brother comes to save  
Your land from waste, I saved it once  
before,

For when you people banish'd Tostig  
hence,

And Edward would have sent a host  
against you,

Then I, who loved my brother, bad the  
king

Who doted on him, sanction your decree  
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of  
Morcar,

To help the realm from scattering

*Voice* King ! thy brother,  
If one may dare to speak the truth, was  
wrong'd

Wild was he, born so but the plots  
against him

Had madden'd tamer men

*Morcar* Thou art one of those  
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure  
house

And slew two hundred of his following,  
And now, when Tostig hath come back  
with power,

Are frighted back to Tostig

*Old Thane* Ugh ! Plots and feuds !  
This is my ninetieth birthday Can ye  
not

Be brethren ? Godwin still at feud with  
Alfgar,

And Alfgar hates King Harold Plots  
and feuds !

This is my ninetieth birthday !

*Harold* Old man, Harold  
Hates nothing, not *his* fault, if our two  
houses

Be less than brothers

*Voices* Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth !

*Harold* Agun ! Morcar ! Edwin !  
What do they mean ?

*Edwin* So the good king would deign  
to lend an ear

Not overscounful, we might chance—per  
chance—

To guess their meaning

*Morcar* Thine own meaning, Harold,  
To make all England one, to close all feuds,  
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king  
may rise

Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule  
All England beyond question, beyond  
quarrel

*Harold* Who sow'd this fancy here  
among the people ?

*Morcar* Who knows what sows itself  
among the people ?

A goodly flower at times

*Harold* The Queen of Wales ?

Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her

To hate me, I have heard she hates me

*Morcar* No !

For I can swear to that, but cannot swear  
That these will follow thee against the  
Norsemen,

If thou deny them this

*Harold* Morcar and Edwin,  
When will ye cease to plot against my  
house ?

*Edwin* The king can scarcely dream  
that we, who know

His prowess in the mountains of the West,  
Should care to plot against him in the  
North

*Morcar* Who dares arraign us, king,  
of such a plot ?

*Harold* Ye heard one witness even now

*Morcar* The ciaven !

There is a faction risen again for Tostig,  
Since Tostig came with Norway—fright  
not love

*Harold* Moirca and Edwin, will ye,  
 if I yield,  
 Follow against the Norseman?  
*Moirca* Surely, surely!  
*Harold* Moirca and Edwin, will ye  
 upon oath,  
 Help us against the Norman?  
*Moirca* With good will  
 Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king  
*Harold* Where is thy sister?  
*Moirca* Somewhere hard at hand  
 Call and she comes  
 [*One goes out, then enters Aldwyth*]  
*Harold* I doubt not but thou knowest  
 Why thou art summon'd  
*Aldwyth* Why?—I stay with these,  
 Lest thy fiend Tostig spy me out alone,  
 And slay me all alive  
*Harold* Canst thou love one  
 Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen  
 thee?  
 Didst thou not love thine husband?  
*Aldwyth* Oh! my lord,  
 The nimble, wild, red, wily, savage  
 king—  
 That was, my lord, a match of policy  
*Harold* Was it?  
 I knew him brave—he loved his land  
 he fain  
 Had made her great his finger on her  
 harp  
 (I heard him more than once) had in it  
 Wales,  
 Her floods, her woods, her hills had I  
 been his,  
 I had been all Welsh  
*Aldwyth* Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet  
 I saw thee drive him up his hills—and  
 women  
 Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the  
 more,  
 If not, they cannot hate the conqueror  
 We never—oh! good Moirca, speak for  
 us,  
 His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth  
*Harold* Goodly news!  
*Moirca* Doubt it not thou! Since  
 Griffith's head was sent  
 To Edward, she hath said it  
*Harold* I had rather

She would have loved her husband  
 Aldwyth, Aldwyth,  
 Canst thou love me, thou knowing where  
 I love?  
*Aldwyth* I can, my lord, for mine  
 own sake, for thine,  
 For England, for thy poor white dove,  
 who flutters  
 Between thee and the porch, but then  
 would find  
 Her nest within the cloister, and be still  
*Harold* Canst thou love one, who  
 cannot love again?  
*Aldwyth* Full hope have I that love  
 will answer love  
*Harold* Then in the name of the  
 great God, so be it!  
 Come, Aldred, join our hands before the  
 hosts,  
 That all may see  
 [*Aldred joins the hands of Harold  
 and Aldwyth and blesses them*]  
*Voices* Harold, Harold and Aldwyth!  
*Harold* Set forth our golden Dragon,  
 let him flap  
 The wings that bent down Wales!  
 Advance our Standard of the Wainot,  
 Dark among gems and gold, and thou,  
 brave banner,  
 Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those  
 Who read their doom and die  
 Where lie the Norsemen? on the Der  
 went? ay  
 At Stamford bridge  
 Moirca, collect thy men, Edwin, my  
 friend—  
 Thou lingerest—Guth,—  
 Last night King Edward came to me in  
 dreams—  
 The rosy face and long down silvering  
 beard—  
 He told me I should conquer—  
 I am no woman to put faith in dreams  
 (*To his army*)  
 Last night King Edward came to me in  
 dreams,  
 And told me we should conquer  
*Voices* Forward! Forward!  
 Harold and Holy Cross!  
*Aldwyth* The day is won!

SCENE II —A PLAIN BEFORE THE  
BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE

HAROLD *and his Guard*

*Harold* Who is it comes this way ?

*Tostig* ? (*Enter TOSTIG with a small force*) O brother,

What art thou doing here ?

*Tostig* I am foraging  
For Norway's army

*Harold* I could take and slay thee  
Thou art in arms against us

*Tostig* Take and slay me,  
For Edward loved me

*Harold* Edward bad me spare thee

*Tostig* I hate King Edward, for he  
join'd with thee

To drive me outlaw'd Take and slay  
me, I say,

Or I shall count thee fool

*Harold* Take thee, or free thee,  
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have  
war,

No man would strike with *Tostig*, save  
for Norway

Thou art nothing in thine England, save  
for Norway,

Who loves not thee but war What dost  
thou here,

Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood ?

*Tostig* She hath wean'd me from it  
with such bitterness

I come for mine own Earldom, my  
Northumbria,

Thou hast given it to the enemy of our  
house

*Harold* Northumbria threw thee off,  
she will not have thee,

Thou hast misused her and, O crowning  
crime !

Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son  
of Oim,

Gamel, at thine own hearth

*Tostig* The slow, fat fool !  
He draw'd and prated so, I smote him  
suddenly,

I knew not what I did He held with  
Moricar —

I hate myself for all things that I do

*Harold* And Moricar holds with us  
Come back with him

Know what thou dost, and we may find  
for thee,

So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment,  
Some easier calldom

*Tostig* What for Norway then ?  
He looks for land among us, he and his

*Harold* Seven feet of English land,  
or something more,

Seeing he is a giant

*Tostig* That is noble !

That sounds of Godwin

*Harold* Come thou back, and be  
Once more a son of Godwin

*Tostig* (*turns away*) O brother,  
brother,

O Harold—

*Harold* (*laying his hand on Tostig's shoulder*) Nay then, come thou  
back to us !

*Tostig* (*after a pause turning to him*)  
Never shall any man say that I,  
that *Tostig*

Conjured the mightiest Harold from his  
North

To do the battle for me here in England,  
Then left him for the meaner ! thee !—

Thou hast no passion for the House of  
Godwin—

Thou hast but cared to make thyself a  
king—

Thou hast sold me for a cry —

Thou gavest thy voice against me in the  
Council—

I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy  
thee

Farewell for ever ! [*Exit*]

*Harold* On to Stamford bridge !

SCENE III

AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD  
BRIDGE BANQUET

HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH GURTH,  
LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, *and*  
*other* Earls *and* Thanes

*Voices* Hail ! Harold ! Aldwyth !  
hail, bridegroom and bride !

*Aldwyth* (talking with Harold) An  
 swei them thou '  
 Is this our marriage banquet? Would  
 the wines  
 Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups  
 Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory  
 Been drunk together! these poor hands  
 but sew,  
 Spin, broider—would that they were  
 man's to have held  
 The battle axe by thee!'

*Harold* There *was* a moment  
 When being forced aloof from all my  
 guard,  
 And striking at Hæddiada and his mad-  
 men

I had wish'd for any weapon

*Aldwyth* Why art thou sad?

*Harold* I have lost the boy who  
 play'd at bill with me,  
 With whom I fought another fight than  
 this

Of Stamford-budge

*Aldwyth* Ay! ay! thy victories  
 Over our own poor Wales, when at thy  
 side

He conquer'd with thee

*Harold* No—the childish fist  
 That cannot strike again

*Aldwyth* Thou art too kindly  
 Why didst thou let so many Norsemen  
 hence?

Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their  
 puate hides

To the bleak church doors, like kites  
 upon a bairn

*Harold* Is there so great a need to  
 tell thee why?

*Aldwyth* Yea, am I not thy wife?

*Voices* Hail, Harold, Aldwyth!  
 Bridegroom and bride!

*Aldwyth* Answer them! [*To Harold*

*Harold* (*to all*) Earls and Thanes!  
 Full thanks for your fair greeting of my  
 bride!

Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen!  
 the day,

Our day beside the Derwent will not shine  
 Less than a star among the goldenest hours  
 Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,

Or Athelstan, or English Ironside  
 Who fought with Knut, or Knut who  
 coming Dane

Died English Every man about his king  
 Fought like a king, the king like his own  
 man,

No better, one for all, and all for one,  
 One soul! and therefore have we shatter'd  
 back

The hugest wave from Norseland ever  
 yet

Surged on us, and our battle axes broken  
 the Raven's wing, and dumb'd his cannon  
 croak

From the gray sea for ever Many are  
 gone—

Drink to the dead who died for us, the  
 living

Who fought and would have died, but  
 happier lived,

If happier be to live, they both have life  
 In the huge mouth of England, till her  
 voice

Die with the world Hail—hail!  
*Morcar* May all invaders perish like  
 Hardrada!

All traitors fail like Tostig!

[*All drink but Harold*  
*Aldwyth* Thy cup's full!

*Harold* I saw the hand of Tostig  
 cover it

Our dear, dead, traitor-brother, Tostig,  
 him

Reverently we buried Friends, had I  
 been here,

Without too large self lauding I must hold  
 The sequel had been other than his league

With Norway, and this battle Peace  
 be with him!

He was not of the worst If there be  
 those

At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—  
 For there be those I fear who prick'd the  
 lion

To make him spring, that sight of Danish  
 blood

Might serve an end not English—peace  
 with them

Likewise, if *they* can be at peace with what  
 God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

*Aldwyth (aside to Harold)* Make not  
our Moicai sullen it is not  
wise

*Harold* Hail to the living who fought,  
the dead who fell !

*Voices* Hail, hail !

*First Thane* How ran that answer  
which King Harold gave  
To his dead namesake, when he ask'd  
for England ?

*Leofwin* 'Seven feet of English earth,  
or something more,  
Seeing he is a grunt !'

*First Thane* Then for the bastard  
Six feet and nothing more !

*Leofwin* Ay, but belike  
Thou hast not learnt his measure

*First Thane* By St Edmund  
I overmeasure him Sound sleep to the  
man

Here by dead Norway without dream or  
dawn !

*Second Thane* What is he bragging  
still that he will come  
To thrust our Harold's throne from under  
him ?

My nurse would tell me of a molehill  
crying

To a mountain 'Stand aside and room  
for me !'

*First Thane* Let him come ! let him  
come Here's to him, sink or  
swim ! [*Drinks*]

*Second Thane* God sink him !

*First Thane* Cannot hands which  
had the strength

To shove that stranded iceberg off our  
shoals,

And send the shatter'd North again to  
sea,

Scuttle his cockle shell ? What's Brun  
anbug

To Stamford bridge ? a war-crash, and so  
hard,

So loud, that, by St Dunstan, old St  
Thor—

By God, we thought him dead—but our  
old Thor

Heard his own thunder again, and woke  
and came

Among us again, and mark'd the sons of  
those

Who made this Britain England, break  
the North

Mark'd how the war axe swang,  
Heard how the war-horn sang,  
Mark'd how the spear head spang,  
Heard how the shield wall rang,  
Iron on iron clang,  
Anvil on hammer bang—

*Second Thane* Hammer on anvil,  
hammer on anvil Old dog,  
Thou art drunk, old dog !

*First Thane* Too drunk to fight with  
thee !

*Second Thane* Fight thou with thine  
own double, not with me,  
Keep that for Norman William !

*First Thane* Down with William !

*Third Thane* The washerwoman's  
brat !

*Fourth Thane* The tanner's bastard !

*Fifth Thane* The Falaise byblow !

[*Enter a Thane, from Pevensey, spat  
ter'd with mud*]

*Harold* Ay, but what late guest,  
As haggard as a fist of forty days,  
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred  
mules,  
Hath stumbled on our cups ?

*Thane from Pevensey* My lord the King !  
William the Norman, for the wind had  
changed—

*Harold* I felt it in the middle of that  
fierce fight

At Stamford bridge William hath landed,  
ha ?

*Thane from Pevensey* Landed at  
Pevensey—I am from Pevensey—

Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—  
Hath harried mine own cattle—God can

found him !

I have ridden night and day from Peven-  
sey—

A thousand ships—a hundred thousand  
men—  
Thousands of horses, like as many lions



Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land—

*Harold* How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

*Thane from Fevensey* Some thence, or so

*Harold* Bring not thy hollowness  
On our full feast Famine is fear, were it but

Of being starved Sit down, sit down, and eat,

And, when again red blooded, speak again,  
(*Aside*) The men that guarded England to the South

Were scatter'd to the harvest No power mine

To hold their force together Many are fallen

At Stamford bridge the people stupid sure

Sleep like their swine in South and North at once

I could not be  
(*Aloud*) Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin!

(*Pointing to the reavers*) The curse of England! these are down'd in wassail,

And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!

Leave them! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—

Haish is the news! hard is our honeymoon! Thy pardon

(*Turning round to his attendants*) Break the banquet up Ye four!

And thou, my carrier pigeon of black news, Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd [*Exit Harold*]

## ACT V

SCENE I—A TENT ON A MOUND,  
FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE  
FIELD OF SENLAC

HAROLD, *sitting, by him standing* HUGH  
MARGOT the Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN

*Harold* Refer my cause, my crown  
to Rome! The wolf

Mudded the brook and predetermined all  
Monk,

Thou hast said thy say, and had my  
constant 'No'

For all but instant battle I hear no more

*Margot* Hear me again—for the last  
time Arise,

Scatter thy people home, descend the mill,  
Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's  
And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father  
Hath given this realm of England to the  
Norman

*Harold* Then for the last time, monk,  
I ask again

When had the Lateran and the Holy  
Father

To do with England's choice of her own  
king?

*Margot* Eul, the first Christian  
Cesar drew to the East

To leave the Pope dominion in the West  
He gave him all the kingdoms of the West

*Harold* So!—did he?—Ea!—I have  
a mind to play

The William with thine eyesight and thy  
tongue

Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of  
William

I am wear—go make me not wroth  
with thee!

*Margot* Mock king, I am the mes-  
senger of God,

His Norman Daniel! Mene, Mene,  
Tekel!

Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare to  
cry,

Yon heaven is wroth with thee? Hear  
me again!

Our Saints have moved the Church that  
moves the world,

And all the Heavens and very God they  
heard—

They know King Edward's promise and  
thine—thine

*Harold* Should they not know free  
England crowns herself?

Not know that he nor I had power to  
promise?

Not know that Edward cancell'd his own  
promise?

And for *my* part therein—Back to that  
 juggler, [*Rising*]  
 Tell him the Saints are nobler than he  
 dreams,  
 Tell him that God is nobler than the  
 Saints,  
 And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac  
 Hill,  
 And bide the doom of God  
*Margot* Hear it tho' me  
 The realm for which thou art forsworn is  
 cursed,  
 The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is  
 cursed,  
 The corpse thou whelme'st with thine  
 earth is cursed,  
 The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed,  
 The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,  
 The steer wherewith thou plowest thy  
 field is cursed,  
 The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed,  
 And thou, usurer, hai—

*Harold* Out, beast monk !

[*Lifting his hand to strike him*  
*Gunth stops the blow*]

I ever hated monks

*Margot* I am but a voice  
 Among you murder, martyr me if ye  
 will—

*Harold* Thanks, *Gunth* ! The  
 simple, silent, selfless man  
 Is worth a world of tonguesters (*To*  
*Margot* ) Get thee gone !  
 He means the thing he says See him  
 out safe !

*Leofwin* He hath blown himself as  
 red as fire with curses  
 An honest fool ! Follow me, honest fool,  
 But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk,  
 I know not—I may give that egg bald  
 head

The tap that silences

*Harold* See him out safe  
 [*Exeunt Leofwin and Margot*]

*Gunth* Thou hast lost thine even  
 temper, brother *Harold* !

*Harold* *Gunth*, when I past by  
 Waltham, my foundation  
 For men who serve the neighbour, not  
 themselves,

I cast me down prone, praying, and,  
 when I rose,  
 They told me that the Holy Rood had  
 lean'd  
 And bow'd above me, whether that which  
 held it  
 Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were  
 bound  
 To that necessity which binds us down,  
 Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy,  
 Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin  
 Or glory, who shall tell ? but they were  
 sad,  
 And somewhat sadden'd me

*Gunth* Yet if a fear,  
 Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange  
 Saints  
 By whom thou swaie'st, should have power  
 to balk  
 Thy puissance in this fight with him, who  
 made  
 And heard thee swear—brother—I have  
 not sworn—

If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall ?  
 But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king,  
 And, if I win, I win, and thou art king,  
 Draw thou to London, there make strength  
 to breast

Whatever chance, but leave this day to  
 me

*Leofwin (entering)* And waste the  
 land about thee as thou goest,  
 And be thy hand as winter on the field,  
 To leave the foe no forage

*Harold* Noble *Gunth* !  
 Best son of *Godwin* ! If I fall, I fall—  
 The doom of *God* ! How should the  
 people fight  
 When the king flies ? And, *Leofwin*,  
 art thou mad ?  
 How should the King of England waste  
 the fields

Of England, his own people ?—No glance  
 yet  
 Of the Northumbrian helmet on the  
 heath ?

*Leofwin* No, but a shoal of wives  
 upon the heath,  
 And someone saw thy willy nilly nun  
 Vying a tress against our golden fern

*Harold* Vying a tear with our cold  
dews, a sigh  
With these low-moaning heavens Let  
her be fetch'd  
We have parted from our wife without  
reproach,  
Tho' we have dived thro' all her practices,  
And that is well

*Leofwin* I saw her even now  
She hath not left us

*Harold* Nought of Morcar then?  
*Guth* Nor seen, nor heard, thine,  
William's or his own  
As wind blows, or tide flows belike he  
watches,  
If this war-storm in one of its rough  
tolls

Wash up that old crown of Northumber-  
land

*Harold* I married her for Morcar—a  
sin against

The truth of love Evil for good, it seems,  
Is oft as childless of the good as evil  
For evil

*Leofwin* Good for good hath borne  
at times

A bastard false as William

*Harold* Ay, if Wisdom  
Pan'd not with Good But I am some  
what woin,

A snatch of sleep were like the peace of  
God

Guth, Leofwin, go once more about the  
hill—

What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,  
The lake of blood?

*Leofwin* A lake that dips in William  
As well as Harold

*Harold* Like enough I have seen  
The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd  
And wattled thick with ash and willow  
wands,

Yea, wrought at them myself Go round  
once more,

See all be sound and whole No Norman  
hoise

Can shatter England, standing shield by  
shield,

Tell that again to all

*Guth* I will, good brother

*Harold* Our guardsman hath but  
toil'd his hand and foot,

I hand, foot, heart and head Some  
wine! (*One pours wine into a  
goblet which he hands to Harold*)  
Too much!

What? we must use our battle-axe to-  
day

Our guardsmen have slept well, since we  
came in?

*Leofwin* Ay, slept and snored Your  
second-sighted man

That scared the dying conscience of the  
king,

Misheard their snores for groans They  
are up again

And chanting that old song of Brunanburg  
Where England conquer'd

*Harold* That is well The Norman,  
What is he doing?

*Leofwin* Praying for Normandy,  
Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their  
bells

*Harold* And our old songs are prayers  
for England too!

But by all Saints—

*Leofwin* Barring the Norman!

*Harold* Nay,  
Were the great trumpet blowing dooms  
day dawn,

I needs must rest Call when the  
Norman moves—

[*Exeunt all, but Harold*  
No horse—thousands of hoises—our  
shield wall—

Wall—break it not—break not—break—  
[*Stops*]

*Vision of Edward* Son Harold, I thy  
king, who came before

To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stam-  
ford bridge,

Come yet once more, from where I am at  
peace,

Because I loved thee in my mortal day,  
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac  
hill—

Sanguelac!

*Vision of Wulfnoth* O brother, from  
my ghastly oublette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—

No more, no more, dear brother, never—  
more—

Sanguelac !

*Vision of Tostig* O brother, most  
unbrotherlike to me,  
Thou gavest thy voice against me in my  
life,

I give my voice against thee from the  
grave—

Sanguelac !

*Vision of Norman Saints* O hapless  
Harold ! King but for an hour !  
Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,  
We give our voice against thee out of  
heaven !

Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! The arrow ! the  
arrow !

*Harold (starting up, battle-axe in  
hand)* Away !  
My battle-axe against your voices Peace !  
The king's last word—'the arrow ' ' I  
shall die—

I die for England then, who lived for  
England—

What nobler ? men must die

I cannot fall into a falser world—

I have done no man wrong Tostig, poor  
brother,

Art thou so anger'd ?

Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy  
hands

Save for thy wild and violent will that  
wrench'd

All hearts of freemen from thee I could  
do

No other than this way advise the king  
Against the race of Godwin Is it possible  
That mortal men should bear their earthly  
heats

Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us  
thence

Unschool'd of Death ? Thus then thou  
art revenged—

I left our England naked to the South  
To meet thee in the North The Noise  
men's raid

Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of  
Godwin

Hath ruin'd Godwin No—our waking  
thoughts

Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools  
Of sullen slumber, and arise again  
Disjointed only dreams—where mine  
own self

Takes part against myself ! Why ? for a  
spark

Of self disdain born in me when I swore  
Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over  
His gilded ark of mummy saints, by whom  
I knew not that I swore,—not for my-  
self—

For England—yet not wholly—

(Enter EDITH)

Edith, Edith,  
Get thou into thy cloister as the king  
Will'd it be safe the perjury mongering  
Count

Hath made too good an use of Holy  
Church

To break her close ! There the great  
God of truth

Fill all thine hours with peace !—A lying  
devil

Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife  
—I fain

Had made my marriage not a lie, I could  
not

Thou art my bride ! and thou in after years  
Praying perchance for this poor soul of  
mine

In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—  
This memory to thee !—and thus to  
England,

My legacy of war against the Pope  
From child to child, from Pope to Pope,  
from age to age,  
Till the sea wash her level with her shores,  
Or till the Pope be Christ's

Enter ALDWYTH

*Aldwyth (to Edith)* Away from him !

*Edith* I will I have not spoken  
to the king

One word, and one I must Farewell !  
[Going]

*Harold* Not yet

Stay  
*Edith* To what use ?

*Harold* The king commands thee,  
woman !

(*To Aldwyth*)

Have thy two brethren sent their forces in ?

*Aldwyth* Nay, I fear not

*Harold* Then there's no force in thee !  
Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear  
To part me from the woman that I loved !  
Thou didst arouse the fierce Northum-  
brians !

Thou hast been false to England and to  
me !—

As in some sort I have been  
false to thee

Leave me No more—Pardon on both  
sides—Go !

*Aldwyth* Alas, my lord, I loved thee

*Harold* (*buttress*) With a love  
Passing thy love for Giffyth ! wherefore  
now

Obeys my first and last commandment Go !

*Aldwyth* O Harold ! husband ! Shall  
we meet again ?

*Harold* After the battle—after the  
battle Go

*Aldwyth* I go (*Aside*) That I could  
stab her standing there !

[*Exit Aldwyth*]

*Edith* Alas, my lord, she loved thee

*Harold* Never ! never !

*Edith* I saw it in her eyes !

*Harold* I see it in thine  
And not on thee—nor England—fall  
God's doom !

*Edith* On thee ? on me And thou  
art England ! Alfred

Was England Ethelred was nothing  
England

Is but her king, and thou art Harold !

*Harold* Edith,  
The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at  
sea—

My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark  
dreams—

The Pope's Anathema—the Holy Rood  
That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if  
I, the last English King of England—

*Edith* No,  
First of a line that coming from the people,  
And chosen by the people—

*Harold* And fighting for  
And dying for the people—

*Edith* Living ! living !

*Harold* Yea so, good cheer ! thou  
art Harold, I am Edith !

Look not thus wan !

*Edith* What matters how I look ?  
Have we not broken Wales and Norse  
land ? slain,

Whose life was all one battle, incarnate  
war,

Their giant king, a mightier man in arms  
Than William

*Harold* Ay, my girl, no ticks in  
him—

No bastard he ! when all was lost, he  
yell'd,

And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the  
ground,

And swaying his two handed sword about  
him,

Two deaths at every swing, men in upon  
us

And died so, and I loved him as I hate  
This liar who made me liar If Hate can

kill,  
And Loathing wield a Saxon battle axe—

*Edith* Waste not thy might before  
the battle !

*Harold* No,  
And thou must hence Stigand will see

thee safe,  
And so—Farewell

[*He is going, but turns back*]

The ring thou dearest not wear,  
I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my  
hand

[*Harold shows the ring which is on  
his finger*]

Farewell !

[*He is going, but turns back again*]  
I am dead as Death this day to ought of  
earth's

Save William's death or mine

*Edith* Thy death !—to day !  
Is it not thy birthday ?

*Harold* Ay, that happy day !  
A birthday welcome ! happy days and

many !  
One—this ! [*They embrace*]

Look, I will bear thy blessing into the  
battle

And front the doom of God  
*Norman cries (heard in the distance)*

Ha Rou' Ha Rou' !

*Enter GURTH*

*Gurth* The Norman moves !

*Harold* Harold and Holy Cross !

*[Exeunt Harold and Gurth]*

*Enter STIGAND*

*Stigand* Our Church in arms—the  
lamb the lion—not

Spear into pruning-hook—the counter  
way—

Cowl, helm, and crozier, battle-axe  
Abbot Alfwig,

Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'  
Strike for the king, but I, old wretch,  
old Stigand,

With hands too limp to brandish non—  
and yet

I have a power—would Harold ask me  
for it—

I have a power

*Edith* What power, holy father ?

*Stigand* Power now from Harold to  
command thee hence

And see thee safe from Senlac

*Edith* I remain !

*Stigand* Yea, so will I, daughter,  
until I find

Which way the battle balance I can  
see it

From where we stand and, live or die,  
I would

I were among them !

*Canons from Waltham (singing without)*

Salva patriam

Sancte Pater,

Salva Fili,

Salva Spiritus,

Salva patriam,

Sancta Mater !

<sup>1</sup> The *a* throughout these Latin hymns should  
be sounded broad, as in 'father

*Edith* Are those the blessed angels  
quiring, father ?

*Stigand* No, daughter, but the canons  
out of Waltham,

The king's foundation, that have follow'd  
him

*Edith* O God of battles, make their  
wall of shields

Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their  
palisades !

What is that whirring sound ?

*Stigand* The Norman arrow !

*Edith* Look out upon the battle—is  
he safe ?

*Stigand* The king of England stands  
between his banners

He glitters on the crowning of the hill

God save King Harold !

*Edith* —chosen by his people

And fighting for his people !

*Stigand* There is one

Come as Goliath came of yore—he flings

His brand in air and catches it again,

He is chanting some old warsong

*Edith* And no David

To meet him ?

*Stigand* Ay, there springs a Saxon  
on him,

Falls—and another falls

*Edith* Have mercy on us !

*Stigand* Lo ! our good Gurth hath  
smitten him to the death

*Edith* So perish all the enemies of  
Harold !

*Canons (singing)*

Hostis in Angham

Ruit prædator,

Illorum, Domine,

Scutum scindatur !

Hostis per Anghæ

Plagas bacchatui,

Casa crematui,

Pastor fugatui

Grex trucidatui—

*Stigand* Illos trucidæ, Domine

*Edith* Ay, good father

*Canons (singing)*

Illorum scelera

Pœna sequatui !

*English cries* Harold and Holy  
Cross ! Out ! out !  
*Stigand* Out javelins  
Answer their arrows All the Norman foot  
Are storming up the hill The range of  
knights  
Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait  
*English cries* Harold and God Al  
mighty !  
*Norman cries* Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !  
*Canons (singing)*  
Eques cum pedite  
Præpediatum !  
Illorum in lacrymas  
Cruci fundatur !  
Pereant, pereant,  
Anglia precatur  
*Stigand* Look, daughter, look  
*Edith* Nay, father, look for me !  
*Stigand* Our eyes lighten with a  
single flash  
About the summit of the hill, and heads  
And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by  
Their lightning—and they fly—the Nor-  
man flies  
*Edith* Stigand, O father, have we  
won the day ?  
*Stigand* No, daughter, no—they fall  
behind the horse—  
Then horse are thronging to the bar-  
ricades,  
I see the gonfalon of Holy Peter  
Floating above their helmets—ha ! he is  
down !  
*Edith* He down ! Who down ?  
*Stigand* The Norman Count is down  
*Edith* So perish all the enemies of  
England !  
*Stigand* No, no, he hath risen again  
—he bares his face—  
Shouts something—he points onward—  
all their horse  
Swallow the hill locust like, swarming  
up  
*Edith* O God of battles, make his  
battle axe keen  
As thine own sharp dividing justice, heavy  
As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful  
heads

Charged with the weight of heaven where-  
from they fall !

*Canons (singing)*  
Iacta tonitrua  
Deus bellator !  
Surgas e tenebris,  
Sis vindicator !  
Fulmina, fulmina  
Deus vastator !

*Edith* O God of battles, they are  
three to one,  
Make thou one man as three to roll them  
down !

*Canons (singing)*  
Eques cum equite  
Dejiciatur !  
Acies, Acies  
Piona sternatur !  
Illorum lanceas  
Frange Creator !

*Stigand* Yea, yea, for how their lances  
snap and shiver  
Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe !  
War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells  
The mortal copse of faces ! There ! And  
there !  
The horse and horseman cannot meet the  
shield,  
The blow that brains the horseman cleaves  
the horse,  
The horse and horseman roll along the hill,  
They fly once more, they fly, the Norman  
flies !

Eques cum equite  
Præcipitatur  
*Edith* O God, the God of truth hath  
heard my cry  
Follow them, follow them, drive them to  
the sea !

Illorum scelera  
Poena sequatur !

*Stigand* Truth ! no, a lie, a trick,  
a Norman trick !  
They turn on the pursuer, horse against  
foot,  
They murder all that follow  
*Edith* Have mercy on us !

*Stigand* Hot headed fools—to buist  
the wall of shields '  
They have broken the commandment of  
the king '

*Edith* His oath was broken—O holy  
Norman Saints,  
Ye that are now of heaven, and see  
beyond  
You Norman slaines, pardon it, pardon  
it,  
That he forswore himself for all he loved,  
Me, me and all ' Look out upon the  
battle '

*Stigand* They thunder again upon the  
barricades  
My sight is eagle, but the stuff so thick—  
This is the hottest of it hold, ash ' hold,  
willow '

*English cries* Out, out '

*Norman cries* Ha Rou ' Ha Rou '

*Stigand* Ha ' Guth hath leapt upon  
him  
And slain him he hath fallen

*Edith* And I am heard  
Glory to God in the Highest ' fallen,  
fallen '

*Stigand* No, no, his horse—he  
mounts another—wields  
His war-club, dashes it on Guth, and  
Guth,

Our noble Guth, is down '

*Edith* Have mercy on us '

*Stigand* And Leofwin is down '

*Edith* Have mercy on us '

O Thou that knowest, let not my strong  
prayer

Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love  
The husband of another '

*Norman cries* Ha Rou ' Ha Rou '

*Edith* I do not hear our English  
war cry

*Stigand* No

*Edith* Look out upon the battle—is  
he safe ?

*Stigand* He stands between the ban-  
ners with the dead  
So piled about him he can hardly move

*Edith (takes up the war-cry)* Out '  
out '

*Norman cries* Ha Rou '

*Edith (cries out)* Harold and Holy  
Cross '

*Norman cries* Ha Rou ' Ha Rou '

*Edith* What is that whurring sound ?

*Stigand* The Norman sends his arrows  
up to Heaven,  
They fall on those within the palisade '

*Edith* Look out upon the hill—is  
Harold there ?

*Stigand* Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the  
arrow—the arrow '—away '

## SCENE II —FIELD OF THE DEAD NIGHT

ALDWYTH and EDITH

*Aldwyth* O Edith, art thou here ? O  
Harold, Harold—

Our Harold—we shall never see him  
more

*Edith* For there was more than sister  
in my kiss,

And so the saints were wroth I cannot  
love them,

For they are Norman saints—and yet I  
should—

They are so much holier than their harlot's  
son

With whom they play'd their game against  
the king '

*Aldwyth* The king is slain, the  
kingdom overthrow'n '

*Edith* No matter '

*Aldwyth* How no matter, Harold  
slain ?—

I cannot find his body O help me thou '

O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,  
Forgive me thou, and help me here '

*Edith* No matter '

*Aldwyth* Not help me, nor forgive  
me ?

*Edith* So thou saidest

*Aldwyth* I say it now, forgive me '

*Edith* Cross me not '

I am seeking one who wedded me in  
secret

Whisper ' God's angels only know it Ha '  
What art thou doing here among the  
dead ?



They are stripping the dead bodies naked  
yonder,  
And thou art come to rob them of their  
rings!

*Aldwyth* O Edith, Edith, I have lost  
both crown

And husband

*Edith* So have I

*Aldwyth* I tell thee, gnil,  
I am seeking my dead Harold

*Edith* And I mine!  
The Holy Father strangled him with a  
hain

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt,  
The wicked sister clapt her hands and  
laugh'd,

Then all the dead fell on him

*Aldwyth* Edith, Edith—

*Edith* What was he like, this his  
band? like to thee?

Canst not for help from me I knew him  
not

He lies not here not close beside the  
standard

Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of  
England

Go further hence and find him

*Aldwyth* She is crazed!

*Edith* That doth not matter either  
Lower the light

He must be here

*Enter two Canons, OSGOD and  
ATHEIRIC, with torches. They  
turn over the dead bodies and  
examine them as they pass*

*Osgod* I think that this is Thurkill

*Atheiric* More likely Godric

*Osgod* I am sure this body  
Is Alfwig, the king's uncle

*Atheiric* So it is!

No, no—bave Guth, one gash from  
brow to knee!

*Osgod* And here is Leofwin

*Edith* And here is He!

*Aldwyth* Harold? Oh no—nay, if  
it were—my God,

They have so maim'd and murder'd all  
his face

There is no man can swear to him

*Edith* But one woman!  
Look you, we never mean to part again  
I have found him, I am happy  
Was there not someone ask'd me for  
forgiveness?  
I yield it freely, being the true wife  
Of this dead King, who never bore revenge.

*Enter Count WILLIAM and WILLIAM  
MALET*

*William* Who be these women?  
And what body is this?

*Edith* Harold's, thy better!

*William* Ay, and what art thou?

*Edith* His wife!

*Malet* Not true, my gnil, here is the

Queen! [*Pointing out Aldwyth*

*William* (to Aldwyth) Wast thou his  
Queen?

*Aldwyth* I was the Queen of Wales

*William* Why then of Engwyl  
Malet, fer us not

(To Malet) Knowest thou this other?

*Malet* When I visited England  
Some held she was his wife in secret—  
some—

Well—some believed she was his pri-  
mour

*Edith* No man, thou test! has all  
of you,

You Saints and all! I am his wife!  
and she—

For look, our marriage ring!

[*She draws it off the finger of Harold*  
I lost it somehow—

I lost it, playing with it when I was wild  
That bled the doubt but I am wiser  
now

I am too wise Will none among  
you will

Be my true witness—only for this once—  
That I have found it here again?

[*She puts it on*

And thou,

Thy wife am I for ever and evermore

[*Falls on the body and dies*

*William* Death!—and enough of  
death for this one day,

The day of St Calixtus, and the day,  
My day when I was born

*Malet* And this dead king's  
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought  
and fallen,  
His birthday, too It seems but yester-  
even  
I held it with him in his English halls,  
His day, with all his roof-tree ringing  
'Harold,'  
Before he fell into the snare of Guy,  
When all men counted Harold would be  
king,

And Harold was most happy

*William* Thou art half English  
Take them away!

*Malet*, I vow to build a church to God  
Here on the hill of battle, let our high  
altar

Stand where their standard fell where  
these two lie  
Take them away, I do not love to see  
them

Pluck the dead woman off the dead man,  
*Malet*!

*Malet* Faster than ivy Must I hick  
her aims off?  
How shall I part them?

*William* Leave them Let them be!  
Bury him and his paramour together  
He that was false in oath to me, it seems  
Was false to his own wife We will not  
give him

A Christian burial yet he was a warrior,  
And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted  
vow

Which God avenged to day  
Wrap them together in a purple cloak  
And lay them both upon the waste sea-  
shore

At Hastings, there to guard the land for  
which

He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,  
And but that Holy Peter fought for us,  
And that the false Northumbrian held  
aloof,

And save for that chance arrow which the  
Saints  
Shupen'd and sent against him—who  
can tell?—

Three horses had I slain beneath me  
twice

I thought that all was lost Since I  
knew battle,

And that was from my boyhood, never  
yet—

No, by the splendour of God—have I  
fought men

Like Harold and his brethren, and his  
guard

Of English Every man about his king  
Fell where he stood They loved him  
and, pray God

My Normans may but move as true with  
me

To the door of death Of one self-stock  
at first,

Make them again one people—Norman,  
English,

And English, Norman, we should have  
a hand

To grasp the world with, and a foot to  
stamp it

Flat Praise the Saints It is over  
No more blood!

I am king of England, so they thwart me  
not,

And I will rule according to their laws  
(To Aldwyth) Madam, we will entreat  
thee with all honour

*Aldwyth* My punishment is more  
than I can bear

## THE LOVER'S TALE

THE original Preface to 'The Lover's Tale' states that it was composed in 1871 and 1872. It is only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends to whom, having admired the boy's world, distributed among our common associates of this hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been miraculously printed, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is now allowed to die, may I not be permitted to suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light—accompanied with a preface of the sequel—a work of my mature life—'The Golden Sappho'?

May 1879

### ARGUMENT

JULIAN, whose cousin and foster sister, Camilla has been wedded to his friend and rival Lancelot, endeavours to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in Parts II and III) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells, tolling for a friend; and at last ringing for a marriage, but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

### I

HERE far away, seen from the topmost cliff,

Filling with purple gloom the vacancies  
Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas  
Hung in mid heaven, and half-way down  
    ran the sails,

White as white clouds, floated from sky  
    to sky

Oh! pleasant bierst of waters, quiet bay,  
Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,  
Where the cradled breakers of the outer  
    sea

Sunk powerless, as anger falls aside  
And withers on the breast of peaceful love,  
Thou didst receive the growth of pines  
    that fledged

The hills that watch'd thee, as Love  
    watcheth Love,

In thine own essence and delight thyself  
To make it wholly thine on sunny days  
Keep thou thy name of Lover's Bay

    See, sir,

Even now the Goddess of the Past, that  
    takes

The heart, and sometimes touches but  
    one string

That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes  
Sweeps suddenly all its half mouldered  
    choirs

To some old melody, begins to play

That air which pierced her first I feel  
    thy breath,

I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye  
Thy breath is of the pine-wood, and the  
    years

Have hollowed out a deep and stormy  
    surut

Between the native land of Love and me,  
Breathe but a little on me, and the sail  
Will carry me to the rising of the sun,  
The lucid chambers of the morning star  
And East of Life

    Palm to me, friend, I pray thee,  
To pass my hand across my brows, and  
    muse

On those dear hills, and never more will  
    meet

The sight that throbs and aches beneath  
    my touch,

As tho' there beat a heart in either eye  
For when the outer lights are darkened  
    thus,

The memory's vision hath a keener edge  
It grows upon me now—the semicircle  
Of dark blue waters and the narrow fringe  
Of curving beach—its wreaths of dripping  
    green—

Its pale pink shells—the sun new-house  
    cloft

That open'd on the pines with doors of  
    glass,

A mountain nest—the pleasure boat that  
 rock'd,

Light-green with its own shadow, keel to  
 keel,

Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave,  
 That blanch'd upon its side

O Love, O Hope !

They come, they crowd upon me all at  
 once—

Moved from the cloud of unforgotten  
 things,

That sometimes on the horizon of the  
 mind

Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in  
 storm—

Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me—  
 days

Of dewy dawning and the amber eves  
 When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I  
 Were borne about the bry or safely  
 moon'd

Beneath a low brow'd cavern, where the  
 tide

Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs, and all  
 without

The slowly-riding rollers on the cliffs  
 Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro'  
 the arch

Down those loud waters, like a setting  
 star,

Mixt with the gorgeous west the light-  
 house shone,

And silver smiling Venus ere she fell  
 Would often loiter in her balmy blue,  
 To crown it with herself

Here, too, my love

Waver'd at anchor with me, when day  
 hung

From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy  
 halls,

Gleams of the water-circles as they broke,  
 Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her  
 lips,

Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair,  
 Leapt like a passing thought across her  
 eyes,

And mine with one that will not pass,  
 till earth

And heaven pass too, dwelt on my heaven,  
 a face

Most stairy fan, but kindled from within  
 As 'twere with dawn She was dusk  
 han'd, dark-eyed

Oh, such dark eyes ! a single glance of  
 them

Will govern a whole life from birth to  
 death,

Cueless of all things else, led on with light  
 In trances and in visions look at them,  
 You lose yourself in utter ignorance,  
 You cannot find their depth, for they go  
 back,

And farther back, and still withdraw  
 themselves

Quite into the deep soul, that evermore  
 Fresh springing from her fountains in the  
 brain,

Still pouring thro', floods with redundant  
 life

Her narrow portals

Trust me, long ago

I should have died, if it were possible  
 To die in gazing on that perfectness  
 Which I do bear within me I had died,  
 But from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb,  
 Thine image, like a charm of light and  
 strength

Upon the waters, push'd me back again  
 On these deserted sands of barren life  
 Tho' from the deep vault where the heart  
 of Hope

Fell into dust, and crumbled in the dark—  
 Forgetting how to render beautiful  
 Her countenance with quick and health-  
 ful blood—

Thou didst not sway me upward, could  
 I perish

While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,  
 Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's  
 quiet urn

For ever ? He, that saith it, hath o'er-  
 slept

The slippery footing of his narrow wit,  
 And fall'n away from judgment Thou  
 art light,

To which my spirit leaneth all her flowers,  
 And length of days, and immortality

Of thought, and freshness ever self re-  
new'd  
For Time and Grief abode too long with  
Life,  
And, like all other friends i' the world, at  
last  
They grew aweary of her fellowship  
So Time and Grief did beckon unto  
Death,  
And Death drew nigh and beat the doors  
of Life,  
But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,  
A wakeful poetess, and didst parle with  
Death,—  
'This is a charmed dwelling which I  
hold,'  
So Death gave back, and would no  
further come  
Yet is my life nor in the present time,  
Nor in the present place To me alone,  
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,  
The Present is the vessel of the Past  
So that, in that I *have* lived, do I live,  
And cannot die, and am, in having been—  
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,  
Thrust forward on to day and out of  
place,  
A body journeying onward, sick with  
toil,  
The weight as if of age upon my limbs,  
The grasp of hopeless grief about my  
heart,  
And all the senses weaken'd, save in that,  
Which long ago they had glean'd and  
garner'd up  
Into the granaries of memory—  
The clear brow bulwark of the precious  
brain,  
Chink'd as you see, and serv'd—and all  
the while  
The light soul twines and tangles with  
the growths  
Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,  
Married, made one with, molten into all  
The beautiful in Past of act or place,  
And like the all enduring camel, driven  
Far from the diamond fountain by the  
palms,  
Who toils across the middle moonlit  
nights,

Or when the white heats of the blinding  
noons  
Bart from the concave sand, yet in him  
keeps  
A draught of that sweet fountain that he  
loves,  
To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit  
From bitterness of death

Ye ask me, friends,  
When I began to love How should I  
tell you?  
Or from the afterfulness of my heart,  
Flow back again unto my slender spring  
And first of love, tho' every turn and  
depth  
Between is clearer in my life than all  
Its present flow Ye know not what ye  
ask  
How should the broad and open flower  
tell  
What sort of bud it was, when, priest  
together  
In its green sheath, close kept in silken  
folds,  
It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself,  
Yet was not the less sweet for that it  
seem'd?  
For young Life knows not when young  
Life was born,  
But takes it all for granted neither Love,  
Warm in the heart, his cradle, can re-  
member.  
Love in the womb, but restless satisfied,  
Looking on her that brought him to the  
light  
Or as men know not when they fall asleep  
Into delicious dreams, our other life,  
So know I not when I began to love  
This is my sum of knowledge—that my  
love  
Grew with myself—say rather, was my  
growth,  
My inward sap, the hold I have on earth,  
My outward circling air wherewith I  
breathe,  
Which yet upholds my life, and evermore  
Is to me daily life and daily death  
For how should I have lived and not  
have loved?

Can ye take off the sweetness from the  
flower,  
The colour and the sweetness from the  
rose,  
And place them by themselves, or set  
apart  
Their motions and their bughtness from  
the stairs,  
And then point out the flower or the star?  
Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,  
And tell me where I am? 'Tis even  
thus  
In that I live I love, because I love  
I live whate'er is fountain to the one  
Is fountain to the other, and whene'er  
Our God unknots the riddle of the one,  
There is no shade or fold of mystery  
Swathing the other

Many, many years,  
(For they seem many and my most of life,  
And well I could have linger'd in that  
poich,  
So unproportion'd to the dwelling place,)  
In the Maydews of childhood, opposite  
The flush and dawn of youth, we lived  
together,  
Apart, alone together on those hills

Before he saw my day my father died,  
And he was happy that he saw it not,  
But I and the first daisy on his grave  
From the same clay came into light at  
once

As Love and I do number equal years,  
So she, my love, is of an age with me  
How like each other was the birth of  
each!

On the same morning, almost the same  
hour,

Under the selfsame aspect of the stars,  
(Oh falsehood of all starcraft!) we were  
born

How like each other was the birth of each!  
The sister of my mother—she that bore  
Camilla close beneath her beating heart,  
Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,  
With its true-touched pulses in the flow  
And hourly visitation of the blood,  
Sent notes of preparation manifold,

And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—  
My mother's sister, mother of my love,  
Who had a twofold claim upon my heart,  
One twofold mightier than the other was,  
In giving so much beauty to the world,  
And so much wealth as God had chaiged  
her with—

Loathing to put it from herself for ever,  
Left her own life with it, and dying thus,  
Crown'd with her highest act the placid  
face

And breathless body of her good deeds  
past

So were we born, so orphan'd She  
was motherless  
And I without a father So from each  
Of those two pillars which from earth  
uphold  
Our childhood, one had fallen away, and  
all

The careful burthen of our tender years  
Trembled upon the other He that gave  
Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd  
All lovingkindnesses, all offices  
Of watchful care and trembling tender  
ness

He waked for both he play'd for both  
he slept  
Dreaming of both nor was his love the  
less

Because it was divided, and shot forth  
Boughs on each side, laden with whole-  
some shade,  
Wherein we nested sleeping or awake,  
And sang aloud the matin song of life

She was my foster-sister on one arm  
The flaxen ringlets of our infancies  
Wander'd, the while we rested one soft  
lap

Pillow'd us both a common light of eyes  
Was on us as we lay our baby lips,  
Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence  
The stream of life, one stream, one life,  
one blood,

One sustenance, which, still as thought  
grew large,  
Still larger moulding all the house of  
thought,

Made all our tastes and fancies like,  
perhaps—

All—all but one, and strange to me,  
and sweet,

Sweet thro' strange years to know that  
whatsoever

Our general mother meant for me alone,  
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us

So what was earliest mine in earliest life  
I shared with her in whom myself remains

As was our childhood, so our infancy,

They tell me, was a very miracle

Of fellow-feeling and communion

They tell me that we would not be alone —

We cried when we were parted, when I  
wept,

Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,  
Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow, that we  
loved

The sound of one another's voices more  
Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and  
learn'd

To lip in tune together, that we slept  
In the same cradle always, face to face

Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing  
lip,

Folding each other, breathing on each  
other,

Dreaming together (dreaming of each  
other

They should have added), till the morning  
light

Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy  
pane

Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke  
To gaze upon each other If this be

true,  
At thought of which my whole soul  
languishes

And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath  
—as tho'

A man in some still garden should infuse  
Rich star in the bosom of the rose,

Till, drunk with its own wine, and over  
full

Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,  
It fall on its own thorns—if this be true—

And that way my wish leads me evermore  
Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought,

Why in the utter stillness of the soul

Doth question'd memory answer not, nor  
tell

Of this our earliest, our closest dream,  
Most loveliest, and ly heavenliest dream

only?

O blossom'd port of the lovely house,  
Green prelude, April promise, glad new  
year

Of Being, which with earliest violets  
And lavish carol of clearest chords larks

Filled all the March of life—I will not  
speak of thee

These have not seen thee, these can never  
know thee,

They cannot understand me Pass we  
thence

A term of eighteen years Yet wouldst but  
hush,

If I should tell you how I heard in  
thought

The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient  
songs,

Gray relics of the names of the world,  
Which are as gems set in my memory,

Because she learnt them with me, or  
what use

To know her father left us as before  
The daffodil was blown? or how we  
found

The dead man cast upon the shore? All  
this

Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds  
But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of  
mine

Is traced with flame Move with me to  
the event

There came a glorious morning, such a  
one

As dawns but once a season Mercury  
On such a morning would have hung  
himself

From cloud to cloud, and swum with  
balanced wings

To some tall mountain when I said to  
her,

'A day for Gods to stoop,' she answered,  
Ay

And men to soar ' for as that other  
gazed,

Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,

The prophet and the chariot and the  
 steeds,  
 Suck'd into oneness like a little star  
 Were drunk into the inmost blue, we  
 stood,  
 When first we came from out the pines at  
 noon,  
 With hands for eaves, uplooking and  
 almost  
 Waiting to see some blessed shape in  
 heaven,  
 So bathed we were in brilliance Never  
 yet  
 Before or after have I known the spring  
 Pour with such sudden deluges of light  
 Into the middle summer, for that day  
 Love, rising, shook his wings, and chaug'd  
 the winds  
 With spiced May sweets from bound to  
 bound, and blew  
 Fresh fire into the sun, and from within  
 Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his  
 soul  
 Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far  
 off  
 His mountain-altars, his high hills, with  
 flame  
 Milder and purer

Thro' the rocks we wound  
 The great pine shook with lonely sounds  
 of joy  
 That came on the sea wind As moun-  
 tain streams  
 Our bloods ran free the sunshine seem'd  
 to blood  
 More warmly on the heart than on the  
 brow  
 We often paused, and, looking back, we  
 saw  
 The clefts and openings in the mountains  
 fill'd  
 With the blue valley and the glistening  
 brooks,  
 And all the low dark groves, a land of  
 love  
 A land of promise, a land of memory,  
 A land of promise flowing with the milk  
 And honey of delicious memories

And down to sea, and far as eye could  
 ken,  
 Each way from verge to verge a Holy  
 Land,  
 Still growing holier as you near'd the  
 bay,  
 For there the Temple stood

When we had reach'd  
 The grassy platform on some hill, I  
 stoop'd,  
 I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her  
 brows  
 And mine made garlands of the selfsame  
 flower,  
 Which she took smiling, and with my  
 work thus  
 Crown'd her clear forehead Once or  
 twice she told me  
 (For I remember all things) to let grow  
 The flowers that run poison in their veins  
 She said, 'The evil flourish in the world'  
 Then playfully she gave herself the lie—  
 'Nothing in nature is unbeautiful,  
 So, brother, pluck and spare not' So  
 I wove  
 Ev'n the dull blooded poppy stem, 'whose  
 flower,  
 Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,  
 Like to the wild youth of an evil prince,  
 Is without sweetness, but who crowns  
 himself  
 Above the naked poisons of his heart  
 In his old age' A graceful thought of  
 hers  
 Grav'n on my fancy ' And oh, how like  
 a nymph,  
 A stately mountain nymph she look'd '   
 how native  
 Unto the hills she trod on ' While I  
 gazed  
 My coronal slowly disentwined itself  
 And fell between us both, tho' while I  
 gazed  
 My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of  
 bliss  
 That strike across the soul in prayer, and  
 show us  
 That we are surely heard Methought a  
 light



Dust from the garland I had won't, and  
 stood  
 A solid glory on her bright black hair,  
 A light methought broke from her dark  
 eyes,  
 And shot itself into the singing winds,  
 A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white  
 robe  
 As from a glass in the sun, and fell about  
 My footsteps on the mountains

Last we came

To what our people call 'The Hill of  
 Woe'  
 A bridge is there, that, look'd at from  
 beneath  
 Seems but a cobweb filament to link  
 The yawning of an earthquake cleft  
 chasm  
 And thence one night, when all the winds  
 were loud,  
 A woful man (for so the story went)  
 Had thrust his wife and child and dash'd  
 himself  
 Into the dizzy depth below Below,  
 Fierce in the strength of fair descent, a  
 stream  
 Flies with a shatter'd foam along the  
 chasm  
 The path was perilous, loosely strown  
 with crags  
 We mounted slowly, yet to both there  
 came  
 The joy of life in steepness overcome,  
 And victories of ascent, and looking down  
 On all that had look'd down on us, and  
 joy  
 In breathing nearer heaven, and joy to  
 me,  
 High over all the azure circled earth,  
 To breathe with her as if in heaven itself,  
 And more than joy that I to her became  
 Her guardian and her angel, raising her  
 Still higher, past all peril, until she saw  
 Beneath her feet the region far away,  
 Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky  
 brows,  
 Arise in open prospect—heath and hill,  
 And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,  
 And steep down walls of battlemented rock

Gilded with bloom, or shatter'd into  
 spires,  
 And glory of broad waters interfused,  
 Whence rose as it were breath and steam  
 of gold,  
 And over all the great wood noting  
 And climbing, streak'd or strid at  
 intervals  
 With falling brook or blossom'd bush—  
 and last,  
 Framing the mighty landscape to the west,  
 A purple range of mountain cones, be-  
 tween  
 Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding  
 bursts  
 The incorporate blaze of sun and sea

At length

Descending from the point and standing  
 both,  
 There on the tremulous bridge, that from  
 beneath  
 Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air,  
 We paused amid the splendour All the  
 west  
 And c'n unto the middle south was  
 ribb'd  
 And baird with bloom on bloom The  
 sun below,  
 Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave,  
 shower'd down  
 Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over  
 That various wilderness a tissue of light  
 Unparallel'd On the other side, the  
 moon,  
 Half-melted into thin blue air, stood still,  
 And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf,  
 Nor yet endued in presence of His eyes  
 To induce his lustre, most unloverlike,  
 Since in his absence full of light and joy,  
 And giving light to others But this  
 most,  
 Next to her presence whom I loved so  
 well,  
 Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart  
 As to my outward hearing the loud  
 stream,  
 Forth issuing from his portals in the crag  
 (A visible link unto the home of my  
 heart),

Ran amber toward the west, and nigh  
 the sea  
 Parting my own loved mountains was  
 received,  
 Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy  
 Of that small bay, which out to open  
 main  
 Glow'd intermingling close beneath the  
 sun  
 Spirit of Love! that little hour was bound  
 Shut in from Time, and dedicate to  
 thee  
 Thy fies from heaven had touch'd it,  
 and the earth  
 They fell on became hallow'd evermore

We turn'd our eyes met heis were  
 bright, and mine  
 Were dim with floating tears, that shot  
 the sunset  
 In lightnings round me, and my name  
 was boine  
 Upon her breath Henceforth my name  
 has been  
 A hallow'd memory like the names of old,  
 A center'd, glory-circled memory,  
 And a peculiar treasure, brooking not  
 Exchange or currency and in that hour  
 A hope flow'd round me, like a golden  
 mist  
 Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,  
 A moment, ere the onward whirlwind  
 shatter it,  
 Waver'd and floated—which was less  
 than Hope,  
 Because it lack'd the power of perfect  
 Hope,  
 But which was more and higher than all  
 Hope,  
 Because all other Hope had lower aim,  
 Even that this name to which her gracious  
 lips  
 Did lend such gentle utterance, this one  
 name,  
 In some obscure hereafter, might in-  
 wreath  
 (How lover, nobler then!) her life, her  
 love,  
 With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart  
 and strength

'Brother,' she said, 'let this be call'd  
 henceforth  
 The Hill of Hope,' and I replied, 'O  
 sister,  
 My will is one with thine, the Hill of  
 Hope'  
 Nevertheless, we did not change the name

I did not speak I could not speak my  
 love  
 Love lieth deep Love dwells not in lip-  
 depths  
 Love wraps his wings on either side the  
 heart,  
 Constraining it with kisses close and warm,  
 Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts  
 So that they pass not to the shrine of  
 sound  
 Else had the life of that delighted hour  
 Drunk in the largeness of the utterance  
 Of Love, but how should Earthly mea-  
 sure mete  
 The Heavenly unmeasured or unlimited  
 Love,  
 Who scarce can tune his high majestic  
 sense  
 Unto the thundersong that wheels the  
 spheres,  
 Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,  
 And flowing odour of the spacious air,  
 Scarce housed within the circle of this  
 Earth,  
 Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,  
 Which pass with that which breathes  
 them? Sooner Earth  
 Might go round Heaven, and the strait  
 girth of Time  
 Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,  
 Than language grasp the infinite of Love

O day which did enwomb that happy  
 hour,  
 Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day!  
 O Genius of that hour which dost uphold  
 Thy coronal of glory like a God,  
 Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,  
 Who walk before thee, ever turning round  
 To gaze upon thee till their eyes are dim  
 With dwelling on the light and depth of  
 thine,

Thy name is ever worshipp'd among  
 hours !  
 Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die,  
 For bliss stood round me like the light of  
 Heaven,—  
 Had I died then, I had not known the  
 death,  
 Yea had the Power from whose right  
 hand the light  
 Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand  
 floweth  
 The Shadow of Death, perennial efflu-  
 ences,  
 Whereof to all that draw the wholesome  
 air,  
 Somewhile the one must overflow the  
 other,  
 Then had he stemm'd my day with night,  
 and driven  
 My current to the fountain whence it  
 springs,—  
 Even his own abiding excellence—  
 On me, methinks, that shock of gloom  
 had fall'n  
 Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged  
 The other, like the sun I gazed upon,  
 Which seeming for the moment due to  
 death,  
 And dipping his head low beneath the  
 verge,  
 Yet bearing round about him his own day,  
 In confidence of unabated strength,  
 Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven, from  
 light to light,  
 And holdeth his undimmed forehead far  
 Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud

We trod the shadow of the downward  
 hill,  
 We past from light to dark On the  
 other side  
 Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,  
 Which none have fathom'd If you go  
 far in  
 (The country people rumour) you may  
 hear  
 The moaning of the woman and the child,  
 Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.  
 I too have heard a sound—perchance of  
 streams

Running far on within its inmost halls,  
 The home of darkness, but the cavern-  
 mouth,  
 Half overhailed with a wanton weed,  
 Gives birth to a brawling brook, that  
 passing lightly  
 Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,  
 Is presently received in a sweet grave  
 Of eglantines, a place of burial  
 Far lovelier than its cradle, for unseen,  
 But taken with the sweetness of the place,  
 It makes a constant bubbling melody  
 That drowns the nearer echoes Lower  
 down  
 Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding,  
 leaves  
 Low banks of yellow sand, and from the  
 woods  
 That belt it rise three dark, tall cy-  
 presses,—  
 Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,  
 That men plant over graves

H then we came,  
 And sitting down upon the golden moss,  
 Held converse sweet and low—low con-  
 verse sweet,  
 In which our voices bore lest put The  
 wind  
 Told a love-tale beside us, how he woo'd  
 The waters, and the waters answering  
 hisp'd  
 To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,  
 Fainted at intervals, and grew again  
 To utterance of passion Ye cannot  
 shape  
 Fancy so fair as is this memory  
 Methought all excellence that ever was  
 Had drawn herself from many thousand  
 years,  
 And all the separate Edens of this earth,  
 To centre in this place and time I  
 listened,  
 And her words stole with most prevailing  
 sweetness  
 Into my heart, as thronging fancies come  
 To boys and girls when summer days are  
 new,  
 And soul and heart and body are all at  
 ease

What marvel my Camilla told me all?  
 It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,  
 And I was as the brother of her blood,  
 And by that name I moved upon her  
 breath,  
 Dear name, which had too much of near-  
 ness in it  
 And heralded the distance of this time!  
 At first her voice was very sweet and low,  
 As if she were afraid of utterance,  
 But in the onward current of her speech,  
 (As echoes of the hollow banked brooks  
 Aie fashion'd by the channel which they  
 keep),  
 Her words did of their meaning borrow  
 sound,  
 Her cheek did catch the colour of her  
 words  
 I heard and trembled, yet I could but  
 hear,  
 My heart paused — my raised eyelids  
 would not fall,  
 But still I kept my eyes upon the sky  
 I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,  
 And saw the motion of all other things,  
 While her words, syllable by syllable,  
 Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear  
 Fell, and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not  
 to speak,  
 But she spake on, for I did name no wish,  
 What marvel my Camilla told me all  
 Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love —  
 'Perchance,' she said, 'return'd' Even  
 then the stars  
 Did tremble in their stations as I gazed,  
 But she spake on, for I did name no wish,  
 Nowish — no hope Hope was not wholly  
 dead,  
 But breathing hard at the approach of  
 Death, —  
 Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine  
 No longer in the dearest sense of mine —  
 For all the secret of her inmost heart,  
 And all the maiden empire of her mind,  
 Lay like a map before me, and I saw  
 There, where I hoped myself to reign as  
 king,  
 There, where that day I crown'd myself  
 as king,  
 There in my realm and even on my throne,

*Another* ' then it seem'd as tho' a link  
 Of some tight chain within my inmost  
 frame  
 Was given in twain that life I heeded not  
 Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the  
 grave,  
 The darkness of the grave and utter night,  
 Did swallow up my vision, at her feet,  
 Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,  
 Smut with exceeding sorrow unto Death

Then had the earth beneath me yawn  
 ing cloven  
 With such a sound as when an iceberg  
 splits  
 From cope to base — had Heaven from  
 all her doors,  
 With all her golden thresholds clashing,  
 roll'd  
 Her heaviest thunder — I had lain as  
 dead,  
 Mute, blind and motionless as then I lay,  
 Dead, for henceforth there was no life  
 for me!  
 Mute, for henceforth what use were  
 words to me!  
 Blind, for the day was as the night to  
 me!  
 The night to me was kinder than the  
 day,  
 The night in pity took away my day,  
 Because my grief as yet was newly born  
 Of eyes too weak to look upon the light,  
 And thro' the hasty notice of the ear  
 Frail Life was startled from the tender  
 love  
 Of him she brooded over Would I had  
 lain  
 Until the plated ivy tress had wound  
 Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier  
 had driven  
 Its knotted thorns thro' my unpainging  
 brows,  
 Leaning its roses on my faded eyes  
 The wind had blown above me, and the  
 rain  
 Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake  
 Had nestled in this bosom throne of  
 Love,  
 But I had been at rest for evermore

Long time entrancement held me All  
 too soon  
 Life (like a wanton too officious friend,  
 Who will not *hear* denial, vain and rude  
 With proffer of unwish'd for services)  
 Entering all the avenues of sense  
 Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,  
 With hated warmth of apprehensiveness  
 And first the chillness of the sprinkled  
 brook  
 Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd  
 to hear  
 Its murmur, as the downing seaman  
 hears,  
 Who with his head below the surface  
 dropt  
 Listens the muffled booming indistinct  
 Of the confused floods, and dimly knows  
 His head shall rise no more and then  
 came in  
 The white light of the weary moon  
 above,  
 Diffused and molten into flaky cloud  
 Was my sight drunk that it did shape to  
 me  
 Him who should own that name? Were  
 it not well  
 If so be that the echo of that name  
 Ringing within the fancy had updrawn  
 A fashion and a phantasm of the form  
 It should attach to? Phantom!—had  
 the ghastliest  
 That ever lusted for a body, sucking  
 The foul steam of the grave to thicken  
 by it,  
 There in the shuddering moonlight  
 brought its face  
 And what it has for eyes as close to  
 mine  
 As he did—better that than his, than he  
 The friend, the neighbour, Lionel, the  
 beloved,  
 The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel,  
 The low voiced, tender spirited Lionel,  
 All joy, to whom my agony was a joy  
 O how her choice did leap forth from his  
 eyes!  
 O how her love did clothe itself in smiles  
 About his lips! and—not one moment's  
 grace—

Then when the effect weigh'd seas upon  
 my head

To come my way! to twit me with the  
 cause!

Was not the land as free thro' all her  
 ways

To him as me? Was not his wont to  
 walk

Between the going light and growing  
 night?

Had I not learnt my loss before he came?  
 Could that be more because he came my

way?  
 Why should he not come my way if he  
 would?

And yet to night, to night—when all my  
 wealth

Flash'd from me in a moment and I fell  
 Beggard for ever—why *should* he come  
 my way

Robed in those robes of light I must not  
 wear,

With that great crown of beams about his  
 brows—

Come like an angel to a damned soul,  
 To tell him of the bliss he had with  
 God—

Come like a clueless and a greedy heir  
 That scarce can wait the reading of the  
 will

Before he takes possession? Was mine  
 a mood

To be invaded rudely, and not rather  
 A sacred, secret, unapproach'd woe,  
 Unspeaking? I was shut up with  
 Grief,

She took the body of my past delight,  
 Nerded and swathed and balm'd it for  
 herself,

And laid it in a sepulchre of rock  
 Never to rise again I was led mute  
 Into her temple like a sacrifice,  
 I was the High Priest in her holiest  
 place,  
 Not to be loudly broken in upon

Oh friend, thoughts deep and heavy as  
 these well nigh

O'erbore the limits of my brain but he

Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm up-  
 stay'd  
 I thought it was an adder's fold, and once  
 I strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,  
 Being so feeble she bent above me, too,  
 Wan was her cheek, for whatso'er of  
 blight  
 Lives in the dewy touch of pity had made  
 The red rose there a pale one—and her  
 eyes—  
 I saw the moonlight glitter on their  
 tears—  
 And some few drops of that distressful  
 rain  
 Fell on my face, and her long ringlets  
 moved,  
 Drooping and beaten by the breeze, and  
 brush'd  
 My fallen forehead in their to and fro,  
 For in the sudden anguish of her heart  
 Loosed from their simple thrall they had  
 flow'd abroad,  
 And floated on and parted round her neck,  
 Mantling her form halfway She, when  
 I woke,  
 Something she ask'd, I know not what,  
 and ask'd,  
 Unanswer'd, since I spake not, for the  
 sound  
 Of that dear voice so musically low,  
 And now first heard with any sense of  
 pain,  
 As it had taken life away before,  
 Choked all the syllables, that strove to  
 rise  
 From my full heart  
  
 The blissful lover, too,  
 From his great hoard of happiness dis-  
 till'd  
 Some drops of solace, like a vain rich  
 man,  
 That, having always prosper'd in the  
 world,  
 Folding his hands, deals comfortable  
 words  
 To hearts wounded for ever, yet, in  
 truth,  
 Fair speech was his and delicate of  
 phrase,

Falling in whispers on the sense, ad-  
 dress'd  
 More to the inward than the outward  
 ear,  
 As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,  
 Scarce heard, recalling fragrance and the  
 green  
 Of the dead spring but mine was wholly  
 dead,  
 No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for  
 me  
 Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd  
 wrong?  
 And why was I to darken their pure love,  
 If, as I found, they two did love each  
 other,  
 Because my own was darken'd? Why  
 was I  
 To cross between their happy star and  
 them?  
 To stand a shadow by their shining doors,  
 And vex them with my darkness? Did  
 I love her?  
 Ye know that I did love her, to this  
 present  
 My full o'ber'd love has waned not Did  
 I love her,  
 And could I look upon her tearful eyes?  
 What had *she* done to weep? Why  
 should *she* weep?  
 O innocent of spirit—let my heart  
 Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of  
 Heaven  
 Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness  
 Her love did murder mine? What then?  
 She deem'd  
 I wore a brother's mind she call'd me  
 brother  
 She told me all her love she shall not  
 weep

The brightness of a burning thought,  
 awhile  
 In battle with the glooms of my dark will,  
 Moonlike emerged, and to itself lit up  
 There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe  
 Reflex of action Starting up at once,  
 As from a dismal dream of my own death,  
 I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love,  
 I, for I loved her, grasp'd the hand she lov'd,

And hid it in her own, and sent my cry  
Thro' the blank night to Him who loving  
made  
The happy and the unhappy love, that He  
Would hold the hand of blessing over them,  
Lionel, the happy, and he, and he, his  
bride!  
Let them so love that men and boys may  
say,  
'Lo! how they love each other!' till  
their love  
Shall open to a proverb, unto all  
Known, when their faces are forgot in  
the land—  
One golden dream of love, from which  
my death  
Awake them with heaven's music in a life  
More living to some happier happiness,  
Swallowing its precedent in victory  
And as for me, Cumilla, as for me,—  
The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,  
They will but sicken the sick plant the  
more  
Deem that I love thee but as brothers do,  
So shalt thou love me still as sisters do,  
Or if thou deem aught fatherly, deem  
but how  
I could have loved thee, had there been  
none else  
To love as lovers, loved again by thee

Or this, or somewhat like to this, I  
spoke,  
When I beheld her weep so usefully,  
For sure my love should ne'er induce the  
front  
And mask of Hate, who lives on others'  
moans  
Shall Love pledge Hated in her bitter  
draughts,  
And bitten on her poisons? Love forbid!  
Love passeth not the threshold of cold  
Hate,  
And Hate is strange beneath the roof of  
Love  
O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up these  
tears  
Shed for the love of Love, for tho' mine  
image,  
The subject of thy power, be cold in heart,

Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the  
source  
Of these sad tears, and feeds them down  
ward flow  
So Love, a rugged to judgment and to  
death,  
Received unto himself a part of blame,  
Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,  
Who, when the woful sentence hath been  
past,  
And all the clearness of his faine hath gone  
Beneath the shadow of the curse of man,  
First falls asleep in swoon, wherewith  
awaked,  
And looking round upon his tearful friends,  
Forthwith and in his agony conceives  
A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime—  
For whence without some guilt should  
such grief be?

So died that hour, and fell into the  
abyss  
Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn,  
Who never hail'd another—was there  
one?  
There might be one—one other, worth  
the life  
That made it sensible So that hour died  
Like odour rapt into the winged wind  
Borne into alien lands and far away

There be some hearts so anily built,  
that they,  
They—when their love is wreck'd—if  
Love can wreck—  
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride  
highly  
Above the perilous seas of Change and  
Chance,  
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheer-  
fulness,  
As the tall ship, that many a decayed year  
Knit to some dismal sandbank fast at sea,  
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,  
Snows slanting light upon the dolorous  
wave  
For me—what light, what gleam on those  
black ways  
Where Love could walk with banish'd  
Hope no more?

It was ill done to part you, Sisters fair,  
 Love's arms were wreath'd about the  
 neck of Hope,  
 And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew  
 in her breath  
 In that close kiss, and dank her  
 whisper'd tales  
 They said that Love would die when  
 Hope was gone,  
 And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd  
 after Hope,  
 At last she sought out Memory, and they  
 trod  
 The same old paths where Love had  
 walk'd with Hope,  
 And Memory fed the soul of Love with  
 tears

## II

FROM that time forth I would not see  
 her more,  
 But many weary moons I lived alone—  
 Alone, and in the heart of the great forest  
 Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea  
 All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,  
 And sometimes on the shore, upon the  
 sands  
 Insensibly I drew her name, until  
 The meaning of the letters shot into  
 My brain, anon the wanton billow wash'd  
 Them over, till they faded like my love  
 The hollow caverns heard me—the black  
 brooks  
 Of the midforest heard me—the soft  
 winds,  
 Laden with thistledown and seeds of  
 flowers,  
 Paused in their course to hear me, for my  
 voice  
 Was all of thee the merry linnet knew  
 me,  
 The squirrel knew me, and the dragonfly  
 Shot by me like a flash of purple fire  
 The rough brier tore my bleeding palms,  
 the hemlock,  
 Brow-hugh, did strike my forehead as I  
 past,  
 Yet trod I not the wildflower in my path,  
 Nor bruised the wildbird's egg

Was this the end?  
 Why grew we then together in one plot?  
 Why fed we from one fountain? diew  
 one sun?  
 Why were our mothers' branches of one  
 stem?  
 Why were we one in all things, save in  
 that  
 Where to have been one had been the  
 cope and crown  
 Of all I hoped and fear'd?—if that same  
 nearness  
 Were father to this distance, and that  
 one  
 Vauntcourier to this *double*? if Affection  
 Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd  
 out  
 The bosom sepulchre of Sympathy?  
 Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill  
 Where last we roam'd together, for the  
 sound  
 Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the  
 wind  
 Came wooingly with woodbine smells  
 Sometimes  
 All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,  
 Fixing my eyes on those three cypress  
 cones  
 That spired above the wood, and with  
 mad hand  
 Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy  
 screen,  
 I cast them in the noisy brook beneath,  
 And watch'd them till they vanish'd from  
 my sight  
 Beneath the bower of wreathed eglan-  
 tines  
 And all the fragments of the living rock  
 (Huge blocks, which some old trembling  
 of the world  
 Had loosen'd from the mountain, till they  
 fell  
 Half-digging their own graves) these in  
 my agony  
 Did I make bare of all the golden moss,  
 Wherewith the dashing runnel in the  
 spring  
 Had liveried them all over In my  
 brain



The spirit seem'd to fling from thought to thought,  
 As moonlight wandering thro' a mist my blood  
 Crept like marsh dews thro' all my languid limbs,  
 The motions of my heart seem'd far within me,  
 Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses,  
 And yet it shook me, that my frame would shudder,  
 As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack  
 But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear,  
 And all the broken palaces of the Past,  
 Blooded one master passion evermore,  
 Like to a low hung and a fiery sky  
 Above some fair metropolis, with shock'd,—  
 Hung round with ragged fumes and burning folds,—  
 Embathing all with wild and woful hues,  
 Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses  
 Of thunder-shaken columns indistinct  
 And fused together in the tyrannous light—  
 Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me !

Sometimes I thought Camilla was no more,  
 Some one had told me she was dead,  
 and ask'd  
 If I would see her burial then I seem'd  
 To rise, and through the forest-shadow borne  
 With more than mortal swiftness, I ran down  
 The steepy sea bank, till I came upon  
 The rear of a procession, curving round  
 The silver-sheeted bay in front of which  
 Six stately virgins, all in white, upbore  
 A broad earth sweeping pall of whitest lawn,  
 Wreathed round the bier with garlands  
 in the distance,  
 From out the yellow woods upon the hill  
 Look'd forth the summit and the pinna-  
 cles  
 Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals

A low bell tolling All the pageantry,  
 Save those six virgins which uphold the bier,  
 Were stolid from head to foot in flowing black,  
 One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd his brow,  
 And he was loud in weeping and in praise  
 Of her we follow'd a strong sympathy  
 Shook all my soul I flung myself upon him  
 In tears and cries I told him all my love,  
 How I had loved her from the first, whereat  
 He shrank and howl'd, and from his brow  
 drew back  
 His hand to push me from him, and the face,  
 The very face and form of Lionel  
 Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost brain,  
 And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall,  
 To fall and die away I could not rise  
 Albeit I strove to follow They past on,  
 The lordly Phantasms in their floating folds  
 They past and were no more but I had  
 fallen  
 Prone by the dashing runcel on the grass

Alway the inaudible invisible thought,  
 Artifice and subject, lord and slave,  
 Shaped by the audible and visible,  
 Moulded the audible and visible,  
 All crisped sounds of wive and leaf and  
 wind,  
 Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain,  
 The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood,  
 The mountain, the three cypresses, the  
 cave,  
 Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the  
 moon  
 Below black firs, when suent-creeping  
 winds  
 Laid the long night in silver streaks and  
 bays,  
 Were wrought into the tissue of my  
 dream  
 The mornings in the forest, the loud  
 brook,

Cries of the partridge like a rusty key  
Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and doi-  
hawk-whirr

Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep,  
And voices in the distance calling to me  
And in my vision bidding me dream on,  
Like sounds without the twilight realm  
of dreams,

Which wander round the bases of the  
hills,

And murmur at the low dropt eaves of  
sleep,

Half entreing the portals Oftentimes  
The vision had fair prelude, in the end  
Opening on darkness, stately vestibules  
To caves and shows of Death whether  
the mind,

With some revenge—even to itself un-  
known,—

Made strange division of its suffering

With her, whom to have suffering view'd  
had been

Extremest pain, or that the clear eyed  
Spirit,

Being blunted in the Present, grew at  
length

Prophetical and prescient of whate'er  
The Future had in store or that which  
most

Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit  
Was of so wide a compass it took in  
All I had loved, and my dull agony,  
Ideally to her transfer'd, became  
Anguish intolerable

The day waned,

Alone I sat with her about my brow  
Her warm breath floated in the utterance  
Of silver-chorded tones her lips were  
sunder'd

With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke  
in light

Like morning from her eyes—her elo-  
quent eyes,

(As I have seen them many a hundred  
times)

Fill'd all with pure clear fire, thro' mine  
down rain'd

Then spirit searching splendous As a  
vision

Unto a haggard prisoner, non stay'd  
In damp and dismal dungeons under  
ground,

Confined on points of faith, when strength  
is shock'd

With torment, and expectancy of worse  
Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls,  
All unawares before his half shut eyes,  
Comes in upon him in the dead of night,  
And with the excess of sweetness and of  
awe,

Makes the heart tremble, and the sight  
run over

Upon his steely gyves, so those fair eyes  
Shone on my darkness, forms which ever  
stood

Within the magic cirque of memory,  
Invisible but deathless, waiting still  
The edict of the will to reassume

The semblance of those rare realities  
Of which they were the mirrors Now  
the light

Which was then life, burst through the  
cloud of thought

Keen, irrepressible

It was a room

Within the summer house of which I spake,  
Hung round with paintings of the sea,  
and one

A vessel in mid ocean, her heaved prow  
Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin  
wind

In her sail roaring From the outer day,  
Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad  
And solid beam of isolated light,  
Crowded with driving atomies, and fell  
Slanting upon that picture, from prime  
youth

Well known well-loved She drew it  
long ago

Forthgazing on the waste and open sea,  
One morning when the upblown billow  
ran

Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had  
pour'd

Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms  
Colour and life it was a bond and seal  
Of friendship, spoken of with tearful  
smiles,

A monument of childhood and of love,  
 The poesy of childhood, my lost love  
 Symbol'd in storm We gazed on it  
 together  
 In mute and glad remembrance, and  
 each heart  
 Grew closer to the other, and the eye  
 Was riveted and charm bound, gazing  
 like  
 The Indian on a still eyed snake, low-  
 couch'd—  
 A beauty which is death, when all at  
 once  
 That painted vessel, as with inner life,  
 Began to heave upon that painted sea,  
 An earthquake, my loud heart-beats,  
 made the ground  
 Reel under us, and all at once, soul, life  
 And breath and motion, past and flow'd  
 away  
 To those unreal billows round and  
 round  
 A whirlwind caught and bore us, mighty  
 gyres  
 Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind  
 driven  
 Far thro' the dizzy dark Aloud she  
 shriek'd,  
 My heart was cloven with pain, I wound  
 my arms  
 About her we whirl'd giddily, the wind  
 Sung, but I clasp'd her without fear  
 her weight  
 Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim  
 eyes,  
 And parted lips which drank her breath,  
 down hung  
 The jaws of Death I, groaning, from  
 me flung  
 Her empty phantom all the sway and  
 whirl  
 Of the storm dropt to windless calm, and I  
 Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and  
 ever

## III

I CAME one day and sat among the  
 stones  
 Strewn in the entry of the morning  
 cave,

iv

A morning all, sweet after rain, run  
 over  
 The rippling levels of the lake, and  
 blew  
 Coolness and moisture and all smells of  
 bud  
 And foliage from the dark and cupping  
 woods  
 Upon my fever'd blows that shook and  
 throb'd  
 From temple unto temple To what  
 height  
 The day had grown I know not Then  
 came on me  
 The hollow tolling of the bell, and all  
 The vision of the bier As heretofore  
 I walk'd behind with one who veil'd his  
 brow  
 Methought by slow degrees the sullen  
 bell  
 Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on the  
 shore  
 Sloped into louder surf those that went  
 with me,  
 And those that held the bier before my  
 face,  
 Moved with one spirit round about the  
 bier,  
 Trod swifter steps, and while I walk'd  
 with these  
 In marvel at that gradual change, I  
 thought  
 Four bells instead of one began to ring,  
 Four merry bells, four merry marriage  
 bells,  
 In clanging cadence jangling peal on  
 peal—  
 A long loud clash of rapid marriage  
 bells  
 Then those who led the van, and those  
 in rear,  
 Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bac-  
 chus  
 Fled onward to the steeple in the  
 woods  
 I, too, was borne along and felt the  
 blast  
 Beat on my heated eyelids all at once  
 The front rank made a sudden halt, the  
 bells

Lapsed into frightful stillness, the surge  
 fell  
 From thunder into whispers, those six  
 maids  
 With shrieks and ringing laughter on the  
 sand  
 Threw down the bier, the woods upon  
 the hill  
 Waved with a sudden gust that sweeping  
 down  
 Took the edges of the pall, and blew it  
 far  
 Until it hung, a little silver cloud  
 Over the sounding seas I turn'd my  
 heart  
 Shrank in me, like a snowflake in the  
 hand,  
 Waiting to see the settled countenance  
 Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading  
 flowers  
 But she from out her death like chrysalis,  
 She from her bier, as into fresher life,  
 My sister, and my cousin, and my  
 love,  
 Leapt lightly clad in bridal white—her  
 hair  
 Studded with one rich Provence rose—a  
 light  
 Of smiling welcome round her lips—her  
 eyes  
 And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd  
 the hill  
 One hand she reach'd to those that came  
 behind,  
 And while I mused not yet endured to  
 take  
 So rich a prize, the man who stood with  
 me  
 Stept gaily forward, throwing down his  
 robes,  
 And clapt her hand in his again the  
 bells  
 Jangled and clang'd again the stormy  
 surf  
 Crash'd in the shingle and the whirling  
 rout  
 Led by those two rush'd into dance, and  
 fled  
 Wind-footed to the steeple in the  
 woods,

Till they were swallow'd in the leafy  
 bowers,  
 And I stood sole beside the vacant bier

There, there, my latest vision—then the  
 event<sup>1</sup>

## IV

THE GOLDEN SUPPER<sup>1</sup>

(*Another speaks*)

He flies the event he leaves the event  
 to me  
 Poor Julian—how he rush'd away, the  
 bells,  
 Those marriage bells, echoing in ear and  
 heart—  
 But cast a parting glance at me, you say,  
 As who should say 'Continue' Well  
 he had  
 One golden hour—of triumph shall I say?  
 Solace at least—before he left his home

Would you had seen him in that hour  
 of his!  
 He moved thro' all of it majestically—  
 Restrain'd himself quite to the close—  
 but now—

Whether they *were* his lady's marriage  
 bells,  
 Or prophets of them in his fantasy,  
 I never ask'd but Lionel and the girl  
 Were wedded, and our Julian came  
 again  
 Back to his mother's house among the  
 pines  
 But these, then gloom, the mountains and  
 the Bay,  
 The whole land weigh'd him down as  
 Ætna does  
 The Giant of Mythology he would go,  
 Would leave the land for ever, and had  
 gone  
 Surely, but for a whisper, 'Go not yet,'  
 Some warning—sent divinely—as it  
 seem'd

<sup>1</sup> This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio See Introduction, p 115

By that which follow'd—but of this I  
deem  
As of the visions that he told—the event  
Glanced back upon them in his after  
life,  
And partly made them—tho' he knew it  
not

And thus he stay'd and would not look  
at her—  
No not for months but, when the  
eleventh moon  
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,  
Head yet once more the tolling bell, and  
said,  
Would you could toll me out of life, but  
found—  
All softly as his mother broke it to him—  
A cruel person than a crazy ear,  
For that low knell tolling his lady dead—  
Dead—and had lain three days without  
a pulse  
All that look'd on her had pronounced  
her dead  
And so they bore her (for in Julian's land  
They never nail a dumb head up in  
elm),  
Bore her free faced to the free aus of  
heaven,  
And laid her in the vault of her own kin

What did he then? not die he is here  
and hale—  
Not plunge headforemost from the moun-  
tain there,  
And leave the name of Lover's Leap  
not he  
He knew the meaning of the whisper now,  
Thought that he knew it 'Thus, I stay'd  
for this,  
O love, I have not seen you for so long  
Now, now, will I go down into the grave,  
I will be all alone with all I love,  
And kiss her on the lips She is his no  
more  
The dead returns to me, and I go down  
To kiss the dead'

The fancy stir'd him so  
He rose and went, and entering the dim  
vault,

And, making there a sudden light, beheld  
All round about him that which all will  
be

The light was but a flash, and went again  
Then at the far end of the vault he saw  
His lady with the moonlight on her face,  
Her breast as in a shadow prison, bars  
Of black and bands of silver, which the  
moon

Struck from an open grating overhead  
High in the wall, and all the rest of her  
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the  
vault

'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass, to  
sleep,  
To rest, to be with her—till the great  
day  
Peal'd on us with that music which rights  
all,  
And rused us hand in hand' And  
kneeling there  
Down in the dreadful dust that once was  
man,  
Dust, as he said, that once was loving  
hearts,  
Hearts that had beat with such a love as  
mine—  
Not such as mine, no, not for such as  
her—  
He softly put his arm about her neck  
And kiss'd her more than once, till help  
less death  
And silence made him bold—nay, but I  
wrong him,  
He revered his dear lady even in  
death,  
But, placing his true hand upon her  
heart,  
'O, you warm heart,' he moan'd, 'not  
even death  
Can chill you all at once' then starting,  
thought  
His dreams had come again 'Do I  
wake or sleep?  
Or am I made immortal, or my love  
Mortal once more?' It beat—the heart  
—it beat  
Faint—but it beat at which his own  
began

To pulse with such a vehemence that it  
drown'd

The feeblér motion underneath his hand  
But when at last his doubts were satisfied,  
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,  
And, wrapping her all over with the cloak  
He came in, and now striding fast, and  
now

Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore  
Holding his golden burthen in his arms,  
So bore her thro' the solitary land  
Back to the mother's house where she  
was born

There the good mother's kindly ministring,  
With half a night's appliances, recall'd  
Her fluttering life she rais'd an eye that  
ask'd

'Where?' till the things familiar to her  
youth

Had made a silent answer then she spoke  
'Here' and how came I here?' and  
learning it

(They told her somewhat rashly as I  
think)

At once began to wander and to wail,  
'Ay, but you know that you must give  
me back

Send' bid him come,' but Lionel was  
away—

Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none  
knew where

'He casts me out,' she wept, 'and goes'  
—a wail

That seeming something, yet was nothing,  
born

Not from believing mind, but shatter'd  
nerve,

Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof  
At some precipitance in her burial

Then, when her own true spirit had  
return'd,

'Oh yes, and you,' she said, 'and none  
but you?

For you have given me life and love again,  
And none but you yourself shall tell him  
of it,

And you shall give me back when he  
returns'

'Stay then a little,' answer'd Julian,  
'here,

And keep yourself, none knowing, to  
yourself,

And I will do your will I may not stay,  
No, not an hour, but send me notice of  
him

When he returns, and then will I return,  
And I will make a solemn offering of you  
To him you love' And faintly she  
replied,

'And I will do *your* will, and none shall  
know'

Not know? with such a secret to be  
known

But all their house was old and loved  
them both,

And all the house had known the loves  
of both,

Had died almost to serve them any way,  
And all the land was waste and solitary  
And then he rode away, but after this,  
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came  
Upon her, and that day a boy was born,  
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel

And thus our lonely lover rode away,  
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,  
There fever seized upon him myself was  
then

Travelling that land, and meant to rest  
an hour,

And sitting down to such a base repast,  
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—  
I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd  
The moulder'd stairs (for everything was  
vile)

And in a loft, with none to wait on him,  
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,  
Raving of dead men's dust and beating  
hearts

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,  
A flat malarian world of reed and rush'  
But there from fever and my care of him  
Sprang up a friendship that may help us  
yet

For while we roam'd along the dreary  
coast,

And waited for her message, piece by piece  
 I learnt the drearier story of his life,  
 And, tho' he loved and honour'd Lionel,  
 Found that the sudden wul his lady  
     made  
 Dwelt in his fancy did he know her  
     worth,  
 Her beauty even? should he not be taught,  
 Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,  
 The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we part,  
 I with our lover to his native Bay

This love is of the brain the mind, the  
     soul  
 That makes the sequel pure, tho' some  
     of us

Beginning at the sequel know no more  
 Not such am I and yet I say the bird  
 That will not hear my call, however  
     sweet,

But if my neighbour whistle answers  
     him—

What matter? there are others in the  
     wood

Yet when I saw her (and I thought him  
     crazed,

Tho' not with such a craziness as needs  
 A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of  
     hers—

Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes  
     alone,

But all from these to where she touch'd  
     on earth,

For such a craziness as Julian's look'd  
 No less than one divine apology

So sweetly and so modestly she came  
 To greet us, her young hero in her arms!  
 'Kiss him,' she said 'You gave me  
     life again

He, but for you, had never seen it once  
 His other father you! Kiss him, and then  
 Forgive him, if his name be Julian too'

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart!  
     his own

Sent such a flame into his face, I knew  
 Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him  
     there

But he was all the more resolved to go,  
 And sent at once to Lionel, praying him  
 By that great love they both had borne  
     the dead,

To come and revel for one hour with him  
 Before he left the land for evermore,  
 And then to friends—they were not many  
     —who lived

Scatteringly about that lonely land of  
     his,

And bade them to a banquet of farewells

And Julian made a solemn feast I  
     never

Sat at a costlier, for all round his hall  
 From column on to column, as in a  
     wood,

Not such as here—an equatorial one,  
 Great garlands swung and blossom'd,  
     and beneath,

Henlooms, and ancient miracles of Art,  
 Chalice and salver, wines that Heaven  
     knows when,

Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten  
     sun,

And kept it thro' a hundred years of  
     gloom,

Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups  
 Where nymph and god ran ever round in  
     gold—

Others of glass as costly—some with  
     gems

Moveable and resettable at will,  
 And trebling all the rest in value—Ah  
     heavens!

Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say  
 That whatsoever such a house as his,  
 And his was old, has in it rare or fair  
 Was brought before the guest and they,  
     the guests,

Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's  
     eyes

(I told you that he had his golden hour),  
 And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd  
 To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his  
 And that resolved self exile from a land  
 He never would revisit, such a feast  
 So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n  
     than rich,

But rich as for the nuptials of a king

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall  
Two great funereal curtains, looping down,  
Parted a little ere they met the floor,  
About a picture of his lady, taken  
Some years before, and falling hid the frame  
And just above the parting was a lamp  
So the sweet figure folded round with night  
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile

Well then—our solemn feast—we ate  
and drank,  
And might—the wines being of such  
nobleness—  
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,  
And something weird and wild about it all  
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,  
Scarce touch'd the meats, but ever and anon  
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine  
Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use,  
And when the feast was near an end, he said

'There is a custom in the Orient,  
friends—  
I read of it in Persia—when a man  
Will honour those who feast with him,  
he brings  
And shows them whatsoever he accounts  
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,  
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be  
This custom——'

Pausing here a moment, all  
The guests broke in upon him with  
meeting hands  
And cries about the banquet—'Beautiful!  
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?'

The lover answer'd, 'There is more  
than one  
Here sitting who deserves it. Laud me not  
Before my time, but hear me to the close  
This custom steps yet further when the  
guest  
Is loved and honour'd to the uttermost

For after he hath shown him gems or gold,  
He bungs and sets before him in rich  
guise  
That which is thice as beautiful as these,  
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—  
"O my heart's lord, would I could show  
you," he says,  
"Ev'n my heart too." And I propose  
to night  
To show you what is dearest to my heart,  
And my heart too

'But solve me first a doubt  
I knew a man, nor many years ago;  
He had a faithful servant, one who loved  
His master more than all on earth beside  
He falling sick, and seeming close on  
death,  
His master would not wait until he died—  
But bad his menials bear him from the  
door,  
And leave him in the public way to die  
I knew another, not so long ago,  
Who found the dying servant, took him  
home,  
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved  
his life  
I ask you now, should this first master  
claim  
His service, whom does it belong to?  
him  
Who thrust him out, or him who saved  
his life?'

This question, so flung down before  
the guests,  
And balanced either way by each, at  
length  
When some were doubtful how the law  
would hold,  
Was handed over by consent of all  
To one who had not spoken, Lionel

Fair speech was his, and delicate of  
phrase  
And he beginning languidly—his loss  
Weigh'd on him yet—but warning as he  
went,  
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,  
Affirming that as long as either lived,



By all the laws of love and gratefulness,  
The service of the one so saved was due  
All to the saviour—adding, with a smile,  
The first for many weeks—a semi smile  
As at a strong conclusion—body and  
soul  
And life and limbs, all his to work his will'

Then Julian made a secret sign to me  
To bring Camilla down before them all  
And crossing her own picture as she came,  
And looking as much lovelier as herself  
Is lovelier than all others—on her head  
A diamond circlet, and from under this  
A veil, that seemed no more than gilded  
air,

Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze  
With seeds of gold—so, with that grace  
of hers,

Slow moving as a wave against the wind,  
That flings a mist behind it in the sun—  
And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,  
The younger Julian, who himself was  
crowned

With roses, none so rosy as himself—  
And over all her babe and her the jewels  
Of many generations of his house  
Sprinkled and flash'd, for he had decked  
them out

As for a solemn sacrifice of love—  
So she came in—I am long in telling it,  
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,  
Sad, sweet, and strange together—floated  
in—

While all the guests in mute amazement  
rose—

And slowly pacing to the middle hall,  
Before the board, there paused and stood,  
her breast

Hurd heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,  
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel  
But him she carried, him nor lights nor  
feast

Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men, who  
cared

Only to use his own, and staring wide  
And hungering for the guilt and jewell'd  
world

About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,  
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw

'My guests,' said Julian, 'you are  
honoured now

Even to the uttermost in her behold  
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,  
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me  
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,  
Led his dear lady to a chair of state  
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face  
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again  
Thrice in a second, felt him tumble too,  
And heard him muttering, 'So like, so  
like,

She never had a sister I knew none  
Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so  
like''

And then he suddenly ask'd her if she  
were

She shook, and cast her eyes down, and  
was dumb

And then some other question'd if she  
came

From foreign lands, and still she did not  
speak

Another, if the boy were hers but she  
To all their queries answer'd not a word,  
Which made the amazement more, till  
one of them

Said, shuddering, 'Her spectre!' But  
his friend

Replied, in half a whisper, 'Not at least  
The spectre that will speak if spoken to  
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful  
Prove, as I almost dread to find her,  
dumb''

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd not  
'She is but dumb, because in her you  
see

That faithful servant whom we spoke  
about,

Obedient to her second master now,  
Which will not last I have here to night  
a guest

So bound to me by common love and  
loss—

What' shall I bind him more? in his  
behalf,

Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him  
That which of all things is the dearest to  
me,

Not only showing? and he himself pronounced

That my rich gift is wholly mine to give

'Now all be dumb, and promise all of you

Not to begin in on what I say by word  
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart'

And then began the story of his love  
As here to day, but not so wordily—  
The passionate moment would not suffer that—

Past thro' his visions to the burial, thence  
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall,

And then rose up, and with him all his guests

Once more as by enchantment, all but he,  
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,  
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said

'Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife,

And were it only for the giver's sake,  
And tho' she seem so like the one you lost,  
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,  
Lest there be none left here to bring her back

I leave this land for ever' Here he ceased

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,  
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,  
He slowly brought them both to Lionel  
And there the widower husband and dead wife

Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd

Forsome new death than for a life renewed,  
Whereat the very babe began to wail,  
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in

To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him closed and claspt again

But Lionel, when at last he freed himself  
From wife and child, and lifted up a face  
All over glowing with the sun of life,  
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this

So frighted our good friend, that turning to me

And saying, 'It is over let us go'—

There were our horses ready at the doors—

We bade them no farewell, but mounting these

He past for ever from his native land,  
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine

## TO ALFRED TENNYSON

MY GRANDSON

GOLDEN-HAIR'D Ally whose name is one with mine,

Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,

Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,  
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine, O  
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,

Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine

May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!

## THE FIRST QUARREL

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT)

I

'WAIT a little,' you say, 'you are sure it 'll all come right,'

But the boy was born in trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white

Wait' an' once I ha' waited—I hadn't to wait for long

Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry—No, no, you are doing me wrong!

Harry and I were married the boy can hold up his head,

The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was dead,

I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an' I work an' I wait to the end

I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend

II

Doctor, if you can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life

When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own little wife,

I was happy when I was with him, an'  
 sorry when he was away,  
 An' when we play'd together, I loved him  
 better than play,  
 He woik't me the daisy chain—he made  
 me the cowslip ball,  
 He fought the boys that were rude, an' I  
 loved him better than all  
 Passionate gill tho' I was, an' often at  
 home in disgrace,  
 I never could quarrel with Harry—I had  
 but to look in his face

## III

There was a farmer in Doiset of Harry's  
 kin, that had need  
 Of a good stout lad at his farm, he sent,  
 an' the father agreed,  
 So Harry was bound to the Doisetshire  
 farm for years an' for years,  
 I walked with him down to the quay,  
 poor lad, an' we parted in tears  
 The boat was beginning to move, we  
 heard them a ringing the bell,  
 'I'll never love any but you, God bless  
 you, my own little Nell'

## IV

I was a child, an' he was a child, an' he  
 came to haim,  
 There was a gill, a hussy, that woik't with  
 him up at the farm,  
 One had deceived her an' left her alone  
 with her sin an' her shame,  
 And so she was wicked with Harry, the  
 girl was the most to blame

## V

And years went over till I that was little  
 had grown so tall,  
 The men would say of the muds, 'Our  
 Nelly's the flower of 'em all'  
 I didn't take heed o' *them*, but I taught  
 myself all I could  
 To make a good wife for Harry, when  
 Harry came home for good

## VI

Oft'n I seem'd unhappy, and often as  
 happy too,  
 For I heard it abroad in the fields 'I'll  
 never love any but you,'

'I'll never love any but you' the morning  
 song of the lark,  
 'I'll never love any but you' the nightin  
 gale's hymn in the dark

## VII

And Harry came home at last, but he  
 look'd at me sidelong and shy,  
 Vext me a bit, till he told me that so  
 many years had gone by,  
 I had grown so handsome and tall—that  
 I might ha' forgot him somehow—  
 For he thought—there were other lads—  
 he was fear'd to look at me now

## VIII

Hard was the frost in the field, we were  
 married o' Christmas day,  
 Married among the red berries, an' all as  
 merry as May—  
 Those were the pleasant times, my house  
 an' my man were my pride,  
 We seem'd a like ships in the Channel a  
 sailing with wind an' tide

## IX

But work was scant in the Isle tho' he  
 tried the villages round,  
 So Harry went over the Solent to see if  
 work could be found,  
 An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work,  
 little wife, so far as I know,  
 I'll come for an hour to morrow, an' I'll  
 you before I go'

## X

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't  
 he coming that day?  
 An' I hit on an old deal box that was  
 push'd in a corner away,  
 It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a  
 letter along w' the rest,  
 I had better ha' put my naked hand in a  
 hornets' nest

## XI

'Sweetheart'—this was the letter—this  
 was the letter I read—  
 'You promised to find me work near you,  
 an' I wish I was dead—'

Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you  
haven't done it, my lad,  
An' I almost died o' you going away,  
an' I wish that I had'

## XII

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant  
times that had past,  
Before I quarrell'd with Harry—*my*  
quarrel—the first an' the last

## XIII

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the  
letter that drove me wild,  
An' he told it me all at once, as simple as  
any child,  
'What can it matter, my lass, what I did  
wi' my single life?  
I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to  
his wife,  
An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst' 'Then,'  
I said, 'I'm none o' the best'  
An' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my love?  
Come, come, little wife, let it rest'  
The man isn't like the woman, no need  
to make such a stir'  
But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said  
'You were keeping with her,  
When I was a loving you all along an' the  
same as before'  
An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he  
anger'd me more and more  
Then he patted my hand in his gentle  
way, 'Let bygones be'  
'Bygones' you kept yours hush'd,' I said,  
'when you married me'  
By-gones ma' be come agains, an' *she*—  
in her shame an' her sin—  
You'll have her to nurse my child, if I  
die o' my lying in'  
You'll make her its second mother' I  
hate her—an' I hate you'  
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha'  
beaten me black an' blue  
Than ha' spoken as kind as you did,  
when I were so crazy wi' spite,  
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'll  
all come right'

## XIV

An' he took three turns in the run, an' I  
watch'd him, an' when he came in

I felt that my heart was hard, he was all  
wet thro' to the skin,  
An' I never said 'off wi' the wet,' I never  
said 'on wi' the dry,'  
So I knew my heart was hard, when he  
came to bid me goodbye  
'You said that you hated me, Ellen, but  
that isn't true, you know,  
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss  
me before I go?'

## XV

'Going' you're going to her—kiss her—  
if you will,' I said—  
I was near my time wi' the boy, I must  
ha' been light i' my head—  
'I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd'—I  
didn't know well what I meant,  
But I turn'd my face from *him*, an' he  
turn'd *his* face an' he went

## XVI

And then he sent me a letter, 'I've gotten  
my work to do,  
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I  
never loved any but you,  
I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for  
what she wrote,  
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go to  
night by the boat'

## XVII

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought  
of him out at sea,  
An' I felt I had been to blame, he was  
always kind to me  
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'll  
all come right'  
An' the boat went down that night—the  
boat went down that night

## RIZPAH

## 17—

## I

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind  
over land and sea—  
And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother,  
come out to me'

Why should he call me to night when he  
knows that I cannot go?

For the downs are as bright as day, and  
the full moon stairs at the snow

## II

We should be seen, my dear, they would  
spy us out of the town

The loud black nights for us, and the  
storm rushing over the down,

When I cannot see my own hand, but am  
led by the creak of the chain,

And grovel and grope for my son till I  
find myself detached with the rain

## III

Anything fallen again? nay—what was  
there left to fall?

I have taken them home, I have numbered  
the bones, I have hidden them all

What am I saying? and what are *you*?  
do you come as a spy?

Falls? what falls? who knows? As the  
tree falls so must it lie

## IV

Who let her in? how long has she been?  
*you*—what have *you* heard?

Why did *you* sit so quiet? *you* never have  
spoken a word

O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none  
of their spies—

But the night has crept into my heart,  
and begun to darken my eyes

## V

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what  
should *you* know of the night,

The blast and the burning shame and the  
bitter frost and the fright?

I have done it, while *you* were asleep—  
*you* were only made for the day

I have gather'd my baby together—and  
now *you* may go your way

## VI

Nay—for it's kind of *you*, Madam, to sit  
by an old dying wife

But say nothing hard of my boy, I have  
only an hour of life

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he  
went out to die

They dared me to do it,' he said, and he  
never has told me a lie

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once  
when he was but a child—

'The farmer dared me to do it, he said,  
he was always so wild—

And idle—and couldn't be idle—my  
Willy—he never could rest

The King should have made him a soldier,  
he would have been one of his best

## VII

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and  
they never would let him be good,

They swore that he dare not rob the mill  
and he swore that he would,

And he took no life, but he took' ore  
purse, and when all was done

He flung it among his fellows—I'll none  
of it, said my son

## VIII

I came into court to the Judge and the  
lawyers I told them my tale,

Cod's own truth—but they kill'd him,  
they kill'd him for robbing the mail

They hang'd him in chains for a show—  
we had always borne a good name—

To be hang'd for a thief—and then put  
away— isn't that enough shame?

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide'  
but they set him so high

That all the ships of the world could  
store at him, passing by

God'll pardon the best black roven and  
horrible fellows of the law,

But not the black heart of the lawyer who  
kill'd him and hang'd him there

## IX

And the jailer forced me away I had  
bid him my last goodbye,

They had fasten'd the door of his cell  
'O mother!' I heard him cry

I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had  
something further to say,

And now I never shall know it The  
jailer forced me away

## X

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry  
 of my boy that was dead,  
 They seized me and shut me up they  
 fasten'd me down on my bed  
 'Mother, O mother!'—he call'd in the  
 dark to me year after year—  
 They beat me for that, they beat me—  
 you know that I couldn't but hear,  
 And then at the last they found I had  
 grown so stupid and still  
 They let me abroad again—but the  
 creatures had worked their will

## XI

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of  
 my bone was left—  
 I stole them all from the lawyers—and  
 you, will you call it a theft?—  
 My baby, the bones that had suck'd me,  
 the bones that had laughed and  
 had cried—  
 Theus? O no! they are mine—not  
 theirs—they had moved in my side

## XII

Do you think I was scared by the bones?  
 I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all—  
 I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night  
 by the churchyard wall  
 My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the  
 trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,  
 But I charge you never to say that I laid  
 him in holy ground

## XIII

They would scratch him up—they would  
 hang him again on the cursed tree  
 Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—  
 let all that be,  
 And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's  
 good will toward men—  
 'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord'  
 —let me hear it again,  
 'Full of compassion and mercy—long  
 suffering' Yes, O yes!  
 For the lawyer is born but to murder—  
 the Saviour lives but to bless

He'll never put on the black cap except  
 for the worst of the worst,  
 And the first may be last—I have heard it  
 in church—and the last may be  
 first  
 Suffering—O long suffering—yes, as the  
 Lord must know,  
 Year after year in the mist and the wind  
 and the shower and the snow

## XIV

Heard, have you? what? they have told  
 you he never repented his sin  
 How do they know it? are *they* his  
 mother? are *you* of his kin?  
 Heard! have you ever heard, when the  
 storm on the downs began,  
 The wind that 'ill wail like a child and  
 the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

## XV

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's  
 all very well  
 But I go to night to my boy, and I shall  
 not find him in Hell  
 For I cared so much for my boy that the  
 Lord has look'd into my care,  
 And He means me I'm sure to be happy  
 with Willy, I know not where

## XVI

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul,  
 that is all you desire  
 Do you think that I care for *my* soul if  
 my boy be gone to the fire?  
 I have been with God in the dark—go,  
 go, you may leave me alone—  
 You never have borne a child—you are  
 just as hard as a stone

## XVII

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think  
 that you mean to be kind,  
 But I cannot hear what you say for my  
 Willy's voice in the wind—  
 The snow and the sky so bright—he used  
 but to call in the dark,  
 And he calls to me now from the church  
 and not from the gibbet—for hark!

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is  
coming—shaking the walls—  
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good-  
night I am going He calls

## THE NORTHERN COBBLER

## I

WAAIT till our Sally cooms in, fui thou  
mun a' sights<sup>1</sup> to tell  
Eh, but I be maain glad to seea tha sa  
'arty an' well  
'Cast awaay on a disolut land w<sup>1</sup> a  
vaitical soon<sup>2</sup> 'I  
Strange fur to goa fur to think what  
saailois a' seen an' a' doon,  
'Summat to dink—sa' 'ot' I 'a nowt  
but Adam's wine  
What's the 'eat o' this little 'ill side to  
the 'eat o' the line?

## II

'What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?'  
I'll tell tha Gin  
But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goa  
fui it down to the inn  
Naay—fur I be maain gl'ad, but thaw tha  
was iver sa dry,  
Thou guts naw gin fio' the bottle theer,  
an' I'll tell tha why

## III

Mea an' thy sister was married, when  
wur it? back-end o' June,  
Ten year sin', and wa'greed as well as a  
fiddle i' tune  
I could fettle and clump owd booots and  
shoes w<sup>1</sup> the best on 'em all,  
As fei as fro' Thursby thuin hup to  
Hainsby and Hutterby Hall

<sup>1</sup> The vowels *az*, pronounced separately though in the closest conjunction, best render the sound of the long *z* and *y* in this dialect. But since such words as *craun*, *dawn*, *whar*, *at* (I), etc., look awkward except in a page of express phonetics, I have thought it better to leave the simple *z* and *y*, and to trust that my readers will give them the broader pronunciation

<sup>2</sup> The *oo* short, as in 'wood'

We was busy as becas i' the bloom an' as  
'appy as 'at could think,  
An' then the babby wui burn, and then  
I taakes to the dink

## IV

An' I weant grainsaay it, my lad, thaw I  
be hafe shraamed on it now,  
We could sing a good song at the Plow, we  
could sing a good song at the Plow,  
Thaw once of a frosty night I slither d an'  
hurted my huck,<sup>1</sup>  
An' I coom'd neck an ciop soomtimes  
slaape down i' the squad an' the  
muck  
An' once I fowt w<sup>1</sup> the Taailoi—not hafe  
ov a man, my lad—  
Fur he scrawm d an' scratted mv faace  
like a cat, an it mraade 'ei sa mad  
That Sally she tuin'd a tongue banger,<sup>2</sup>  
an' raated ma, 'Sottin thy braams  
Guzzlin' an' soakin' an' smokin' an'  
hawmin'<sup>3</sup> about i' the laanes,  
Soa sow droonk that tha doesn not touch  
thv 'at to the Squire,  
An' I loook'd cock eyed at my noase an  
I seead 'im a-gittin' o' fire,  
But sin' I wui hallus i' liquoi an' hallus  
as droonk as a king,  
Foalks' coostom flitted awaay like a kite  
w<sup>1</sup> a brokken string

## V

An' Sally she wesh'd foalks' cloaths to  
keep the wolf fio' the door,  
Eh but the moo she iled me, she druv  
me to dink the moor,  
Fur I fun', when 'ei back wur turn'd,  
whee! Sally's owd stockin' wui 'id,  
An' I giabb'd the munny she maade, and  
I weai'd it o' liquoi, I did

## VI

An' one night I cooms 'oam like a bull  
gotten loose at a faair,  
An' she wui a-waaitin' fo'mma, an' cryin'  
and tearin' 'er 'aair,

<sup>1</sup> Hip

<sup>2</sup> Scold

<sup>3</sup> Lounging

An' I tummled athunt the craadle an'  
 swear'd as I'd break ivry stick  
 O' furnitui 'eie i' the 'ouse, an' I gied  
 our Sally a kick,  
 An' I mash'd the t'ables an' chaus, an'  
 she an' the babby beal'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fui I knaw'd naw mooi what I did nor  
 a mortal beast o' the feald

## VII

An' when I waked i' the mornin' I seed  
 that our Sally went laamed  
 Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur  
 dreadful ashamed,  
 An' Sally wur sloomy<sup>2</sup> an' draggle taal'd  
 in an owd turn gown,  
 An' the babby's faace wun't wesh'd an'  
 the 'ole 'ouse hupside down

## VIII

An' then I minded our Sally sa piatty  
 an' neat an' sweet,  
 Straat is a pole an' clean as a flower fio'  
 'ead to feeat  
 An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied  
 'er by Thursby thurn,  
 Theer wui a lark a singin' 'is best of a  
 Sunday at murn,  
 Couldn't see 'im, we 'eud 'im a-mountin'  
 oop 'igher an' 'igher,  
 An' then 'e tuin'd to the sun, an' 'e  
 shined like a sparkle o' fie  
 'Doesn't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I  
 can see 'im?' an' I  
 Seead nobbut the smile o' the sun as  
 danced in 'er piatty blue eye,  
 An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an'  
 Sally says 'Noa, thou moant,'  
 But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother,  
 an' Sally says 'doant''

## IX

An' when we coom'd into Meeatin', at  
 fust she wui all in a tew,  
 But, ater, we sing'd the 'ymn togethe  
 like bnds on a beugh,

<sup>1</sup> Bellowed, cried out<sup>2</sup> Sluggish, out of spirits

An' Muggins 'e pieach'd o' Hell fie an  
 the loov o' God fur men,  
 An' then upo' coomin' awaay Sally gied  
 me a kiss ov 'ersen

## X

Heer wur a fall fio' a kiss to a kick like  
 Saatan as fell  
 Down out o' heaven i' Hell fie—thaw  
 theei's naw dinkin' i' Hell,  
 Mea fur to kick our Sally as kep the wolf  
 fro' the dooi,  
 All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er  
 as well as afoor

## XI

Sa like a graat num cumpus I blubber'd  
 awray o' the bed—  
 'Weant niver do it naw mooi,' an'  
 Sally loookt up an' she said,  
 'I'll upowd it<sup>1</sup> tha weant, thou't like  
 the rest o' the men,  
 Thou'll goa sniffin' about the tap till tha  
 does it agern  
 Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I knaws,  
 as knaws tha sa well,  
 That, if tha seesas 'im an' smells 'im tha'll  
 follei 'im slick into Hell'

## XII

'Naay,' says I, 'fur I weant goa sniffin'  
 about the tap'  
 'Weant tha?' she says, an' mysen I  
 thowt i' mysen 'mayhap'  
 'Nor' an' I started awaay like a shot,  
 an' down to the Hinn,  
 An' I browt what thi seesas stannin' theei,  
 yon big black bottle o' gin

## XIII

'That caps owt,'<sup>2</sup> says Sally, an' saw she  
 begins to cry,  
 But I puts it inter 'er 'ands an' I says to  
 'er, 'Sally,' says I,  
 'Stan' 'im theer i' the naame o' the Lord  
 an' the power ov 'is Grace,  
 'Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll loook my hennemy  
 strait i' the faace,

<sup>1</sup> I'll uphold it<sup>2</sup> That's beyond everything



Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let ma  
look at 'im then,  
'E seem's naw moo' nor watter, an' 'e's  
the Devil's oan sen'

## XIV

An' I wur down i' the mouth, couldn't do  
naw work an' all,  
Nasty an' snaggy an' shaaky, an' poonch'd  
my 'and wi' the hawl,  
But she wur a power o' coomfut, an'  
sattled 'ersen o' my knee,  
An' coayd an' coodled me oop till agean  
I feel'd mysen fice

## XV

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foalk  
stood a gawmin'<sup>1</sup> in,  
Asthaw it wur summat bewitch'd istead  
of a quat o' gin,  
An' some on 'em said it wur watter—an'  
I wur chousin' the wife,  
Fui I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, wui it  
nobbut to saave my life,  
An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov  
'is aim, an' 'e shaws it to me,  
'Feeal thou this ' thou can't graw this  
upo' watter ' ' says he  
An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as  
candles was lit,  
'Thou moant do it,' he says, 'tha mun  
break 'im off bit by bit'  
'Thou'rt but a Methody man,' says Par  
son, and laays down 'is 'at,  
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I  
respects tha fur that',  
An' Squire, his oan very sen, walks down  
fro' the 'All to see,  
An' 'e spansk 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I  
respects tha,' says 'e,  
An' coostom agean diaw'd in like a wind  
fio' fu an' wide,  
And browt me the booots to be cobbled  
fro' hafe the coontryside

## XVI

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan  
to my dying daay,

<sup>1</sup> Staring vacantly

I 'a gotten to loov 'im agean in 'noother  
kind of a waay,  
Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I kee ups  
'im clean an' bight,  
Loovs im, an' 'n' loobs 'im, an' doosts 'im,  
an' puts 'im back i' the light

## XVII

Wouldn't a pint 'e sarved as well as a  
quat? Naw doubt  
But I lik'd a bigger feller to fight wi' an'  
fowt it out  
Fine an' mellow 'e mun be by this, if I  
cared to taaste,  
But I moant, my lad, and I weint, fur  
I d feel mysen c'lein disgnaaced

## XVIII

An' once I said to the Missis, 'My lass,  
when I cooms to die,  
Smash the bottle to smithers, the Devil's  
in 'im,' said I  
But aiter I chaanged my mind, an' if  
Sally be left alone,  
I'll hev 'im a bunned wi'mma an' traake  
'im afoot the Throan

## XIX

Coom thou 'eei—yon landy a-steppin'  
along the steeat,  
Doesn't tha know 'ei—sa pritty, an' feat,  
an' neat, an' sweet?  
Look at the cloaths on 'ei back, thebbe  
ammost spick spen-new,  
An' Tommy's face le as fiesh as a codlin  
wesh d i' the dew

## XX

'Ere be ou Sally an' Tommy, an' we be  
a goin to dine,  
Bacon an' tates, an' a beslings pud-  
din'<sup>1</sup> an' Adam's wine,  
But if tha wants ony grog tha mun goa  
fui it down to the Hinn,  
Fui I weant shed a drop on 'is blood,  
noa, not fui Sally's oan kin

<sup>1</sup> A pudding made with the first milk of the cow  
after calving

## THE REVENGE

## A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

## I

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard  
Grenville lay,  
And a pinnacle, like a flutter'd bird, came  
flying from far away  
'Spanish ships of war at sea' we have  
sighted fifty three'  
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard  
'Foe God I am no coward,  
But I cannot meet them here, for my  
ships are out of gear,  
And the half my men are sick I must  
fly, but follow quick  
We are six ships of the line, can we  
fight with fifty-three?'

## II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville 'I  
know you are no coward,  
You fly them for a moment to fight with  
them again  
But I've ninety men and more that are  
lying sick ashore  
I should count myself the coward if I left  
them, my Lord Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devil  
doms of Spain'

## III

So Lord Howard past away with five  
ships of war that day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent  
summer heaven,  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick  
men from the land  
Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down  
below;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they  
were not left to Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the  
glory of the Lord

## IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work  
the ship and to fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the  
Spaniard came in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon  
the weather bow  
'Shall we fight or shall we fly?'  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die'  
There'll be little of us left by the time  
this sun be set'  
And Sir Richard said again 'We be all  
good English men  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the  
children of the devil,  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or  
devil yet'

## V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and  
we roar'd a hurrah, and so  
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the  
heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and  
her ninety sick below,  
For half of their fleet to the right and  
half to the left were seen,  
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the  
long sea lane between

## VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down  
from their decks and laugh'd,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at  
the mad little craft  
Running on and on, till delay'd  
By their mountain like San Philip that,  
of fifteen hundred tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with  
her yawning tiers of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we  
stay'd

## VII

And while now the great San Philip hung  
above us like a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon  
the starboard lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them  
all

## VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she be  
thought herself and went  
Having that within her womb that had  
left her ill content,  
And the rest they came aboard us, and  
they fought us hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their  
pikes and musqueteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a  
dog that shakes his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land

## IX

And the sun went down, and the stars  
came out far over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of  
the one and the fifty three  
Ship after ship, the whole night long,  
their high built galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long,  
with her battle thunder and flame,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew  
back with her dead and her shame  
For some were sunk and many were shat-  
ter'd, and so could fight us no  
more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this  
in the world before?

## X

For he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck,  
And it chanced that, when half of the  
short summer night was gone,  
With a gusly wound to be drest he had  
left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing  
it suddenly dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the  
side and the head,  
And he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'

## XI

And the night went down, and the sun  
smiled out far over the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides  
lay round us all in a ring,  
But they dared not touch us again, for  
they fear'd that we still could sting,  
So they watch'd what the end would be  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we,  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were  
slain,  
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the  
desperate strife,  
And the sick men down in the hold were  
most of them stark and cold,  
And the pikes were all broken or bent,  
and the powder was all of it spent,  
And the masts and the rigging were lying  
over the side,  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
'We have fought such a fight for a day  
and a night  
As may never be fought again !  
We have won great glory, my men !  
And a day less or more  
At sea or ashore,  
We die—does it matter when ?  
Sink me the ship, Master Gannet—sink  
her, split her in twain !  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the  
hands of Spain !'

## XII

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the  
sermen made reply  
'We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if  
we yield, to let us go,  
We shall live to fight again and to strike  
another blow'  
And the lion there lay dying, and they  
yielded to the foe

## XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their  
flagship bore him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old  
 Su Richard caught at last,  
 And they praised him to his face with  
 their courtly foreign grace,  
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried  
 'I have fought for Queen and Faith like  
 a valiant man and true,  
 I have only done my duty as a man is  
 bound to do  
 With a joyful spirit I Su Richard Gren-  
 ville die !'  
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died

## XIV

And they stared at the dead that had  
 been so valiant and true,  
 And had holden the power and glory of  
 Spain so cheap  
 That he dared her with one little ship  
 and his English few,  
 Was he devil or man? He was devil  
 for aught they knew,  
 But they sank his body with honour down  
 into the deep,  
 And they mann'd the Revenge with a  
 swaathier alien crew,  
 And away she sail'd with her loss and  
 long'd for her own,  
 When a wind from the lands they had  
 run'd awoke from sleep,  
 And the water began to heave and the  
 weatner to moan,  
 And or ever that evening ended a great  
 gale blew,  
 And a wave like the wave that is raised  
 by an earthquake grew,  
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails  
 and their masts and their flags,  
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on  
 the shot shatter'd navy of Spain,  
 And the little Revenge herself went down  
 by the island crags  
 To be lost evermore in the main

## THE SISTERS

THEY have left the doors ajar, and by  
 their clash,  
 And prelude on the keys, I know the  
 song,

Their favourite—which I call 'The Tables  
 Turned'  
 Evelyn begins it 'O diviner Air'

## EVELYN

O diviner Air,  
 Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the  
 glare,  
 Far from out the west in shadowing  
 showers,  
 Over all the meadow baked and bare,  
 Making fresh and fair  
 All the bowers and the flowers,  
 Fainting flowers, faded bowers,  
 Over all this weary world of ous,  
 Breathe, diviner Air !

A sweet voice that—you scarce could  
 better that  
 Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn

## EDITH

O diviner light,  
 Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon with  
 night,  
 Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding  
 showers,  
 Far from out a sky for ever bright,  
 Over all the woodland's flooded bowers,  
 Over all the meadow's downing flowers,  
 Over all this run'd world of ous,  
 Break, diviner light !

Marvellously like, their voices—and them-  
 selves !

Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the  
 other,

As one is somewhat graver than the other—  
 Edith than Evelyn Your good Uncle,  
 whom

You count the father of your fortune,  
 longs

For this alliance let me ask you then  
 Which voice most takes you? for I do  
 not doubt

Being a watchful parent, you are taken  
 With one or other tho' sometimes I  
 fear

You may be flickering, fluttering in a  
 doubt

Between the two—which must not be—  
which might

Be death to one they both are beautiful  
Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says  
The common voice, if one may trust it  
she?

No! but the paler and the graver, Edith  
Woo her and gain her then no waver-  
ing, boy!

The graver is perhaps the one for you  
Who jest and laugh so easily and so well  
For love will go by contrast, as by likes

No sisters ever prized each other more  
Not so their mother and her sister loved  
More passionately still

But that my best  
And oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes it,  
And that I know you worthy every way  
To be my son, I might, perchance, be loath  
To part them, or part from them and  
yet one

Should marry, on all the broad lands in  
your view

From this bay window—which our house  
has held

Three hundred years—will pass collater-  
ally

My father with a child on either knee,  
A hand upon the head of either child,  
Smoothing their locks, as golden as his  
own

Were silver, 'get them wedded' would  
he say

And once my prattling Edith ask'd him  
'why?'

Ay, why? said he, 'for why should I go  
lame?'

Then told them of his wars, and of his  
wound

For see—this wine—the grape from  
whence it flow'd

Was blackening on the slopes of Portugal,  
When that brave soldier, down the terrible  
ridge

Plunged in the last fierce charge at  
Waterloo,

And caught the laming bullet He left  
me this,

Which yet returns a memory of its youth,  
As I of mine, and my first passion  
Come!

Here's to your happy union with my child!

Yet must you change your name no  
fault of mine!

You say that you can do it as willingly  
As birds make ready for their bridal  
time

By change of feather for all that, my  
boy,

Some birds are sick and sullen when they  
moult

An old and worthy name! but mine that  
stirr'd

Among our civil wars and earlier too  
Among the Roses, the more venerable  
I care not for a name—no fault of mine  
Once more—a happier marriage than my  
own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the  
plain

The highway running by it leaves a breadth  
Of sward to left and right, where, long  
ago,

One bright May morning in a world of  
song,

I lay at leisure, watching overhead

The aerial poplar wave, an amber spire

I dozed, I woke An open landaulet  
Whirl'd by, which, after it had past me,  
show'd

Turning my way, the lovehest face on  
earth

The face of one there sitting opposite,  
On whom I brought a strange unhappi-  
ness,

That time I did not see

Love at first sight  
May seem—with goodly rhyme and  
reason for it—

Possible—at first glimpse, and for a face  
Gone in a moment—strange Yet once,  
when first

I came on lake Llanberis in the dark,  
A moonless night with storm—one light-  
ning fork

Flash'd out the lake, and tho' I loiter'd  
there

The full day after, yet in retrospect  
That less than momentary thunder sketch  
Of lake and mountain conquers all the day

The Sun himself has limn'd the face  
for me

Not quite so quickly, no, not half as well  
For look you here—the shadows are too  
deep,

And like the critic's blurring comment  
make

The veriest beauties of the work appear  
The darkest faults the sweet eyes frown  
the lips

Seem but a gash My sole memorial  
Of Edith—no, the other,—both indeed

So that bright face was flash'd thro'  
sense and soul

And by the poplars vanish'd—to be found  
Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the tall  
Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping  
beechen boughs

Of our New Forest I was there alone  
The phantom of the whirling landaulet  
For ever past me by when one quick  
peal

Of laughter drew me thro' the glimmer-  
ing glades

Down to the snowlike sparkle of a cloth  
On fern and fanglance Lo, the face again,  
My Rosalind in this Arden—Edith—all  
One bloom of youth, health, beauty,  
happiness,

And moved to merriment at a passing jest

There one of those about her knowing  
me

Call'd me to join them, so with these I  
spent

What seem'd my crowning hour, my day  
of days

I woo'd her then, nor unsuccessfully,  
The worse for her, for me 'twas I content  
Ay—no, not quite, for now and then I  
thought

Laziness, vague love longings, the bright  
May,

Had made a heated haze to magnify  
The charm of Edith—that a man's ideal  
Is high in Heaven, and lodged with  
Plato's God,

Not findable here—content, and not con-  
tent,

In some such fashion as a man may be  
That having had the portrait of his friend  
Drawn by an artist, looks at it, and says,  
'Good' very like 'not altogether he'

As yet I had not bound myself by  
words,

Only, believing I loved Edith, made  
Edith love *me* Then came the day  
when I,

Flattering myself that all my doubts were  
fools

Born of the fool this Age that doubts of  
all—

Not I that day of Edith's love or mine—  
Had braced my purpose to declare my-  
self

I stood upon the stairs of Paradise  
The golden gates would open at a word  
I spoke it—told her of my passion, seen  
And lost and found again, had got so far,  
Had caught her hand, her eyelids fell—I  
heard

Wheels, and a noise of welcome at the  
doors—

On a sudden after two Italian years  
Had set the blossom of her health again,  
The younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd—  
there,

There was the face, and altogether she  
The mother fell about the daughter's  
neck,

The sisters closed in one another's arms,  
Then people throng'd about them from  
the hall,

And in the thick of question and reply  
I fled the house, driven by one angel face,  
And all the Furies

I was bound to her,  
I could not free myself in honour—bound  
Not by the sounded letter of the word,  
But counterpressures of the yielded hand  
That timorously and faintly echoed mine,

Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of her  
 eyes  
 Upon me when she thought I did not  
 see—  
 Were these not bonds? nay, nay, but  
 could I wed her  
 Loving the other? do her that grieve  
 wrong?  
 Had I not dream'd I loved her yester-  
 morn?  
 Had I not known where Love, at first a  
 fear,  
 Grew after marriage to full height and  
 form?  
 Yet after marriage, that mock-sister  
 there—  
 Brother-in-law—the fiery nearness of it—  
 Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood—  
 What end but darkness could ensue from  
 this  
 For all the three? So Love and Honour  
 join'd  
 Tho' Love and Honour join'd to raise  
 the full  
 High tide of doubt that sway'd me up  
 and down  
 Advancing nor retreating

Edith wrote  
 'My mother bids me ask' (I did not tell  
 you—  
 A widow with less guile than many a child  
 God help the wrinkled children that are  
 Christ's  
 As well as the plump cheek—she wrought  
 us harm,  
 Poor soul, not knowing) 'are you ill?'  
 (so ran  
 The letter) 'you have not been here of  
 late  
 You will not find me here At last I go  
 On that long promised visit to the North  
 I told you wayside story to my mother  
 And Evelyn She remembers you  
 Farewell  
 Pray come and see my mother Almost  
 blind  
 With ever growing cat uact, yet she thinks  
 She sees you when she hears Again  
 farewell'

Cold words from one I had hoped to  
 warm so far  
 That I could stamp my image on her  
 heart!  
 'Pray come and see my mother, and  
 farewell'  
 Cold, but as welcome as free air of  
 heaven  
 After a dungeon's closeness Selfish,  
 strange!  
 What dwarfs are men! my strangled  
 vanity  
 Utter'd a stifled cry—to have vent myself  
 And all in vain for her—cold heart or  
 none—  
 No bride for me Yet so my path was  
 clear  
 To win the sister

Whom I would and won  
 For Evelyn knew not of my former suit,  
 Because the simple mother work'd upon  
 By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of it  
 And Edith would be bridesmaid on the  
 day

But on that day, not being all at ease,  
 I from the altar glancing back upon her,  
 Before the first 'I will' was utter'd, saw  
 The bridesmaid pale, statue-like, passion-  
 less—

'No harm, no harm' I turn'd again, and  
 placed  
 My ring upon the finger of my bride

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no  
 word,  
 She wept no tear, but round my Evelyn  
 clung  
 In utter silence for so long, I thought  
 'What, will she never set her sister free?'

We left her, happy each in each, and  
 then,  
 As tho' the happiness of each in each  
 Were not enough, must fain have torrents,  
 lakes,  
 Hills, the great things of Nature and the  
 fur,  
 To lift us as it were from commonplace,  
 And help us to our joy Better have  
 sent

Oui Edith thio' the glories of the eath,  
 To change with hei horizon, if true Love  
 Were not his own imperial all-in all

Far off we went My God, I would  
 not live  
 Save that I think this gross hard seeming  
 world  
 Is oui misshaping vision of the Powers,  
 Behind the world, that make oui griefs  
 oui gains

Foi on the dark night of our marriage  
 day  
 The great Tragedian, that had quench'd  
 herself  
 In that assumption of the bridesmaid—  
 she  
 That loved me—our true Edith—hei  
 brain broke  
 With over-acting, till she rose and fled  
 Beneath a pitiless rush of Autumn rain  
 To the deaf church—to be let in—to pray  
 Before *that* altar—so I think, and there  
 They found her beating the hard Protest  
 ant doors  
 She died and she was buried ere we  
 knew

I learnt it first I had to speak At  
 once  
 The bright quick smile of Evelyn, that  
 had sunn'd  
 The morning of oui marriage, past away  
 And on oui home return the daily want  
 Of Edith in the house, the garden, still  
 Haunted us like her ghost, and by and  
 by,  
 Either from that necessity foi talk  
 Which lives with blindness, or plain  
 innocence  
 Of nature, or desire that hei lost child  
 Should earn from both the praise of  
 heroism,  
 The mother broke her promise to the  
 dead,  
 And told the living daughter with what  
 love  
 Edith had welcomed my brief wooing of  
 her,  
 And all hei sweet self sacrifice and death

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt  
 the twins—  
 Did I not tell you they were twins?—  
 prevail'd  
 So fai that no caress could win my wife  
 Back to that passionate answer of full  
 heart  
 I had from her at first Not that her love,  
 Tho' scaice as great as Edith's power of  
 love,  
 Had lessen'd, but the mother's garulous  
 wail  
 For ever woke the unhappy Past again,  
 Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be  
 my bride,  
 Put forth cold hands between us, and I  
 fear'd  
 The very fountains of her life were  
 chill'd,  
 So took her thence, and brought her  
 here, and here  
 She bore a child, whom reverently we  
 call'd  
 Edith, and in the second year was born  
 A second—this I named from hei own  
 self,  
 Evelyn, then two weeks—no more—she  
 joined,  
 In and beyond the grave, that one she  
 loved

Now in this quiet of declining life,  
 Thio' dreams by night and trances of the  
 day,  
 The sisters glide about me hand in hand,  
 Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell  
 One from the other, no, nor care to tell  
 One from the other, only know they  
 come,  
 They smile upon me, till, remembering  
 all  
 The love they both have borne me, and  
 the love  
 I bore them both—divided as I am  
 From either by the stillness of the grave—  
 I know not which of these I love the  
 best

But *you* love Edith, and her own true  
 eyes  
 Are traitors to her, oui quick Evelyn—



The merner, prettier, wittier, as they  
talk,  
And not without good reason, my good  
son—  
Is yet untouch'd and I that hold them  
both  
Dearest of all things—well, I am not  
sure—  
But if there be a preference either way,  
And in the rich vocabulary of Love  
'Most dearest' be a true superlative—  
I think / likewise love you! Edith most

## THE VILLAGE WIFE, OR, THE ENTAIL<sup>1</sup>

### I

'OUSE KEEPER sent tha my lass, fur New  
Squire coom'd last night  
Butter an' heggs—yis—yis I'll goa wi'  
tha back all right,  
Butter I warrants be prime, an' I war  
rants the heggs be as well,  
Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya  
breaks the shell

### II

Sit thysen down fur a bit hev a glass o'  
cowslip wine!  
I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells as  
thaw they was gells o' mine,  
Fur then we was all es one, the Squire  
an' 'is darters an' me,  
Hall but Miss Annie, the heldest, I niver  
not took to she  
But Nelly, the last of the clutch,<sup>2</sup> I liked  
'ei the fust on 'em all,  
Fur hoffsens we talkt o' my darter es died  
o' the fever at fall  
An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but  
Miss Annie she said it wur diaains,  
Fur she hedn't naw coomfut in 'er, an'  
arn'd naw thanks fur 'er paains  
Eh! thebbe all wi' the Lord my childer,  
I han't gotten none!  
Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taail in 'is  
'and, an' owd Squire's gone

<sup>1</sup> See note to 'Northern Cobbler'

<sup>2</sup> A brood of chickens

### III

Fur staate be i' taail, my lass tha dosn'  
knaw what that be?  
But I knaws the law, I does, for the  
lawyer he tow'd it me  
'When theer's naw 'eid to a 'Ouse by  
the fault o' that eie marle—  
The gells they counts fur nowt, and the  
next un he taakes the trail'

### IV

What be the next un like? can tha tell  
ony harm on 'im lass?  
Naay sit down—naw 'urry—sa cowl'd—  
hev another glass!  
Straange an' cowl'd fur the time! we may  
happen a fall o' snaw—  
Not es I caes fu to hear ony harm, but  
I likes to know  
An' I 'oaps es 'e beant boooklam'd but  
'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere,  
We'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we  
haates boooklarnin' eie

### V

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholar, an'  
niver lookt ater the land—  
Whoats or turmuts or taates—'e 'ed  
hallus a boook i' 'is 'and,  
Hallus aloan wi' 'is boooks, thaw nigh  
upo' seventy year  
An' boooks, what's boooks? thou knaws  
thebbe neyther 'eie nor theer

### VI

An' the gells, they hedn't naw taails, an'  
the lawyer he tow'd it me  
That 'is taail were soa tied up es he  
couldn't cut down a tree!  
'Drat the trees,' says I, to be sewer I  
haates 'em, my lass,  
Fur we puts the muck o' the land an'  
they sucks the muck fio' the grass

### VII

An' Squire wur hallus a smilin', an' gied  
to the tramps goin' by—  
An' all o' the wust i' the parish—wi'  
hoffsens a drop in 'is cye

An' ivry darter o' Squire's hed her awn  
ridin erse to 'ersen,  
An' they rampaged about wi' their grooms,  
an' was 'untin' arter the men,  
An' hallus a dallackt<sup>1</sup> an' dizen'd out,  
an' a buyin' new cloathes,  
While 'e sit like a graat glimmer gowk<sup>2</sup>  
wi' 'is glasses athut 'is noase,  
An' 'is noase sa gufted wi' snuff es it  
couldn't be scioob'd awaay,  
Fur atween 'is readin' an' writin' 'e snufft  
up a box in a daay,  
An' 'e niver runn'd arter the fox, nor  
arter the buds wi' 'is gun,  
An' 'e niver not shot one 'are, but 'e  
leaved it to Charlie 'is son,  
An' 'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds, but  
Charlie 'e catch'd the pike,  
For 'e warn't not burn to the land, an' 'e  
didn't take kind to it like,  
But I eais es 'e'd gie fui a howry<sup>3</sup> owd  
book thutty pound an' moor,  
An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, his awn sen,  
sa I know'd es 'e'd coom to be poor,  
An' 'e gied—I be fear'd fur to tell tha 'ow  
much—fur an owd sciatte stoa,  
An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land an'  
'e got a brown pot an' a boan,  
An' 'e bowt owd money, es wouldn't goa,  
wi' good gowd o' the Queen,  
An' 'e bowt little statutes all naakt an'  
which was a shaame to be seen,  
But 'e niver loookt ower a bill, nor 'e  
niver not seed to owt,  
An' 'e niver knowd nowt but boooks, an'  
boooks, as thou knowst, beant nowt

## VIII

But owd Squire's laady es long es she  
lived she kep 'em all clear,  
Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed  
none of 'er darters 'ere,  
But arter she died we was all es one, the  
childer an' me,  
An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an' offens  
we hed 'em to tea  
Lawk 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses 'ud  
talk o' their Missis's waays,

<sup>1</sup> Overdiest in gay colours<sup>2</sup> Owl<sup>3</sup> Filthy

An' the Missis talk'd o' the lasses—I'll  
tell tha some o' these daays  
Hoanly Miss Annie were saw stuck oop,  
like 'er mother afoor—  
'Er an' 'ei blessed darter—they niver  
derken'd my door

## IX

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till 'e'd  
gotten a fright at last,  
An' 'e calls fui 'is son, fur the 'tuney's  
letteis they foller'd sa fast,  
But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an' 'e  
says to 'im, meek as a mouse,  
'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taail, or the  
gells 'ull goa to the 'Ouse,  
Fur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I 'oap,  
es thou'll 'elp me a bit,  
An' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy taail I  
may saave mysen yit'

## X

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is eais, an' 'e  
swears, an' 'e says to 'im 'Noa  
I've gotten the 'staate by the taail an'  
be dang'd if I iver let goa'  
Coom ' coom ' feyther,' 'e says, 'why  
shouldn't thy boooks be sowd?  
I heais es soom o' thy boooks mebbe  
worth their weight i' gowd'

## XI

Heaps an' heaps o' boooks, I ha' see'd  
'em, belong'd to the Squire,  
But the lasses 'ed teard out leaves i' the  
middle to kindle the fie,  
Sa moast on 'is owd big boooks fetch'd  
nigh to nowt at the saale,  
And Squire were at Charlie agean to git  
'im to cut off 'is taail

## XII

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes—'e were  
that outdacious at 'oam,  
Not thaw ya went fur to raake out Hell  
wi' a small tooth coamb—  
Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an' droonk  
wi' the farmer's aale,  
Mad wi' the lasses an' all—an' 'e wouldn't  
cut off the taail.

## XIII

Thou's coom'd oop by the beck, and a  
thurn be a-grown theer,  
I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the Maay  
es I see'd it to year—  
Theerabouts Charlie joomp—and it gried  
me a scare tother night,  
Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoast i'  
the deik, fur it loookt sa white  
'Billy,' says 'e, 'hev a joomp'—thaw  
the banks o' the beck be sa high,  
Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-ough un, thaw  
niver a hair wur awry,  
But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an'  
Charlie 'e brok 'is neck,  
Sa theer wur a hend o' the taail, fur 'e  
lost 'is taail i' the beck

## XIV

Sa 'is taail wur lost an' is boooks wur  
gone an' 'is boy wur dead,  
An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but 'e  
niver not lift oop 'is 'ead  
Hallus a soft un Squire' an' 'e smiled,  
fur 'e hedn't naw friend,  
Sa feyther an' son was buried togither,  
an' this wur the hend

## XV

An' Parson is hesn't the call, nor the  
mooney, but hes the pude,  
'E reads of a sewer an' sartan 'oap o' the  
tother side,  
But I beent that sewer es the Lord, how  
silly pray'd an' praay'd,  
I can't niter 'aven easy es leaves their  
deeds to be paid  
Saver the mon'd's rattled down upo' poor  
cave's re i' the wood,  
A l' crue 'er wi' the gells, fur they  
niver coom to naw good

## XVI

Fur Molly the long un she walkt awaay  
wi' a hoffer lad,  
An' nawbody 'eard on 'er sin, sa o' cooise  
she be gone to the bad!  
An' Lucy wur laame o' one leg, sweet  
'arts she niver 'ed none—

IV

Strange an' unheppen! Miss Lucy! we  
naamed her 'Dot an' gaw one!  
An' Hetty wur werk i' the hattics, wi'out  
ony harm i' the legs,  
An' the fever 'ed baaked Jinny's 'ead as  
bild as one o' them heggys,  
An' Nelly wur up fro' the claidle as big  
i' the mouth as a cow,  
An' saw she mun hammergrate,<sup>2</sup> lass, or  
she weant git a maate onyhow!  
An' es for Miss Annie es call'd me afor  
my awn foalks to my 'arce  
'A hignoiant village wife as 'ud hev to  
be laird her awn plaace,  
Hes fur Miss Hannie the heldest hes now  
be a-gawin' sa lowd,  
I knaws that mooch o' shea es it beant  
not fit to be tow'd!

## XVII

So I didn't not taake it kindly ov owd  
Miss Annie to say  
Es I should be talkin agean em, es soon  
es they went awaay,  
Fur, lawks! 'ow I cued when they went,  
an' ou Nelly she gried me 'er and,  
Fur I'd ha done owt for the Squire an' 'is  
gells es belong'd to the land,  
Boooks, es I said afor, thebbe ncyther  
'ere nor theer!  
But I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggys fur  
huppuds o' twenty year

## XVIII

An' they hallus paid what I ha'd, sa I  
hallus deal'd wi' the Hall,  
An' they knaw'd what butter wur, an' they  
knaw'd what a hegg wur an' all,  
Hugger mugger they lived, but they  
wasn't that easy to please,  
Till I gried 'em Hinjan curn, an' they  
laaid big heggys es tha seesas,  
An' I niver puts saame<sup>3</sup> i' my butter,  
they does it at Willis's farm,  
Taaste another drop o' the wine—tweant  
do tha naw harm

<sup>1</sup> Ungainly, awkward<sup>2</sup> Emigrate<sup>3</sup> Lard

## XIX

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taail in 'is  
 'and, an' owd Squire's gone,  
 I heard 'im a loomlin' by, but arter my  
 nightcap wur on,  
 Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fui he  
 coom'd last night sa laate—  
 Pluksh ' ' ' the hens i' the peas' why  
 didn't tha hesp the gaate?

IN THE CHILDREN'S  
HOSPITAL

## EMMIE

## I

OUR doctor had call'd in another, I never  
 had seen him before,  
 But he sent a chill to my heart when I  
 saw him come in at the door,  
 Fresh from the surgery schools of France  
 and of other lands—  
 Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big  
 merciless hands!  
 Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but  
 they said too of him  
 He was happier using the knife than in  
 trying to save the limb,  
 And that I can well believe, for he look'd  
 so coarse and so red,  
 I could think he was one of those who  
 would break their jests on the dead,  
 And mangle the living dog that had loved  
 him and fawn'd at his knee—  
 Diench'd with the hellish oorah—that  
 ever such things should be!

## II

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of  
 our children would die  
 But for the voice of Love, and the smile,  
 and the comforting eye—  
 Here was a boy in the ward, every bone  
 seem'd out of its place—  
 Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all  
 but a hopeless case

<sup>1</sup> A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to  
 scare trespassing fowl

And he handled him gently enough, but  
 his voice and his face were not kind,  
 And it was but a hopeless case, he had  
 seen it and made up his mind,  
 And he said to me roughly 'The lad will  
 need little more of your cure'  
 'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek  
 the Lord Jesus in prayer,  
 They are all his children here, and I pray  
 for them all as my own'  
 But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman,  
 can prayer set a broken bone?'  
 Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I  
 know that I heard him say  
 'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus  
 has had his day'

## III

HAD? has it come? It has only dawn'd  
 It will come by and by  
 O how could I serve in the wards if the  
 hope of the world were a lie?  
 How could I bear with the sights and the  
 loathsome smells of disease  
 But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when  
 ye do it to these'

## IV

So he went And we past to this ward  
 where the younger children are hid  
 Here is the cot of our orphan, our dar-  
 ling, our meek little maid,  
 Empty you see just now! We have lost  
 her who loved her so much—  
 Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive  
 plant to the touch,  
 Heis was the prettiest piattie, it often  
 moved me to tears,  
 Heis was the gratefullest heart I have  
 found in a child of her years—  
 Nay you remember our Emmie, you used  
 to send her the flowers,  
 How she would smile at 'em, play with  
 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!  
 They that can wander at will where the  
 works of the Lord are reveal'd  
 Little guess what joy can be got from a  
 cowslip out of the field,  
 Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all  
 they can know of the spring,

They freshen and sweeten the wards like  
the waft of an Angel's wing,  
And she lay with a flower in one hand and  
her thin hands crost on her breast—  
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire,  
and we thought hei at rest,  
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor  
said 'Poor little dear,  
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow, she'll  
never live thio' it, I fear'

V

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as  
far as the head of the stair,  
Then I return'd to the ward, the child  
didn't see I was there

VI

Never since I was nurse, had I been so  
grieved and so vext'  
Emmie had heard him Softly she call'd  
from hei cot to the next,  
'He says I shall never live thio' it, O  
Annie, what shall I do?'  
Annie consider'd 'If I,' said the wise  
little Annie, 'was you,  
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to  
help me, for, Emmie, you see,  
It's all in the picture there "Little  
children should come to me"'  
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I  
find that it always can please  
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with  
children about his knees)  
'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'but then  
if I call to the Lord,  
How should he know that it's me? such  
a lot of beds in the ward!'  
That was a puzzle for Annie Again she  
consider'd and said  
'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you  
leave 'em outside on the bed—  
The Lord has so much to see to' but,  
Emmie, you tell it him plain,  
It's the little girl with her arms lying out  
on the counterpane'

VII

I had sat three nights by the child—I  
could not watch her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I  
could do it no more  
That was my sleeping night, but I thought  
that it never would pass  
There was a thunderclap once, and a  
clatter of hail on the glass,  
And there was a phantom cry that I heard  
as I tost about,  
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the  
storm and the darkness without,  
My sleep was broken besides with dreams  
of the dreadful knife  
And fears for our delicate Emmie who  
scarce would escape with her life,  
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd  
she stood by me and smiled,  
And the doctor came at his hour, and we  
went to see to the child

VIII

He had brought his ghastly tools we  
believed her asleep again—  
Hei dear, long, lean, little arms lying out  
on the counterpane,  
Say that His day is done! Ah why should  
we care what they say?  
The Lord of the children had heard hei,  
and Emmie had past away

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE  
PRINCESS ALICE

DEAR PRINCESS, living Power, if that,  
which lived  
True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,  
Born of true life and love, divorce thee  
not  
From earthly love and life—if what we call  
The spirit flash not all at once from out  
This shadow into Substance—then perhaps  
The mellow'd murmur of the people's  
praise  
From thine own State, and all our  
breadth of realm,  
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds  
in light,  
Ascends to thee, and this March morn  
that sees  
Thy Soldier brother's bridal orange-bloom

Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy  
grave,  
And thine Imperial mother smile again,  
May send one ray to thee ' and who can  
tell—  
Thou—England's England loving doughty  
tear—thou  
Dying so English thou wouldst have her  
flag  
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can  
swear  
But that some broken gleam from our  
poor earth  
May touch thee, while remembering thee,  
I lay  
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds  
Of England, and her banner in the East?

## THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

### I

BANNER of England, not for a season, O  
banner of Britain, hast thou  
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to  
the battle cry!  
Never with nightier glory than when we  
had rear'd thee on high  
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly  
siege of Lucknow—  
Shot thro' the staff of the halcyon, but  
ever we raised thee anew,  
And ever upon the topmost roof our  
banner of England blew

### II

Faith were the works that defended the  
hold that we held with our lives—  
Women and children among us, God help  
them, our children and wives!  
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days  
or for twenty at most  
'Never surrender, I charge you, but  
every man die at his post!'  
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our  
Lawrence the best of the brave  
Cold were his blows when we kiss'd  
him—we laid him that night, in  
his grave

'Every man die at his post!' and there  
hail'd on our houses and halls  
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death  
from their cannon balls,  
Death in our innermost chamber, and  
death at our slight barricade,  
Death while we stood with the musket, and  
death while we stooped to the spade,  
Death to the dying, and wounds to the  
wounded, for often there fell,  
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro'  
it, their shot and their shell,  
Death—for their spies were among us, their  
marksmen were told of our best,  
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the  
brain that could think for the rest,  
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and  
bullets would rain at our feet—  
Fire from ten thousand at once of the  
rebels that girdled us round—  
Death at the glimpse of a finger from  
over the breadth of a street,  
Death from the heights of the mosque and  
the palace, and death in the ground!  
Mine? yes, mine! Countermine! down,  
down! and creep thro' the hole!  
Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear  
him—the murderous mole!  
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of  
the pickaxe be thro'!  
Click with the pick, coming nearer and  
nearer again than before—  
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the  
dark pioneer is no more,  
And ever upon the topmost roof our  
banner of England blew!

### III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many  
times, and it chanced on a day  
Soon as the blast of that underground  
thunderclap echo'd away,  
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like  
so many fiends in their hell—  
Cannon shot, musket shot, volley on  
volley, and yell upon yell—  
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad  
enemy fell  
What have they done? where is it? Out  
vonder! Guard the Redan!

Storm at the Water gate ' storm at the  
 Bailey-gate ' storm, and it ran  
 Swinging and swaying all round us, as  
 ocean on every side  
 Plunges and heaves at a bank that is  
 daily drown'd by the tide—  
 So many thousands that if they be bold  
 enough, who shall escape?  
 Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall  
 know we are soldiers and men '  
 Ready ' take aim at their leaders—their  
 masses are gap'd with our grape—  
 Backward they reel like the wave, like  
 the wave flinging forward again,  
 Flying and foild at the last by the hand  
 ful they could not subdue,  
 And ever upon the topmost roof our  
 banner of England blew

## IV

Handful of men as we were, we were  
 English in heart and in limb,  
 Strong with the strength of the race to  
 command, to obey, to endure,  
 Each of us fought as if hope for the gain  
 son hung but on him,  
 Still—could we watch at all points? we  
 were every day fewer and fewer—  
 There was a whisper among us, but only  
 a whisper that past  
 ' Children and wives—if the tigers leap  
 into the fold unawares—  
 Every man die at his post—and the foe  
 may outlive us at last—  
 Better to fall by the hands that they love,  
 than to fall into theirs '—  
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines  
 by the enemy sprung  
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and  
 our poor palisades  
 Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure  
 that your hand be as true '  
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed  
 are your flank fusillades—  
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the  
 ladders to which they had clung,  
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter  
 we drive them with hand-grenades,  
 And ever upon the topmost roof our  
 banner of England blew

Then on another wild morning another  
 wild earthquake out-tore  
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or  
 twelve good paces or more  
 Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there  
 from the light of the sun—  
 One has leapt up on the breach, crying  
 out ' Follow me, follow me '—  
 Mark him—he falls ' then another, and  
 him too and down goes he  
 Had they been bold enough then, who  
 can tell but the traitors had won?  
 Boardings and rafters and doors—an en-  
 biasure ' make way for the gun '  
 Now double charge it with grape ' It is  
 charged and we fire, and they  
 run  
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the  
 dark face have his due!  
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces who  
 fought with us, faithful and few,  
 Fought with the bravest among us, and  
 drove them, and smote them, and  
 slew,  
 That ever upon the topmost roof our  
 banner in India blew

## VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not  
 what we do ' We can fight '  
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel  
 all thro' the night—  
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies,  
 their lying alarms,  
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and  
 shoutings and soundings to arms  
 Ever the labour of fifty that had to be  
 done by five,  
 Ever the marvel among us that one should  
 be left alive,  
 Ever the day with its traitorous death  
 from the loopholes around,  
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse  
 to be laid in the ground,  
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge  
 of cataract skies,  
 Stench of old offal decaying and infinite  
 torment of flies,

Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing  
 over an English field,  
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound  
 that *would* not be heil'd,  
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful  
 pitiless knife,—  
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never  
 could save us a life  
 Valour of delicate women who tended the  
 hospital bed,  
 Horror of women in travail among the  
 dying and dead,  
 Grief for our perishing children, and  
 never a moment for grief,  
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering  
 hopes of relief,  
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd  
 for all that we knew—  
 Then day and night, day and night, coming  
 down on the still shatter'd walls  
 Millions of musket bullets, and thousands  
 of cannon balls—  
 But ever upon the topmost roof of our  
 banner of England blew

## VII

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what  
 was told by the scout,  
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way  
 through the fell mutineers?  
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing  
 again in our ears!  
 All on a sudden the garison utter a jubila-  
 nt shout,  
 Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer  
 with conquering cheers,  
 Sick from the hospital echo them, women  
 and children come out,  
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of  
 Havelock's good fusileers,  
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the  
 Highlander wet with their tears!  
 Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are  
 saved!—is it you? is it you?  
 Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved  
 by the blessing of Heaven!  
 'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held  
 it for eighty-seven!  
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old  
 banner of England blew

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD  
COBHAM

(IN WALES)

My friend should meet me somewhere  
 hereabout  
 To take me to that hiding in the hills

I have broke their cage, no gilded one,  
 I throw—

I read no more the prisoner's mute wail  
 Scribbled or carved upon the pitiless stone,  
 I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer, or  
 none,

For I am emptier than a friar's brains,  
 But God is with me in this wilderness,  
 These wet black passes and foam churn-  
 ing chasms—

And God's free air, and hope of better  
 things

I would I knew their speech, not now  
 to glean,

Not now—I hope to do it—some scatter'd  
 ears,

Some ears for Christ in this wild field of  
 Wales—

But, bread, merely for bread This  
 tongue that wagg'd

They said with such heretical arrogance  
 Against the proud archbishop Arundel—  
 So much God's cause was fluent in it—is  
 here

But as a Latin Bible to the crowd,  
 'Bara!'—what use? The Shepherd,  
 when I speak,

Vailing a sudden eyelid with his hand  
 'Dim Saesneg' passes, wroth at things  
 of old—

No fault of mine Had he God's word  
 in Welsh

He might be kindlier happily come the  
 day!

Not least art thou, thou little Bethle-  
 hem

In Judah, for in thee the Lord was born,  
 Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth,  
 Least, for in thee the word was born again



Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever living  
 word,  
 Who whilome spakest to the South in  
 Greek  
 About the soft Mediterranean shores,  
 And then in Latin to the Latin crowd,  
 As good need was—thou hast come to  
 talk our isle  
 Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost,  
 Must learn to use the tongues of all the  
 world  
 Yet art thou thine own witness that thou  
 bringest  
 Not peace, a sword, a fire  
 What did he say,  
 My fought Wichliffe-preacher whom I  
 crost  
 In flying hither? that one night a crowd  
 Throng'd the waste field about the city  
 gates  
 The king was on them suddenly with a  
 host  
 Why there? they came to hear their  
 preacher Then  
 Some cried on Cobham, on the good  
 Lord Cobham,  
 Ay, for they love me! but the king—no  
 voice  
 Nor finger rused against him—took and  
 hang'd,  
 Took, hang'd and burnt—how man,—  
 thirty-nine—  
 Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor friends,  
 as rebels  
 And burn'd alive as heretics! for your  
 Priest  
 Labels—to take the king along with  
 him—  
 All heiesy, treason but to call men  
 traitors  
 May make men traitors  
 Rose of Lancaster,  
 Red in thy birth, redder with household  
 war,  
 Now reddest with the blood of holy men,  
 Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—  
 If somewhere in the North, as Rumour  
 sang  
 Fluttering the hawks of this crown lust  
 ing line—

By firth and loch thy silver sister grow,<sup>1</sup>  
 That were my rose, there my allegiance  
 due  
 Self starved, they say—nay, murder'd,  
 doubtless dead  
 So to this king I cleaved my friend was  
 he,  
 Once my fast friend I would have given  
 my life  
 To help his own from scathe, a thousand  
 lives  
 To save his soul He might have come  
 to learn  
 Our Wichliffe's learning but the worldly  
 Priests  
 Who fear the king's hard common sense  
 should find  
 What rotten piles uphold their mason  
 work,  
 Urge him to foreign war O had he  
 will'd  
 I might have stricken a lusty stroke for  
 him,  
 But he would not for he had led my  
 friend  
 Back to the pure and universal church,  
 But he would not whether that heless  
 flew  
 In his throne's title make him feel so  
 frail,  
 He leans on Antichrist, or that his mind,  
 So quick, so capable in soldierishness,  
 In matters of the faith, was the while!  
 More worth than all the kingdoms of  
 this world,  
 Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest  
 Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my  
 dear friend!  
 Bunt too, my faithful preacher, Beverley!  
 Lord give thou power to thy two wit-  
 nesses!  
 Lest the false faith make merry over  
 them!  
 Two—nay but thirty nine have risen and  
 stand,  
 Dark with the smoke of human sacrifice,  
 Before thy light, and cry continually—  
 Cry—against whom?

<sup>1</sup> Richard II

Him, who should bear the sword  
Of Justice—what! the kingly, kindly boy,  
Who took the world so easily heretofore,  
My boon companion, tavern fellow—him  
Who gibed and japed—in many a merry  
tale

That shook our sides—at Pardoners,  
Summoners,

Fairs, absolution sellers, monkenes  
And nunneries, when the wild hour and  
the wine

Had set the wits aflame

Hurry of Monmouth,  
Or Annuath of the East?

Better to sink  
Thy fleurs-de-lis in slime again, and fling  
Thy royalty back into the riotous fits

Of wine and harlotry—thy shame, and  
mine,

Thy comrade—than to persecute the  
Lord,

And play the Saul that never will be Paul

Burnt, burnt! and while this mired  
Arundel

Dooms our unlicensed preacher to the  
flame,

The mitre-sanction'd halot draws his  
clerks

Into the suburb—their hard celibacy,  
Sworn to be veriest ice of pueness, molten  
Into adulterous living, or such crimes

As holy Paul—a shame to speak of  
them—

Among the heathen—

Sanctuary granted  
To bandit, thief, assassin—yet to him

Who hacks his mother's throat—denied  
to him,

Who finds the Saviour in his mother  
tongue

The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, flung  
down to swine—

The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who  
will come,

God willing, to outlean the filthy friar  
Ah rather, Lord, than that thy Gospel,  
meant

To course and range thro' all the world,  
should be

Tether'd to these dead pillars of the  
Church—

Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,  
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart,  
and life

Pass in the fire of Babylon! but how  
long,

O Lord, how long!

My friend should meet me here  
Here is the copse, the fountain and—a  
Cross!

To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor  
knees

Rather to thee, green boscage, work of  
God,

Black holly, and white-flower'd wayfar  
ing tree!

Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn  
By this good Wiclif mountain down from  
heaven,

And speaking clearly in thy native  
tongue—

No Latin—He that thirsteth, come and  
drink!

Eh! how I anger'd Arundel asking me  
To worship Holy Cross! I spread mine  
arms,

God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and  
blood

And holier! That was heresy (My good  
friend

By this time should be with me)  
'Images?'

'Bury them as God's truer images  
Are daily buried' 'Heresy—Penance?'

'Fast,  
Hairshirt and scourge—nay, let a man

repent,  
Do penance in his heart, God hears him'

'Heresy—  
Not shriven, not saved?' 'What profits  
an ill Priest

Between me and my God? I would not  
spurn

Good counsel of good friends, but shrive  
myself

No, not to an Apostle' 'Heresy'  
(My friend is long in coming)

'Pilgrimages?'

'Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's-  
 dances, vice  
 The poor man's money gone to fat the  
 friar  
 Who leads of begging saints in Scripture?'  
 —'Heresy'—  
 (Hath he been here—not found me—gone  
 again?)  
 Have I mislearnt our place of meeting?)  
 'Bread—  
 Bread left after the blessing?' how they  
 stared,  
 That was their main test question—  
 glared at me!  
 'He veil'd Himself in flesh, and now He  
 veils  
 His flesh in bread, body and bread  
 together'  
 Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd  
 wolves,  
 'No bread, no bread God's body'  
 Archbishop, Bishop,  
 Priors, Canons, Friars, bellingers,  
 Parish clerks—  
 'No bread, no bread'—'Authority of  
 the Church,  
 Power of the keys'—Then I, God help  
 me, I  
 So mock'd, so spurn'd, so baited two  
 whole days—  
 I lost myself and fell from evenness,  
 And rail'd at all the Popes, that ever since  
 Sylvester shed the venom of world-wealth  
 Into the church, had only prov'n them  
 selves  
 Poisoners, murderers Well—God pay  
 don all—  
 Me, them, and all the world—yea, that  
 proud Priest,  
 That mock meek mouth of utter Anti-  
 christ,  
 That traitor to King Richard and the  
 truth,  
 Who rose and doom'd me to the fire  
 Amen!  
 Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord of life  
 Be by me in my death  
 Those three! the fourth  
 Was like the Son of God! Not burnt  
 were they

On *them* the smell of burning had not  
 past  
 That was a miracle to convert the king  
 These Pharisees, this Caiaphas Arundel  
 What miracle could turn? *He* here  
 again,  
*He* thwarting their traditions of Him  
 self,  
*He* would be found a heretic to Himself,  
 And doom'd to burn alive  
 So, caught, I burn  
 Burn? heathen men have borne as much  
 as this,  
 For freedom, or the sake of those they  
 loved,  
 Or some less cause, some cause far less  
 than mine,  
 For every other cause is less than mine  
 The moth will singe her wings, and  
 singe return,  
 Her love of light quenching her fear of  
 pain—  
 How now, my soul, we do not heed the  
 fire?  
 Faint-hearted? tut!—faint-stomach'd!  
 Faint as I am,  
 God willing, I will burn for Him  
 Who comes?  
 A thousand marks are set upon my  
 head  
 Friend?—foe perhaps—a tussle for it  
 then!  
 Nay, but my friend Thou art so well  
 disguised,  
 I knew thee not Hast thou brought  
 bread with thee?  
 I have not broken bread for fifty hours  
 None? I am damn'd already by the  
 Priest  
 For holding there was bread where bread  
 was none—  
 No bread My friends await me yonder?  
 Yes  
 Lead on then Up the mountain? Is  
 it far?  
 Not far Climb first and reach me down  
 thy hand  
 I am not like to die for lack of bread,  
 For I must live to testify by *life*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417

## COLUMBUS

CHAINS, my good lord in your raised  
brows I read  
Some wonder at our chamber ornaments  
We brought this non from our isles of  
gold

Does the king know you deign to visit  
him  
Whom once he rose from off his throne  
to greet  
Before his people, like his brother king?  
I saw your face that morning in the crowd

At Barcelona—tho' you were not then  
So bearded Yes The city deck'd  
herself  
To meet me, roar'd my name, the king,  
the queen  
Bad me be seated, speak, and tell them all  
The story of my voyage, and while I  
spoke  
The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace,  
be still!'  
And when I ceased to speak, the king,  
the queen,  
Sank from their thrones, and melted into  
tears,  
And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and  
voice  
In praise to God who led me thro' the  
waste  
And then the great 'Laudamus' rose to  
heaven

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean!  
chains  
For him who gave a new heaven, a new  
earth,  
As holy John had prophesied of me,  
Gave glory and more empire to the kings  
Of Spain than all their battles' chains  
for him  
Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,  
And made West East, and sail'd the  
Dragon's mouth,  
And came upon the Mountain of the  
World,  
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the Ocean,  
we,  
We and our sons for ever Ferdinand  
Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic  
queen—  
Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals  
we—  
Our title, which we never mean to yield,  
Our guerdon not alone for what we did,  
But our amends for all we might have  
done—  
The vast occasion of our stronger life—  
Eighteen long years of waste, seven in  
your Spain,  
Lost, showing courts and kings a truth  
the babe  
Will suck in with his milk hereafter—  
earth  
A sphere

Were you at Salamanca? No  
We fronted there the learning of all  
Spain,  
All their cosmogonies, their astronomies  
Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the  
golden guess  
Is morning star to the full round of truth  
No guess work! I was certain of my goal,  
Some thought it heresy, but that would  
not hold  
King David call'd the heavens a hide, a  
tent  
Spread over earth, and so this earth was  
flat  
Some cited old Lactantius could it be  
That trees grew downward, rain fell up  
ward, men  
Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and be-  
sides,  
The great Augustine wrote that none  
could breathe  
Within the zone of heat, so might there  
be  
Two Adams, two mankinds, and that  
was clean  
Against God's word thus was I beaten  
back,  
And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,  
And thought to turn my face from Spain,  
appeal

Once more to France or England, but  
 our Queen  
 Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses  
 Were half assured this earth might be a  
 sphere

All glory to the all blessed Trinity,  
 All glory to the mother of our Lord,  
 And Holy Church, from whom I never  
 sweived  
 Not even by one hair's breadth of heiesy,  
 I have accomplish'd what I came to do

Not yet—not all—last night a dream—  
 I sail'd  
 On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights  
 Of my first crew, their curses and their  
 groans  
 The great flame-banner borne by Tene-  
 riffe,  
 The compass, like an old friend false at last  
 In our most need, appall'd them, and the  
 wind  
 Still westward, and the weedy seas—at  
 length  
 The landbird, and the branch with berries  
 on it,  
 The carved staff—and last the light, the  
 light  
 On Guanahani! but I changed the name,  
 San Salvador I call'd it, and the light  
 Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad  
 sky  
 Of dawning over—not those alien palms,  
 The marvel of that fair new nature—not  
 That Indian isle, but our most ancient  
 East  
 Moriah with Jerusalem, and I saw  
 The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat  
 Thro' all the homely town from jasper,  
 sapphire,  
 Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,  
 Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase,  
 Jacynth, and amethyst—and those twelve  
 gates,  
 Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death  
 —I shall die—  
 I am written in the Lamb's own Book  
 of Life  
 To walk within the glory of the Lord

Sunless and moonless, utter light—but  
 no!  
 The Lord had sent this bight, strange  
 dream to me  
 To mind me of the secret vow I made  
 When Spain was waging war against  
 the Moor—  
 I strove myself with Spain against the  
 Moor  
 There came two voices from the Sepul-  
 chre,  
 Two friars crying that if Spain should  
 oust  
 The Moslem from her limit, he the fierce  
 Soldan of Egypt, would break down and  
 raze  
 The blessed tomb of Christ, whereon I  
 vow'd  
 That, if our Princes hearken'd to my  
 prayer,  
 Whatever wealth I brought from that new  
 world  
 Should, in this old, be consecrate to lead  
 A new crusade against the Saracen,  
 And free the Holy Sepulchre from thrall

Gold? I had brought you Princes  
 gold enough  
 If left alone! Being but a Genovese,  
 I am handled worse than had I been a  
 Moor,  
 And breach'd the belting wall of Cambalu,  
 And given the Great Khan's palaces to  
 the Moor,  
 Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester  
 John,  
 And cast it to the Moor but had I  
 brought  
 From Solomon's now recover'd Ophir all  
 The gold that Solomon's navies carried  
 home,  
 Would that have gilded me? Blue blood  
 of Spain,  
 Tho' quighting your own royal arms of  
 Spain,  
 I have not blue blood and black blood  
 of Spain,  
 The noble and the convict of Castile,  
 How'd me from Hispaniola, for you  
 know

The flies at home, that ever swarm about  
And cloud the highest heads, and murmur  
down

Truth in the distance—these outbuzz'd  
me so

That even our prudent king, our righteous  
queen—

I pray'd them being so calumniated  
They would commission one of weight  
and worth

To judge between my slander'd self and  
me—

Fonseca my main enemy at their court,  
They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla, one  
As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—  
Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—  
who sack'd

My dwelling, seized upon my papers,  
loosed

My captives, feed the rebels of the crown,  
Sold the crown fairs for all but nothing,  
gave

All but free leave for all to work the  
mines,

Drove me and my good brothers home in  
chains,

And gathering ruthless gold—a single  
piece

Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castillanos  
—so

They tell me—weigh'd him down into the  
abyss—

The hurricane of the latitude on him fell,  
The seas of our discovering over-roll  
Him and his gold, the frailer caravel,  
With what was mine, came happily to the  
shore

There was a glimmering of God's hand

And God

Hath more than glimmer'd on me O  
my lord,

I swear to you I heard his voice between  
The thunders in the black Veragua  
nights,

'O soul of little faith, slow to believe'  
Have I not been about thee from thy  
birth?

Given thee the keys of the great Ocean,  
sea?

Set thee in light till time shall be no  
more?

Is it I who have deceived thee or the  
world?

Endure! thou hast done so well for men,  
that men

Cry out against thee was it otherwise  
With mine own Son?

And more than once in days  
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when  
drowning hope

Sank all but out of sight, I heard his  
voice,

'Be not cast down I lead thee by the  
hand,

Fear not' And I shall hear his voice  
again—

I know that he has led me all my life,  
I am not yet too old to work his will—  
His voice again

Still for all that, my lord,  
I lying here bedridden and alone,  
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and  
king—

The first discoverer starves—his followers,  
all

Flower into fortune—our world's way—  
and I,

Without a roof that I can call mine own,  
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,  
And seeing what a door for scoundrel  
scum

I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,  
Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain  
Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles—  
Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,  
Their wives and children Spanish concu  
bines,

Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in  
blood,

Some dead of hunger, some beneath the  
scourge,

Some over labour'd, some by their own  
hands,—

Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature,  
kill

Their babies at the breast for hate of  
Spain—

Ah God, the harmless people whom we  
found

In Hispaniola's island-Paradise !

Who took us for the very Gods from  
Heaven,

And we have sent them very fiends from  
Hell ,

And I myself, myself not blameless, I  
Could sometimes wish I had never led  
the way

Only the ghost of our great Catholic  
Queen

Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou com-  
forted !

This creedless people will be brought to  
Christ

And own the holy governance of Rome '

\*But who could dream that we, who  
bore the Cross

Thither, were excommunicated there,  
For curbing crimes that scandalised the  
Cross,

By him, the Catalanian Minoute,  
Rome's Vicar in our Indies ? who believe  
These hard memorials of our truth to  
Spain

Clung closer to us for a longer term  
Than any friend of ours at Court ? and yet  
Paidon—too harsh, unjust I am rack'd  
with pains

You see that I have hung them by my  
bed,  
And I will have them buried in my grave

Sir, in that flight of ages which are  
God's

Own voice to justify the dead—perchance  
Spain once the most chivalric race on  
earth,

Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm  
on earth,

So made by me, may seek to unbury me,  
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,  
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain  
Then some one standing by my grave  
will say,

'Behold the bones of Christopher  
Colon'—

'Ay, but the chains, what do *they* mean  
—the chains ?'—

I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain  
Who then will have to answer, 'These  
same chains

Bound these same bones back thro' the  
Atlantic sea,

Which he unchain'd for all the world to  
come '

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls  
in Hell

And purgatory, I suffer all as much  
As they do—for the moment Stay, my  
son

Is here anon my son will speak for me  
Ablie than I can in these spasms that  
grind

Bone against bone You will not One  
last word

You move about the Court, I pray you  
tell

King Ferdinand who plays with me, that  
one,

Whose life has been no play with him  
and his

Hidalgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers,  
fights,

Mutines, treacheries—win'd at, and  
condoned—

That I am loyal to him till the death,  
And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic  
Queen,

Who fain had pledged her jewels on my  
first voyage,

Whose hope was mine to spread the  
Catholic faith,

Who wept with me when I return'd in  
chains,

Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now,  
To whom I send my prayer by night and  
day—

She is gone—but you will tell the King,  
that I,

Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd  
with pains

Gain'd in the service of His Highness,  
yet

\*Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,

And readier, if the King would hear, to  
lead

One last crusade against the Saracen,  
And save the Holy Sepulchre from  
thrall

Going? I am old and slighted you  
have dared  
Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor  
thanks!  
I am but an alien and a Genovese

## THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND  
A D 700)

### I

I WAS the chief of the race—he had  
stricken my father dead—  
But I gather'd my fellows together, I  
swore I would strike off his head  
Each of them look'd like a king, and was  
noble in birth as in worth,  
And each of them boasted he sprang from  
the oldest race upon earth  
Each was as brave in the fight as the  
bravest hero of song,  
And each of them hither had died than  
have done one another a wrong  
*He* lived on an isle in the ocean—we  
sail'd on a Friday morn—  
He that had slain my father the day  
before I was born

### II

And we came to the isle in the ocean,  
and there on the shore was he  
But a sudden blast blew us out and away  
thio' a boundless sea

### III

And we came to the Silent Isle that we  
never had touch'd at before,  
Where a silent ocean always broke on a  
silent shore,  
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light  
without sound, and the long  
waterfalls

Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base  
of the mountain walls,  
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by  
storm flourish'd up beyond sight,  
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to  
an unbelievable height,  
And high in the heaven above it there  
flicker'd a songless lark,  
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull  
couldn't low, and the dog couldn't  
bark  
And round it we went, and thro' it, but  
never a murmur, a breath—  
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it  
quiet as death,  
And we hated the beautiful Isle, for  
whenever we strove to speak  
Our voices were thinner and fainter than  
any flittermouse-shriek,  
And the men that were mighty of tongue  
and could raise such a battle cry  
That a hundred who heard it would rush  
on a thousand lances and die—  
O they to be dumb'd by the charm!—so  
fluster'd with anger were they  
They almost fell on each other, but after  
we sail'd away

### IV

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we  
landed, a score of wild birds  
Cried from the topmost summit with  
human voices and words,  
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever  
their voices peal'd  
The steel fell down at the plow and the  
harvest died from the field,  
And the men dropt dead in the valleys  
and half of the cattle went lame,  
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and  
the dwelling broke into flame,  
And the shouting of these wild birds ran  
into the hearts of my crew,  
Till they shouted along with the shout  
ing and seized one another and  
slew,  
But I drew them the one from the other,  
I saw that we could not stay,  
And we left the dead to the birds and we  
sail'd with our wounded away



## V

And we came to the Isle of Flowers  
 their breath met us out on the seas,  
 For the Spring and the middle Summer  
 sat each on the lap of the breeze,  
 And the red passion flower to the cliffs,  
 and the dark blue clematis, clung,  
 And stair'd with a myriad blossom the  
 long convolvulus hung,  
 And the topmost spire of the mountain  
 was lilies in lieu of snow,  
 And the lilies like glaciers winded down,  
 running out below  
 Thro' the file of the tulip and poppy, the  
 blaze of gorse, and the blush  
 Of millions of roses that sprang without  
 leaf or a thorn from the bush,  
 And the whole isle-side flashing down  
 from the peak without ever a tree  
 Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky  
 to the blue of the sea,  
 And we roll'd upon capes of cistus and  
 vaulted our kith and our kin,  
 And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and  
 chanted the triumph of Finn,  
 Till each like a golden image was pollen'd  
 from head to feet  
 And each was as dry as a cricket, with  
 thirst in the middle day heat  
 Blossom and blossom, and promise of  
 blossom, but never a fruit!  
 And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we  
 hated the isle that was mute,  
 And we tore up the flowers by the million  
 and flung them in bight and bay,  
 And we left but a naked rock, and in  
 anger we sail'd away

## VI

And we came to the Isle of Fruits all  
 round from the cliffs and the capes,  
 Purple or amber, dangled a hundred  
 fathom of grapes,  
 And the warm melon lay like a little sun  
 on the tawny sand,  
 And the fig ran up from the beach and  
 dotted over the land,  
 And the mountain arose like a jewell'd  
 throne thro' the fragrant air,

Glowing with all colour'd plums and with  
 golden masses of pear,  
 And the crimson and scarlet of berries  
 that flamed upon bine and vine,  
 But in every berry and fruit was the  
 poisonous picaresque of wine,  
 And the peak of the mountain was apples,  
 the hugest that ever were seen,  
 And they grew, as they grew, on each other,  
 with hardly a leaflet between,  
 And all of them redder than rosiest health  
 or than utterest shame,  
 And setting, when Even descended, the  
 very sunset aflame,  
 And we stay'd three days, and we goiged  
 and we madden'd, till every one  
 drew  
 His sword on his fellow to slay him, and  
 ever they struck and they slew,  
 And myself, I had eaten but sparingly, and  
 fought till I sunder'd the fiav,  
 Then I bid them remember my rather's  
 death, and we sail'd away

## VII

And we came to the Isle of Fire we were  
 lured by the light from afar,  
 For the peak sent up one league of fire  
 to the Northern Star,  
 Lured by the glare and the blue, but  
 scarcely could stand upright,  
 For the whole isle shudder'd and shook  
 like a man in a mortal stright,  
 We were giddy besides with the fruits we  
 had goiged, and so crazed that at  
 last  
 There were some leap'd into the fire,  
 and away we sail'd, and we past  
 Over that undersea isle, where the water  
 is clearer than air  
 Down we look'd what a garden! O  
 bliss, what a Paradise there!  
 Towers of a happier time, low down in  
 a rainbow deep  
 Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal  
 sleep!  
 And three of the gentlest and best of my  
 people, whate'er I could save,  
 Plunged head down in the sea, and the  
 Paradise trembled away

## VIII

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where  
 the heavens lean low on the land,  
 And ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd  
 o'er us a sunbright hand,  
 Then it open'd and dropt at the side of  
 each man, as he rose from his  
 rest,  
 Bread enough for his need till the labour  
 less day dipt under the West,  
 And we wander'd about it and thro' it  
 O never was time so good!  
 And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and  
 the boast of our ancient blood,  
 And we gazed at the wandering wave as  
 we sat by the guggle of springs,  
 And we chanted the songs of the Bards  
 and the glories of fany kings,  
 But at length we began to be weary, to  
 sigh, and to stretch and yawn,  
 Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the  
 sunbright hand of the dawn,  
 For there was not an enemy near, but the  
 whole green Isle was our own,  
 And we took to playing at ball, and we  
 took to throwing the stone,  
 And we took to playing at battle, but  
 that was a perilous play,  
 For the passion of battle was in us, we  
 slew and we sail'd away

## IX

And we came to the Isle of Witches and  
 heard their musical cry—  
 'Come to us, O come, come' in the  
 stormy red of a sky  
 Dashing the fires and the shadows of  
 dawn on the beautiful shapes,  
 For a wild witch naked as heaven stood  
 on each of the loftiest capes,  
 And a hundred ranged on the rock like  
 white sea birds in a row,  
 And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced  
 on the wrecks in the sand below,  
 And a hundred splash'd from the ledges,  
 and bosom'd the burst of the  
 spray,  
 But I knew we should fall on each other,  
 and hastily sail'd away

## X

And we came in an evil time to the Isle  
 of the Double Towers,  
 One was of smooth cut stone, one caïved  
 all over with flowers,  
 But an earthquake always moved in the  
 hollows under the dells,  
 And they shock'd on each other and butted  
 each other with clashing of bells,  
 And the daws flew out of the Towers and  
 jangled and wrangled in vain,  
 And the clash and boom of the bells rang  
 into the heart and the brain  
 Till the passion of battle was on us, and  
 all took sides with the Towers,  
 There were some for the clean cut stone,  
 there were more for the carven  
 flowers,  
 And the wrathful thunder of God peal'd  
 over us all the day,  
 For the one half slew the other, and after  
 we sail'd away

## XI

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who  
 had sail'd with St Brendan of  
 yore,  
 He had lived ever since on the Isle and  
 his winters were fifteen score,  
 And his voice was low as from other  
 worlds, and his eyes were sweet,  
 And his white hair sank to his heels and  
 his white beard fell to his feet,  
 And he spake to me, 'O Maeldune, let  
 be this purpose of thine!  
 Remember the words of the Lord when  
 he told us "Vengeance is mine!"  
 His fathers have slain thy fathers in war  
 or in single strife,  
 Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each  
 taken a life for a life,  
 Thy father had slain thy father, how long  
 shall the murder last?  
 Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer  
 the Past to be Past!  
 And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard and  
 we pray'd as we heard him pray,  
 And the Holy man he assail'd us, and  
 sadly we sail'd away

## XII

And we came to the Isle we were blown  
 from, and there on the shore was he,  
 The man that had slain my father I  
 saw him and let him be  
 O weary was I of the travel, the trouble,  
 the strife and the sin,  
 When I landed again, with a tithe of my  
 men, on the Isle of Finn

## DE PROFUNDIS

## THE TWO GREETINGS

## I

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the  
 deep,  
 Where all that was to be, in all that was,  
 Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast  
 Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddyding  
 light—  
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the  
 deep,  
 Thro' all this changing world of change-  
 less law,  
 And every phase of ever heightening life,  
 And nine long months of antenatal gloom,  
 With this last moon, this crescent—her  
 dark orb  
 Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest,  
 darling boy,  
 Our own, a babe in lineament and limb  
 Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man,  
 Whose face and form are his and mine  
 in one,  
 Indissolubly mated like our love,  
 Live, and be happy in thyself, and serve  
 This mortal race thy kin so well, that men  
 May bless thee as we bless thee, O young  
 life  
 Breaking with laughter from the dark,  
 and may  
 The fated channel where thy motion lives  
 Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy  
 course  
 Along the years of haste and random youth  
 Unshatter'd, then full-current thro' full  
 man,

And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,  
 By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,  
 To that last deep where we and thou are  
 still

## II

## I

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the  
 deep,  
 From that great deep, before our world  
 begins,  
 Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he  
 will—  
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the  
 deep,  
 From that true world within the world  
 we see,  
 Whereof our world is but the bounding  
 shore—  
 Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,  
 With this ninth moon, that sends the  
 hidden sun  
 Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling  
 boy

## I

For in the world, which is not ours, They  
 said  
 'Let us make man' and that which  
 should be man,  
 From that one light no man can look upon,  
 Drew to this shore lit by the suns and  
 moons  
 And all the shadows O dear Spirit  
 half lost  
 In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign  
 That thou art thou—who wailest being  
 born  
 And banish'd into mystery, and the pain  
 Of this divisible indivisible world  
 Among the numerable innumerable  
 Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite  
 space  
 In finite infinite Time—our mortal veil  
 And shatter'd phantom of that infinite  
 One,  
 Who made thee unconceivably Thyself  
 Out of His whole World self and all in  
 all—

Live thou ' and of the grun and hush,  
     the grape  
 And ivyberry, choose, and still depart  
 From death to death thro' life and life,  
     and find  
 Nearer and ever nearer Him, who  
     wrought  
 Not Matter, nor the finite infinite,  
 But this mun-miracle, that thou art thou,  
 With power on thine own act and on the  
     world

## THE HUMAN CRY

## I

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halleluah '—  
     Infinite Idealty '  
     Immeasurable Reality '  
     Infinite Personalty '  
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluah '

## II

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou  
     and in Thee ,  
 We feel we are something—that also has  
     come from Thee ,  
 We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt  
     help us to be  
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluah '

## PREFATORY SONNET

## TO THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY '

THOSE that of late had fled to far and fast  
 To touch all shores, now leaving to the  
     skill  
 Of others their old craft seaworthy still,  
 Have charter'd this, where, mindful of  
     the past,  
 Our true comrades gathered round the  
     mast ,  
 Of diverse tongue, but with a common  
     will  
 Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil  
 And crocus, to put forth and brave the  
     blast ,  
 For some, descending from the sacred  
     peak

Of hoar high templed Faith, have leagued  
     again  
 Their lot with ours to love the world  
     about ,  
 And some are wilder comrades, sworn to  
     seek  
 If any golden harbour be for men  
 In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of  
     Doubt

TO THE REV W H BROOK-  
FIELD

BROOKS, for they call'd you so that knew  
     you best,  
 Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth  
     my rhymes,  
 How oft we two have heard St. Mary's  
     chimes '  
 How oft the Cantab supper, host and  
     guest,  
 Would echo helpless laughter to your  
     jest '  
 How oft with him we paced that walk of  
     limes,  
 Him, the lost light of those dawn golden  
     times,  
 Who loved you well ' Now both are gone  
     to rest  
 You man of humorous melancholy mark,  
 Dead of some inward agony—is it so ?  
 Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, past away '  
 I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark  
*Σαῖδς ἑνὸς*—dream of a shadow, go—  
 God bless you I shall join you in a  
     day

## MONTENEGRO

THEY rose to where their *ὄρνις* eagle  
     sails,  
 They kept their faith, then freedom, on  
     the height,  
 Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and  
     night  
 Against the Turk, whose inroad nowhere  
     scales  
 Their headlong passes, but his footstep  
     fails,

And red with blood the Crescent see's  
from fight  
Before then dauntless hundreds, in prone  
flight  
By thousands down the crags and thro'  
the vales  
O smallest among peoples' rough rock  
throne  
Of Freedom's warriors beating back the  
swarm  
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,  
Great Tsernogia's never since thine own  
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake  
the storm  
Has breathed a race of mightier moun-  
taineers

## TO VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romance,  
Cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and  
fears,

French of the French, and Lord of human  
tears,  
Child lover, Bud whose fame lit laurels  
glance  
Darkening the wreaths of all that would  
advance,  
Beyond our strait, then claim to be thy  
peers,  
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of  
years  
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of  
France!  
Who dost not love our England—so they  
say,  
I know not—England, France, all man  
to be  
Will make one people ere man's race be  
run  
And I, desiring that divine day,  
Yield thee full thanks for thy full  
courtesy  
To younger England in the boy my son

## TRANSLATIONS, ETC

## BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

Constantinus King of the Scots, after having  
sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with  
the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading  
England was defeated by Athelstan and his  
brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunan-  
burh in the year 937

## I

ATHELSTAN King,  
Lord among Eangs,  
Bracelet bestower and  
Son of Barons,  
He with his brother,  
Edmund Atheling,  
Gaining a lifelong  
Glory in battle,  
Slew with the sword edge  
There by Brunanburh,

<sup>1</sup> I have more or less availed myself of my  
son's prose translation of this poem in the *Con-  
temporary Review* (November 1876)

Break the shield wall,  
Hev'd the lindenwood,<sup>2</sup>  
Hack'd the battiesheld,  
Sons of Edward with hamme d brands

## II

Thens was a greatness  
Got from their Gandsnes—  
Thens that so often in  
Strife with their enemies  
Struck for their hounds and their hearths  
and their homes

## III

Dow'd the spoiler,  
Bent the Scotsman,  
Full the shipcraes  
Doom'd to the death  
All the field with blood of the fighteas  
Flow'd, from when first the great  
Sun star of morningtide,  
Shields of lindenwood

Lamp of the Loid God  
 Loid everlasting,  
 Glode over eath till the glorious creature  
 Sank to his setting

## IV

There lay many a man  
 Marr'd by the javelin,  
 Men of the Northland  
 Shot over shield  
 There was the Scotsman  
 Weary of war

## V

We the West Saxons,  
 Long as the daylight  
 Lasted, in companies  
 Troubled the track of the host that we  
 hated,  
 Grimly with swords that were shaip from  
 the grindstone,  
 Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before  
 us

## VI

Mighty the Mercian,  
 Hard was his hand play,  
 Spairng not any of  
 Those that with Anlaf,  
 Warriors over the  
 Weltering waters  
 Borne in the bairk's bosom,  
 Drew to this island  
 Doom'd to the death

## VII

Five young kings put asleep by the sword  
 stroke,  
 Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf  
 Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,  
 Shipmen and Scotsmen

## VIII

Then the Norse leader,  
 Dire was his need of it,  
 Few were his following,  
 Fled to his warship  
 Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king  
 in it,  
 Saving his life on the fallow flood

## IX

Also the crafty one,  
 Constantinus,  
 Crept to his North again,  
 Hoar headed hero

## X

Slender warlike had  
 He to be proud of  
 The welcome of war knives—  
 He that was reft of his  
 Folk and his friends that had  
 Fallen in conflict,  
 Leaving his son too  
 Lost in the carnage,  
 Mangled to morsels,  
 A youngster in war

## XI

Slender reason had  
 He to be glad of  
 The clash of the war glaive—  
 Traitor and trickster  
 And spurner of treaties—  
 He not had Anlaf  
 With armies so broken  
 A reason for bragging  
 That they had the better  
 In perils of battle  
 On places of slaughter—  
 The struggle of standards,  
 The rush of the javelins,  
 The crash of the charges,<sup>1</sup>  
 The wielding of weapons—  
 The play that they play'd with  
 The children of Edward

## XII

Then with their mail'd prowess  
 Parted the Norsemen,<sup>2</sup>  
 Blood reddened relic of  
 Javelins over  
 The joining breaker, the deep  
 sea billow,  
 Shaping their way toward Dy  
 sen<sup>2</sup> again,  
 Shamed in their souls

<sup>1</sup> Lit 'the gathering of men'    <sup>2</sup> Dublin

## XIII

Also the brethren,  
King and Atheling,  
Each in his glory,  
Went to his own in his own West Saxon  
land,  
Glad of the war

## XIV

Many a carcase they left to be carrion,  
Many a livid one, many a sallow skin—  
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it,  
and  
Left for the horny nibb'd raven to rend  
it, and  
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge  
it, and  
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald

## XV

Never had huge  
Slaughter of heroes  
Slain by the sword-edge—  
Such as old writers  
Have writ of in histories—  
Hapt in this isle, since  
Up from the East hither  
Saxon and Angle from  
Over the broad billow  
Broke into Britain with  
Haughty war workers who  
Harried the Welshman, when  
Earls that were lured by the  
Hunger of glory gat  
Hold of the land

ACHILLES OVER THE  
TRENCH

— ILIAD, XVIII 202

So saying, light foot Iris pass'd away  
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus, and  
round  
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas  
flung  
Her fanged ægis, and around his head  
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden  
cloud,

And from it lighted an all shining  
flame  
As when a smoke from a city goes to  
heaven  
Far off from out an island girt by foes,  
All day the men contend in grievous  
war  
From their own city, but with set of  
sun  
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the  
glare  
Flies streaming, if perchance the neigh-  
bours round  
May see, and sail to help them in the  
war,  
So from his head the splendour went to  
heaven  
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood,  
nor join'd  
The Achæans—honouring his wise  
mother's word—  
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far  
away  
Call'd, and a boundless panic shook the  
foe  
For like the clear voice when a trumpet  
shalls,  
Blown by the fierce beleaguers of a  
town,  
So rang the clear voice of Æakidēs,  
And when the brazen cry of Æakidēs  
Was heard among the Trojans, all their  
hearts  
Were troubled, and the full maned horses  
whirl'd  
The chariots backward, knowing griefs  
at hand,  
And sheer astounded were the charioteers  
To see the dread, unwearable fire  
That always o'er the great Peleion's  
head  
Burn'd, for the bright eyed goddess made  
it burn  
Thence from the dyke he sent his mighty  
shout,  
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and  
allies,  
And there and then twelve of their noblest  
died  
Among their spears and chariots

TO PRINCESS FREDERICA  
ON HER MARRIAGE

O YOU that were eyes and light to the  
King till he past away  
From the darkness of life—  
He saw not his daughter—he blest her  
the blind King sees you to day,  
He blesses the wife

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN  
ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER  
ABBEY

NOT here ' the white North has thy  
bones, and thou,  
Heroic sailor soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage now  
Toward no earthly pole

TO DANTE

(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE  
FLORENTINES )

KING, that hast reign'd six hundred years,  
and grown  
In power, and ever growest, since thine  
own  
Fair Florence honouring thy nativity,  
Thy Florence now the crown of Italy,  
Hath sought the tribute of a verse from  
me,  
I, wearing but the garland of a day,  
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades  
away

THE END.



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